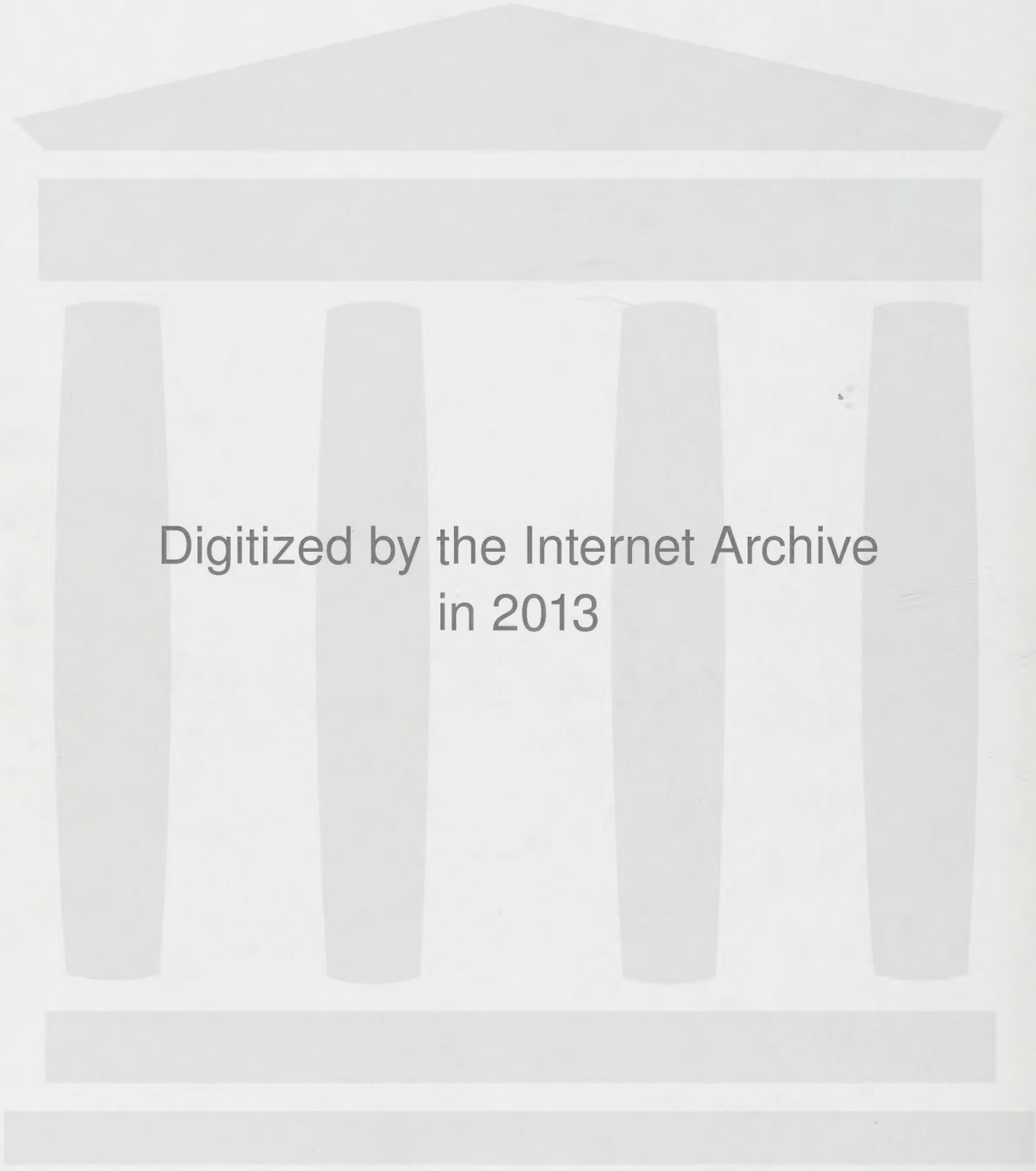
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CONNOISSEUR (ISSN 0010-6275) (US PS 563-320) [illegible] Mitnick, Vice President & Treasurer; Harvey L. Lipton, Vice [illegible] Raymond J. Petersen, Executive Vice President, Thomas [illegible]

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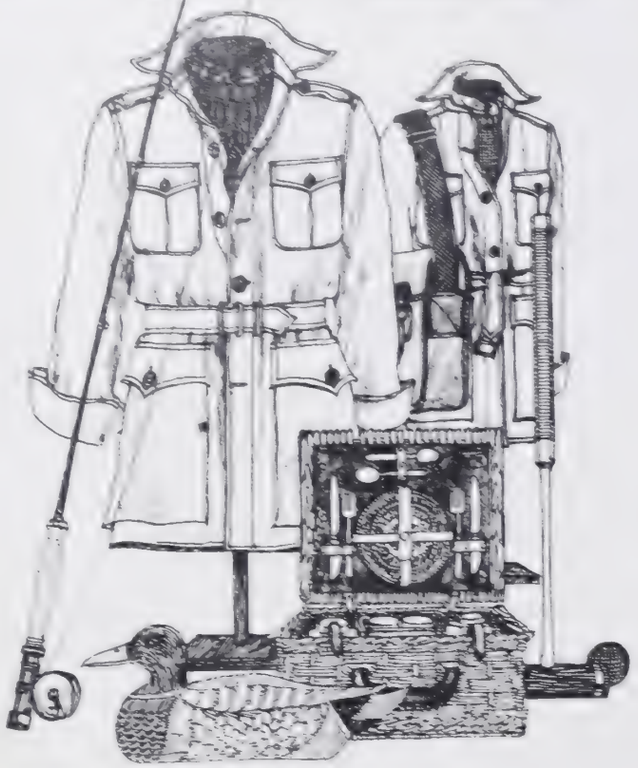

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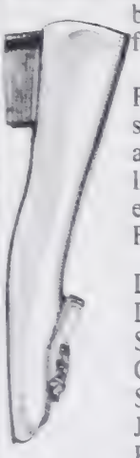

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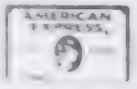

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

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Fifteen terrific Impressionist paintings, pastels, and monotypes from the estate of Doris D. Havemeyer are going on the block at Sotheby's on Wednesday, May 18, at seven in the evening.

Why the euphoria? After all, there have been some pretty good Impressionist paintings and drawings sold over the past two, three, four decades. But these—and particularly four of them—are different. Their condition is gloriously impeccable. And their source, the famous Havemeyer family, is legendary.

Without Henry and Louisine Havemeyer the Metropolitan Museum of Art would not have the grandeur it now possesses, especially in paintings of the nineteenth century. Henry O. Havemeyer, a contemporary of the Impressionists, was a superwealthy industrialist and sugar tycoon. His wife, Louisine, had a natural eye for old masters and contemporary works of art (Manet, Monet, Degas, Cézanne—she didn't much like Renoir). What's more, her art adviser was the painter Mary Cassatt. The Havemeyer family and Cassatt traveled around Europe snapping up such masterpieces as El Greco's *View of Toledo*, Goya's *Majas on a Balcony*, Courbet's smashing *Nude Woman with a Parrot*, the most resplendent pictures by Degas, and the most striking Manets. About the only masterwork these stalwart connoisseurs missed was Manet's *Olympia*. Havemeyer had first crack at this wonderful painting—which today, of course, is the high point of the Jeu de Paume—but he turned it down. Perhaps he was concerned that the all-too-naked lady would cause a press flap similar to the one that followed his purchase of the sensuous Courbet.

COURTESY SOTHEBY'S

Upon the death of Louisine, in 1929, the bulk of their collection was given to the Metropolitan—nearly two thousand pieces. The Henry O. and Louisine Havemeyer bequest still ranks as the most important in the history of the institution. Yet the museum did not obtain everything. Each of the three Havemeyer children picked a few goodies for themselves, apparently after the museum made its first choice. The fifteen paintings, pastels, and monotypes at Sotheby's belonged to Doris Dick Havemeyer, the late daughter-in-law of Henry and Louisine.

As I see it, there are four pieces in this [illegible] They are the following:

Lot 8, above. Edgar Degas, *Waiting*. This pastel of an aspiring ballerina and her mother waiting anxiously for an audition is nineteen by twenty-four inches and is a blockbuster, in absolutely perfect condition. Louisine Havemeyer considered it one of the finest Degas works in her collection and wrote in her memoirs that it was "the perfection of art in every detail." Estimate: $1,500,000 to $2,000,000.

Lot 6. Claude Monet's *The Zaan River at Zaandam*. At the end of 1871, Monet left London for Holland and stayed for a while in this tiny town, some eight miles outside Amsterdam. He became captivated by the river, the small houses painted in so many colors, and the ravishing [illegible] The [illegible] with its radiant pinks and blues, its splendid ma[illegible] Estimate: $[illegible] 500,000.

Lot 10. Paul Cézanne's *Flowers in a Vase*.

right. Again, a satisfyingly small work—about eighteen by twenty-two inches. A lyrical, powerful, endlessly impressive picture. The passages of paint moving from wallpaper to table to flower to individual brushstrokes of the petals lead the way right into Cubism. Estimate: $1,250,000 to $1,750,000.

Finally, Lot 12. Edgar Degas's *The Café Concert*, right, with Theresa singing the "Song of the Dog" at the Alcazar Café. This one is a gouache with pastel on three pieces of paper. (Rembrandt and Hals—move over!) One glance and you can hear this popular singer belting it out. A more vivid, earthy slice of life can hardly be imagined. As Louisine Havemeyer wrote, "Her hands suggest the movement of a dog, and the gesture is done as only Degas could do it, with a flash of a pencil. . . . Degas, the keen, subtle philosopher, reveals the *café chantant* as it is from its heart and core, from cause to effect." Estimate: at least $1,250,000.

The other items in the Havemeyer sale are also exemplary (see "Choice Auctions") but these four are *hors de classe*, the ne plus ultra, the summit. It is unlikely that we'll see a comparable sale for the rest of the decade.□

CHOICE AUCTIONS

It is time to put the Ghost of Auction Seasons Past behind us, for there is much to celebrate in the auction world these days. Better properties and better prices are being seen consistently in the salerooms again. In fact, this month might be the best single month the major houses have enjoyed since the dizzying days of May 1980, when in a single week the New York houses alone hammered down more than $55 million. Their PR departments have been beating all their heavy drums, but, as always, whether prolixity is prelude to performance is the question.

London—Sotheby's, May 5–6, 1983, Hever arms and armor and works of art. The sale of Hever Castle, in Kent, earlier this year for £13.5 million quieted the [illegible] had dubbed this 3,134-acre es- [illegible] Minster." The purchasers [illegible] village, Italian [illegible] Tunbridge— [illegible] famous former resident, Ann Boleyn.

The Astors kept many of the estate's choicest items for separate sales. The May 5 sale features what may be the finest and largest collection of arms and armor still in private hands in the U.K. The three-quarter suit of armor pictured here, made for Henri II of France by the Milanese master Giovanni Paolo Negroli (ca. 1545), may realize more than £500,000. Other rarities include a midfifteenth-century helmet reputed to have belonged to Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada. The May 6 sale includes a simply stunning fourteenth-century ivory casket acquired by James I in 1603, certainly worth more than the £100,000 estimate.

Geneva—Christie's (at the Hotel Richmond), May 6–12, 1983. Important bijoux, gold boxes, Fabergé, porcelains and watches, and art nouveau. It is time again for the semiannual week-long marathon in Geneva. The autumn sales brought a total twenty-two million Swiss francs. If your senses can withstand this surfeit of riches, it's worth the trip simply to see so much that is first-rate in one place at one time.

The art nouveau sale on the eighth features important glass selections including almost 100 lots of Daum, Nancy, from the late Jacques Hartz; and an Orrefors collection of unrealized études by the late Vicke Lindstrand. Also Gallé, Lalique, and Tiffany; posters by Steilin, Chéret, and Mucha; and books illustrated by Schmeid. The gold-boxes sale features an important Louis XVI box by DuCrolley (estimated at Sw. Fr. 140,000 to 160,000) from the collection of Princess Marina of Kent. The jewelry sale (May 11 and 12) is highlighted by several pieces with important historical associations: a 5.45 carat heart-shaped blue diamond ring said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette (estimated at Sw. Fr. 250,000 to 300,000). Also, a diamond tiara believed to have belonged to Chancellor Metternich(!?).

Please note: Space prohibits more than a nod to the sale of important arts and crafts, and art nouveau and art deco (including jewelry), in New York on May 26, as well as the Impressionist sale on the seventeenth, which features the Mary Cassatt portrait at right.

New York—Christie's, May 10, 1983. Contemporary art from the Harriet Mnuchin Weiner collection and from other important American collectors. The major piece is arguably de Kooning's signed *Two Women* (1955), right, which at $600,000 to $800,000 would bring the highest price for a contemporary work at auction. Such confidence is predicated on the fact that this is the only painting from the *Woman* series still in private hands. Also noteworthy: Franz Kline's *Mars Black and White* and Sam Francis's brilliantly colored *Middle Blue III*, both painted in 1959 and estimated at $200,000 to $250,000; Adolph Gottlieb's *Transfiguration #2* (1958), one of the first of the so-called *Burst* series ($50,000 to $75,000). In the miscellaneous-collectors session, the two biggies are an interesting contrast in style and media: Frank Stella's 1964 *Itata* ($200,000) and Roy Lichtenstein's 1963 *Fastest Gun* ($300,000 to $400,000).

New York—William Doyle Galleries, May 11 and 19, 1983, English and continental furniture and decoration; nineteenth- and twentieth-century European paintings. The thing about Doyle is that you can never afford to overlook him. The sale on the eleventh has a Georgian bureau bookcase (they call it George III but I think it is earlier) that should surpass the $12,000 to $15,000 estimate. The real surprise could be four sauce tureens (London, 1803) by Digby Scott and Benjamin Smith, made for Rundell Bridge & Rundell in the so-called antique-revival style (estimated at $6,000). Scott and Smith's partnership lasted only five years, so these are reasonably rare pieces. At the picture sale on the evening of the nineteenth the star will likely be Fantin-Latour's *White Roses in a Vase* (1875), estimated at $40,000 to $60,000.

New York—Sotheby Parke Bernet, May 18, 1983. Two sessions: Impressionist paintings from the estate of Mrs. Horace Havemeyer, and important paintings and sculpture. In back-to-back evening sales there are eight paintings that ought to realize more than $1 million each: Monet's *La Zaan à Zaandam* (1871); Degas's *L'Attente* (ca. 1882) and *Le Café Concert*, right (1875–7); Manet's *Le Port de Calais* (1881); Cézanne's *Vase de Fleurs*, right (1885); Renoir's *La Baigneuse* (1881); Picasso's *Head of a Woman* (1901); and one of Monet's water lilies (1920–2). The latter three are in the second session.

The Havemeyer blockbusters were all (except the Renoir) part of the storied collection of her parents-in-law, Henry

CHRISTIE'S

Cassatt's fond portrait of her mother.

SOTHEBY'S

Henri II's dress armor, from Hever Castle.

De Kooning's *Two W*

Cézanne's *Vase de Fleurs* presaged Cubism with its angular brushstrokes.

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and Louisine Havemeyer (see preceding article), and this sale is billed as the finest Impressionist offering since the Goldschmidt sale in 1958, which grossed a then-unbelievable $2.2 million!

The second session includes Léger, Redon, Giacometti, Rodin, and Calder. After the Monet, the next big tickets are likely to be Klee's *Brothers and Sisters* (1930) or Picasso's *Still Life with Guitar.* The smart money is expecting prices in excess of $350,000 and $300,000 respectively, although I am underwhelmed by the former. —*James R. Lyons*

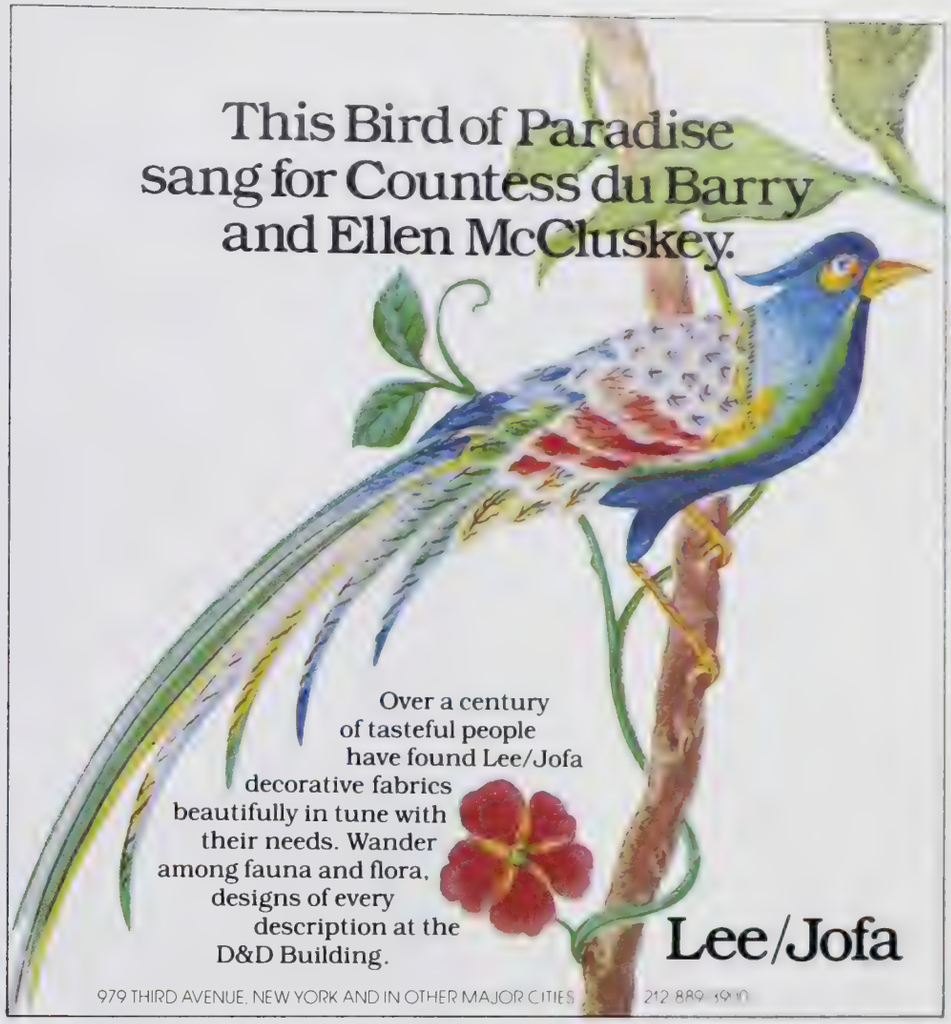
LORDS OF LANGUAGE

People with a passion for words know the Oxford University Press as supreme curator of that passion. In their word-intoxicated warren in Oxford, lexicographers collaborate in running the world's leading dictionary factory. They churn out dictionaries vast and dictionaries minuscule, lexicons in English and in a growing number of foreign tongues from French and German to Arabic and Turkish.

Honored ancestor of the tribe is the *Oxford English Dictionary,* twelve volumes, 15,487 pages. Recently issued is the third volume of *A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary (O–Scz),* with the final volume nearing completion. Equally fresh from O.U.P. is the *Concise Oxford Dictionary,* which naturally took its place at the top of British best-seller lists. Its editor, John B. Sykes, has a doctorate in astrophysics, and in off-hours he is the country's crossword-puzzle champion. Another O.U.P. lexicographer got *his* doctorate with a dissertation on Australian aborigine language.

Robert K. Burchfield, who runs the dictionary factory, is himself from New Zealand. There may be a high percentage of New Zealand English in the *Supplement,* but Burchfield says that people in Oxford put "gentle restraints" on him. In return, he puts firm restraints on them, explaining: "There are people who want you to pause for a year while a field-worker goes out to determine who says *genuine* (rhymes with *gin*) and who says *genuine* (rhymes with *wine*). There are no natural limits to words. The *O.E.D.* took forty-four years to complete; if you want to give more and more information you may be led up the garden path."

There appear to be no foreseeable limits to the O.U.P. line, what with [illegible]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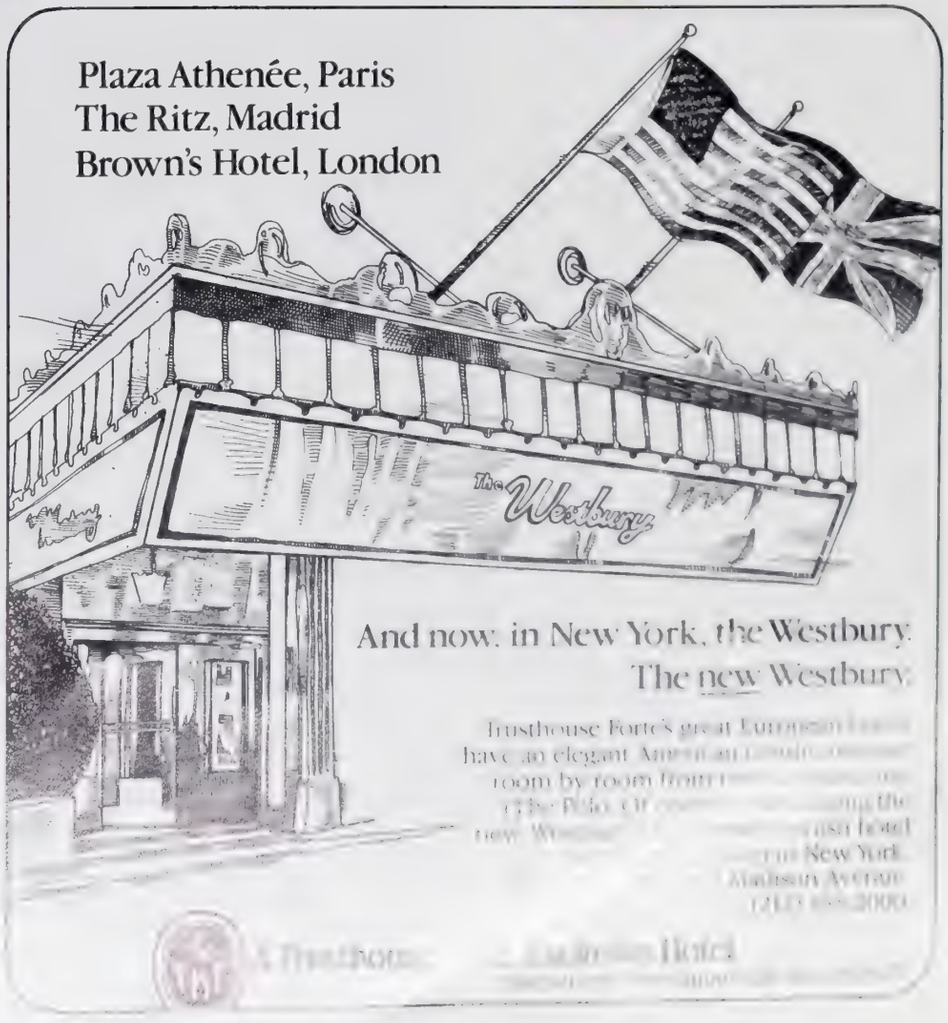

such as the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, the *Oxford Dictionary of English Christian Names*, the *Oxford Dictionary of Saints*, the *Oxford Dictionary of English Place-Names*, the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music*, the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Ballet*, and the *Dictionary of National Biography*. I have counted sixty-six titles, including one commanding volume entitled *Use Your Dictionary*.

All of this word spinning is heading toward the ultimate tome that not even the lords of language at Oxford can contemplate with equanimity, a dictionary to end all dictionaries: the *Oxford Dictionary of Dictionaries*. —*Israel Shenker*

FESTIVE HIGH NOTES

Music festivals are sprouting like vegetables all over Europe. That simile is particularly appropriate when one considers the case of Schwetzingen. This small town in the Neckar River valley, near Heidelberg, is famed for the outstanding succulence of the asparagus grown in its verdant surroundings. Luckily, a local prince happened to build an exquisite baroque theater in his curlicued palace some two hundred years ago. The town fathers, making inspired use of their resources, decided to stage operas at the theater at the height of the asparagus season, and between acts the local delicacy was served in salads, soufflés, or plain on the castle lawn. *Voilà*, a festival.

Without casting aspersions on asparagus or the musical side dish, one might question whether events of this kind live up to the essential spirit of a music festival. After all, the plausible wish to attract trade is in itself insufficient raison d'être for musical festivities. Ideally, a festival should be set apart from ordinary occasions for music making by a central theme, by exceptional standards of performance, by an array of artists unlikely to be convened elsewhere, and by a setting so beautiful that it enhances the listener's receptivity to music. In sum, a festival should combine some unique musical constellation with a *genius loci*—a distinctive spirit of place—all blending into a harmonious whole.

Even when these stringent standards are applied to winnow the present glut of [illegible] the number of them [illegible] famous festival held every summer in Salzburg, the city of his birth; and here one experiences music in a fusion of landscape and architecture that in themselves seem like visual music. Nestling in alpine foothills with high glacial peaks as a backdrop, Salzburg is an exuberantly baroque city of countless towers, magnificent squares, and intimate lanes, surmounted by a serried castle. To hear Mozart played by candlelight in settings like the archbishop's residence or the gold-ornamented rooms of Mirabell reinforces the experience. The ambience underlines every phrase.

AUSTRIAN INFORMATION SERVICE

Salzburg honors the spirit of Mozart with its famous and jam-packed festival.

Aside from homage to Mozart, Salzburg offers a broad operatic and symphonic repertoire with guest orchestras and distinguished soloists from both the Eastern and the Western worlds. And Salzburg's audiences are truly international. The only trouble is that there are too many of them. Every year, in July and August, the city of 60,000 inhabitants is overrun by 200,000 visitors, which makes it difficult to find rooms, tickets, restaurant tables, parking space, or a native. Fortunately, some of the better seats can be booked in advance through the Austrian State Tourist Office in New York.

Music minus the crowds is dispensed in a more *gemütlich* fashion at the Vienna Festival—just a couple of hours from Salzburg by train. Each June, the world's most music-minded city displays its matchless ensembles as well as visiting artists in its four opera houses, its half dozen concert halls, its magnificent churches and courtyards, and its manicured parks. With Haydn, Beethoven,

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Schubert, Brahms, Bruckner, and Mahler seeming to haunt their familiar precincts, Vienna's festival clearly tops most others in historic legitimacy. As you listen in these authentic settings, the heritage seems alive. Altogether, Vienna is still a city where you are never quite sure whether something is happening onstage or in real life, and its tree-lined boulevards and ample concert halls easily accommodate the festival throngs, so nobody gets jostled. As for the repertoire, it ranges through all degrees of musical gravity from Gustav Mahler to Johann Strauss. Waltzes are played in the public gardens while masses are sung in the cathedral. What better place for a festival?

Normally, one would look to Mediterranean climes for a third choice. But this year, exactly a century after his death, Richard Wagner is being commemorated

In Vienna you are never sure whether something is happening onstage or in real life.

throughout the musical world. Bayreuth, in Bavaria, of course remains the central shrine of the Wagner cult, but my preference is yet another famous festival that has special ties to Wagner. After all, it was at Lucerne, in Switzerland, that Wagner carried on his notorious love affair with Matilda Wesendonck, whose musical residue still scintillates in the erotic fervor of Tristan. Wagner's villa at Triebschen, a superbly romantic setting at the outskirts of town, has been preserved in its original state and is open to visitors, while the Lucerne Festival, starting in late August, features many excerpts from Wagner's stupendous opus.

The setting of these concerts is breathtaking, as the Konzerthaus is built on a promontory overlooking Lake Lucerne against the snowy peak of Pilatus. And the walled-off old city—all gables, nook, and beam—is closed to wheeled traffic. And for those who yearn for a touch of modernity, nearby Zurich—less than an hour away—offers the prospect of an excursion to one of Europe's most cosmopolitan cities.

True enough, in Edinburgh or Graz, in Strasbourg, Verona, and elsewhere, you will find excellent music festivals in splendid surroundings, but the three described here will rival any and surpass most by dint of their ambience, history, and artistic acumen. —*Hans Fantel*

VISIONS OF THE INUIT

Toronto—"Grasp Tight the Old Ways: Selections from the Klamer Family Collection of Inuit Art," at the Art Gallery of Ontario, May 28 to July 31, 1983.

The best Eskimo art will surprise you. The Inuit language has no word for "art," and the people who make it still spend most of their time hunting for a living. Although it has the look of something very old, most Eskimo art has been produced within the last three decades, by artists paid and encouraged by tribal cooperatives. Its quality varies widely, too often represented by those dear little polished bears and seals sold in airport gift shops. But the finest Inuit work is something else again: evocative of an entire way of life, clean, vital, and profoundly energetic.

For this exhibition, the Art Gallery of Ontario drew from more than six hundred exceptional pieces recently donated by the Klamer family of Toronto. Harry and Marcia Klamer are informed and dedicated collectors who came by their enthusiasm naturally: Klamer's father was a merchant fur trader who traveled Northern Canada by dogsled and canoe. The Klamers began collecting Inuit art twenty years ago simply because they felt that it equaled the best art being produced anywhere else in the world. They had a solid base for comparison: their modern collection includes important work by Oldenburg, Albers, Picasso, and Matisse. Harry Klamer believes that the resourcefulness and ingenuity necessary for survival in the North make the Eskimo a unique artist: "They had to develop a keen eye to judge distance, landmarks, and movement. Whiteouts, the smooth shapes of the arctic landscape, and swirls of snow lend themselves to an understanding of abstract imagery. . . . Where we would see endless empty space, the Inuit saw life."

The title of the exhibition is taken from a piece of sculpture by the artist Aupilarjuk, and many of the other works in the show also express nostalgic yearning, a remembering and reliving of the past. One of the finest carvings, *Migration*, below, left, by Joe Talirunili (1899–1976), is based on an episode in the artist's infancy but conjures up ancient tribal associations as well. Some of the pieces are prehistoric; others are brand-new. Many are beautiful, and even the names of the remote settlements from which they were gathered—Inukjuak and Sugluk, Repulse Bay and Great Whale River—have the power to move the visitor. An excellent catalogue by the curator, Jean Blodgett, provides the background.

And while you are at the gallery, be sure also to take a look at another of the gallery's crown jewels that is curiously related to the Eskimos, the permanent collection of big Henry Moores. Klamer says that those Eskimo artists who have seen Moore's work admire and understand him, but some of them feel that he copied them a little too closely. *The show will travel to Winnipeg, Chicago, Calgary, Victoria, Montreal, and Charlottetown. For information, call: The Art Gallery of Ontario, 317 Dundas Street W., Toronto, Ontario; (416) 977-0414.* —*Diane Ramos Kem*

Left: Talirunili's haunting *Migration*. Right: Alexina Panana Naktar's timeless *Mother and Child* actually dates from 1970.

HAIRY LEGS IN DRUMTHWACKET

The tangled, infuriating story first appeared in the Trenton, New Jersey, *Sunday Times* on January 23. In a nutshell, after the New Jersey Historical Society spent roughly two years and $200,000 in private funds collecting representative examples of American Empire furniture for the state's new gubernatorial residence—a handsome Greek-revival mansion called Drumthwacket—Debby Kean, the wife of Gov. Thomas H. Kean, ordered the society to remove the fifty or sixty pieces from the house and sell them.

This is probably the most highhanded action of its type since President Chester Arthur sent twenty-four wagonloads of "decayed" White House furnishings to the auction block in 1882. Ignoring the fact that a group of art historians and interior decorators had embarked upon the task long before her husband was elected, Mrs. Kean simply stepped in and rejected their work. It is important [illegible] from 1820–40, were pur[illegible]ing East Coast dealers expressly to "fit the period and style" [illegible] the 150-year-old building's public rooms, not its private quarters upstairs.

Attempting to support his wife's [illegible] sion, Governor Kean later accepted full [illegible] responsibility for the [illegible] "It's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"New Jersey can do better," and appointed a new group, the Drumthwacket Foundation, to find "first-rate things only." By that he means eighteenth-century furniture made, preferably, in New Jersey—even though, according to one specialist, New Jersey turned out precious little first-rate furniture during that period. It is also interesting to note that one of the new foundation's vice-chairmen is Percy Leach, a decorator and a close friend of Mrs. Kean's. He wasn't in on the Historical Society's original furnishing program.

While the Empire pieces waited to be sold, Drumthwacket remained empty, and Governor Kean announced that he will not even move there anyway, preferring to remain at his own estate up north.

Perhaps the time is ripe for such an offense as this, for it raises an important question: whether an elected official—who, after all, is only a transient resident of a historical dwelling—has the right to clean house in this way. What if Kean's successor—or *his* wife—should prefer mission oak, or rococo revival, or Bauhaus? Off to the block again? What about other historic residences that serve governors and mayors throughout the nation? Are their furnishings protected by law, as are those in the White House? Or are they subject to the whims of the people's choice of the moment, who drops in for a term or two?

State and local preservation societies had best be on their guard. It's time to give this matter the close attention it deserves, before Drumthwackets begin to multiply in other capitals across the country. —*Barrymore Laurence Scherer*

FOR THE LOVE OF ART

From the day it was unveiled, in 1965, Henry Moore's gigantic *Reclining Figure* at New York's Lincoln Center has never looked quite right. The cause can be traced back to 1963, when Henry Moore received the commission. He was told his work was to stand in a pool of water but was given the wrong measurements. When the vast, two-piece sculpture was placed in position, it stood out of the water a foot or so higher than Moore had intended. The sculptor repeatedly asked to have it put right, but nothing was done.

To add injury to insult, it now emerges that without raising the matter with Moore, the original contractor decided to anchor the hollow sculpture more firmly in place by filling the lower parts with concrete. During New York's bitter winters the concrete expanded, splitting the bronze in several places.

Hard pressed for funds to cover the heavy cost of repair, Lincoln Center turned for help to the institution most likely to show an interest in the sculpture's survival—the Henry Moore Foundation. The foundation was set up in 1976 to divert Moore's substantial income away from the British tax authorities and toward needier and more appreciative recipients. The large sums saved so far have provided scholarships for young sculptors and grants for art schools, and have generally raised the level of interest in sculpture in Britain. Now, in an ironical twist and with Moore's personal blessing, the foundation has magnanimously donated £100,000 toward correcting all the mistakes that the sculptor did not make at Lincoln Center.

The work of removing the concrete is to be handled by Christine Roussel, Inc. Presumably Roussel will also ensure that the repaired sculpture will stand at the correct height in the water, enabling New Yorkers to see the figure as originally conceived for the first time. —*Robin Duthy*

JACK LANG VS. YANKEE IMPERIALISM: TAKE 2

The Cannes Film Festival, thirty-six years old, has seen plenty of trouble. There was a historic moment in May 1968 when the renegade filmmakers Jean-Luc Godard and François Truffaut kept the curtain from rising. President Robert Favre Le Bret had to do some fast talking to pull the festival together; ever since, palace revolts and industry rumbles have left him unruffled. This year (May 6–18), the president's diplomatic skill will be challenged once again: Culture Minister Jack Lang has just planted a small bomb.

"The Cannes Festival will be the occasion to clinch negotiations with the

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American majors," Lang announced some weeks ago. "It is time for the Americans to make an investment in the distribution of French films in the U.S. in exchange for the big income that U.S. films garner in France." If not, warns the minister, a quota will be levied against American film imports.

This is not the first time that Lang has raised a war cry against the power of the American film industry. His first resounding act as minister was staged during the 1981 festival of American cinema at Deauville. Lang boycotted the event, saying that the U.S. majors monopolized distribution in France with mediocre products in an abusive fashion: "If we are at war with American cinema, it's to protect our own life-style; a refusal to be taken over by an outside system that is impoverishing and stereotyped."

The Deauville mayor, Anne d'Ornano, reacted immediately. Referring to the boycott as "stupid and intolerant," the mayor reminded Lang that 88 percent of U.S. gains are reinvested in France. But the shadow of the quota had fallen. The Deauville festival did a fast fizzle: the majors went winging back to Hollywood and their French representatives went around looking as though the cream on their *tarte normande* had turned.

The possibility of a showdown at Cannes, the premier cinema event, dismays both French and Americans who have real business on their mind during festival time, especially this year, when there is a brand-new—and most unglamorous—Palais to deal with. The whole layout of the Croisette has shifted dramatically: the new, bunker-style convention center polarizes action away from the usual festive haunts—the Carlton, the Blue Bar—and toward the port, out of the sun and underground. If the minister of culture makes a rude scene before casts of thousands (and the entire international press), it could bring down the curtain on Cannes '83. True enough, Lang has selected an American, William Styron, to head the jury, but the Yankees might go home early or favor another site next year. There is always Venice, Cannes's old but beautiful rival. —*Joan Dupont*

THE ART OF SUPERFICIALITY

At first, Kakia Livanos's living room appears to be a shrine dedicated to the beauties of stone. The visitor is surrounded by the rich shades and polished textures of porphyry, lapis lazuli, marble, and malachite. An ornate urn has the unnaturally bright green color of malachite, and its curving form echoes the sinuous lines of the stone's grain. A reclining horse has the deep blue color of lapis lazuli and its miraculous dark shine.

But pick up the malachite urn and the nugget of malachite by its side, and the difference between nature and art becomes apparent. The urn is too light and warm to be stone. And on close inspection, the curves of the grain seem slightly thicker and less subtle on the urn; they are only a painted impression. In fact, most of the rich semblances in Mrs. Livanos's living room have been created with paint, lacquer, and metal leaf. The shrine's precious objects are made of wood, and its owner is dedicated to the deceptive art of the painted finish.

The trompe-l'oeil finish can be traced back to the Canaanites of pre-Davidic Palestine, who burnished their red and cream slipware so that it shone like copper or silver. Finishes were also known to the early Greeks and Romans, but the art reached its apogee during the Italian Renaissance. At the time of the industrial revolution, however, it was superseded by cheaper, factory-made products.

Kakia Livanos teaches the art of the

DANIEL KRAMER

Kakia Livanos lives happily submerged in the painted fruits of her labors.

painted finish at the Isabel O'Neil Studio, in New York City, the most comprehensive painted-finish workshop in the world. Here, the long-dormant techniques of the finish are preserved and new finishes are invented. This month, the studio will exhibit finished works at Sotheby Parke Bernet and auction them off to support its continuing work.

Isabel O'Neil, the founder of the studio, died in 1981, but her influence lingers almost like a presence. As a young woman educated at Skidmore and Yale, she traveled to Europe and became entranced by examples of trompe-l'oeil finish which she spotted in museums. Over long years of study and experimentation, she redeveloped the ancient lore: formulas for old and new finishes, rules of composition, analyses of color, and methods of teaching. During her twenty-five years at the studio, she taught others this hard-won knowledge. "All that we do, all these exquisite techniques, would have been lost forever if she hadn't rescued them," says Livanos.

Now they are again a flourishing trade. Livanos reports that in recent years the number of students has almost doubled, to about 300. More and more decorators and architects are commissioning O'Neil graduates (mostly women) to finish furniture or create "marble" lobbies in luxury buildings, and the craftswomen receive more commissions than they can handle. "People used to characterize the field as merely a craft, and suddenly it has become art," Livanos says. "People who can't afford stratospheric values turn to refinished pieces that are more affordable yet still hold their value. *Faux objets* are the antiques of the future." *The preview exhibition will run May 19–23. The auction will be held May 24. For information, call: Sotheby Parke Bernet, York Avenue at Seventy-second Street, New York, NY 10021; (212) 472-3400.* —*Malachi Martin and John Quinn*

A GRAND RECONCILIATION

San Francisco—"Treasures from the Shanghai Museum: 6,000 Years of Chinese Art," at the Asian Art Museum, May 4 to September 30, 1983.

Back in 1979, when San Francisco and Shanghai became sister cities, the vice-mayor of Shanghai visited the Californian city. Yvon d'Argence, director of the Asian Art Museum, seized the opportunity and invited the official to visit the museum. This, he knew, was the perfect chance for him to propose an idea for a new exhibition.

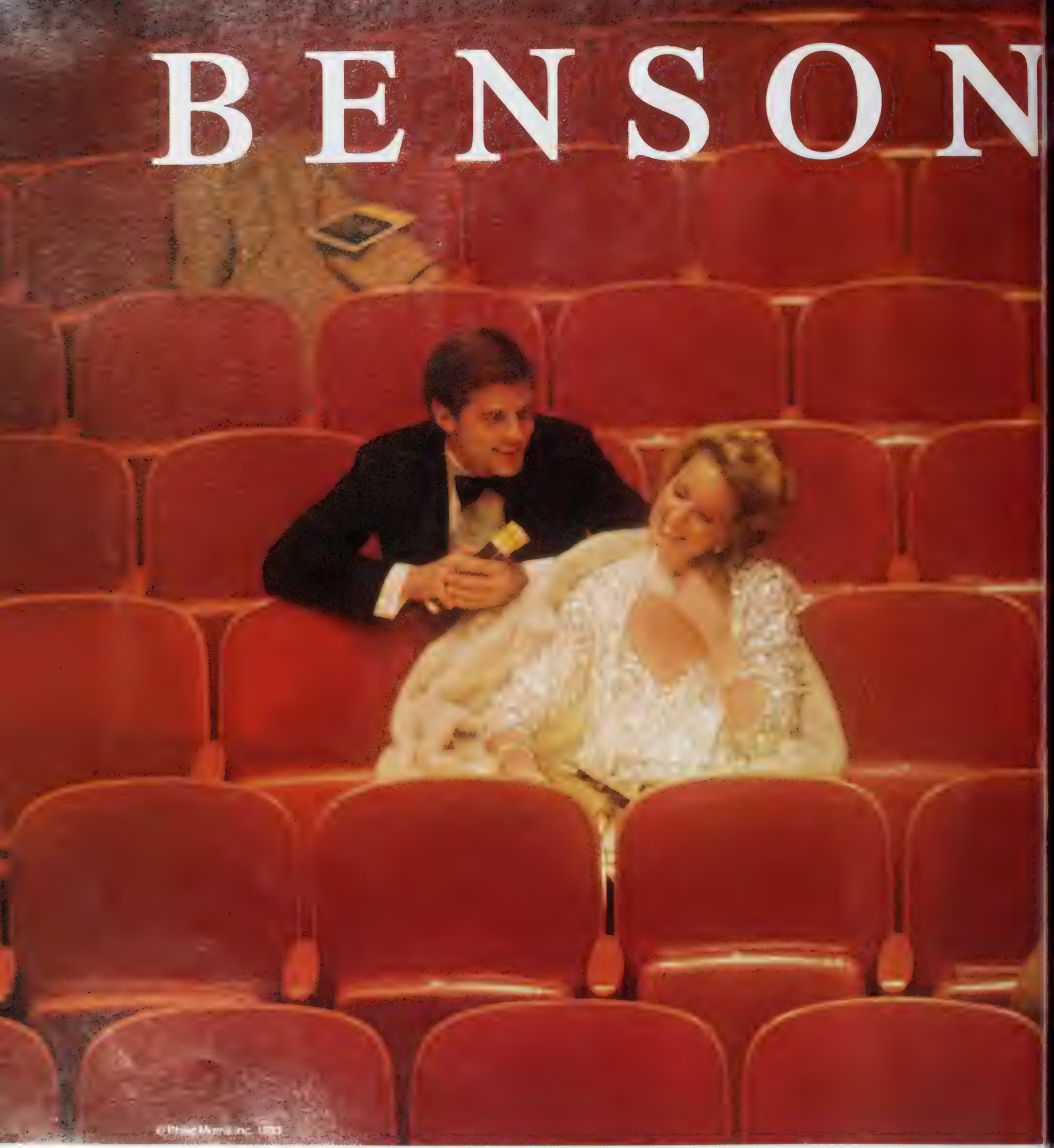
Four years later, that exhibition has finally arrived. The show is the first stateside exhibition to encompass the entire 6,000-year span of Chinese art history, from prehistoric times to the twentieth century. Preparations for the exhibition were surprisingly free of bureaucratic hitches: "It was teamwork right from the beginning," says d'Argence. Together, the directors and curatorial staffs of [illegible] pieces they chose had ever been seen in the United States before. The works had to be unusual, yet representative of their era. The ensemble also had to be diverse. D'Argence wanted "all media of Chinese art well represented," so that he could evoke the breadth as well as the long history of Chinese art.

As a result, there are curious rarities to be viewed at the exhibition. Some are curious only because of their rarity, such as the square bronze axe inlaid with turquoise, the only one known to exist in the world. Others are actually bizarre. The "magic mirror" projects an image of the eight-pointed star depicted on its back when direct light is shone onto its surface. The "water-spurting basin" contains four bronze fish that seem to spurt water from their mouths when the bowl's handles are rubbed. The fountains they emit can reach up to a foot in height.

Most of the works are rare in terms of beauty as well. A handsome sutra cabinet from the Qing dynasty is made of black lacquer and inlaid with gleaming mother-

Glazed tomb figure of a dog (Han dynasty).

of-pearl. An imposing honor guard of sixty-six figurines, from the famous Ming tomb excavations, will parade through the exhibit. The glazed ceramic figures portray mounted horsemen, [illegible] slaves, and chair bearers. Finally, a contemporary artisan has contributed a fragile ivory basket, which is so intricately [illegible] to Chicago, Houston, [illegible] D.C. *For information, call:* [illegible] *Art Museum of San Francisco, [illegible] Park, San Francisco, CA 94118; (415) 558-2993.* —*Rose Kamichik*



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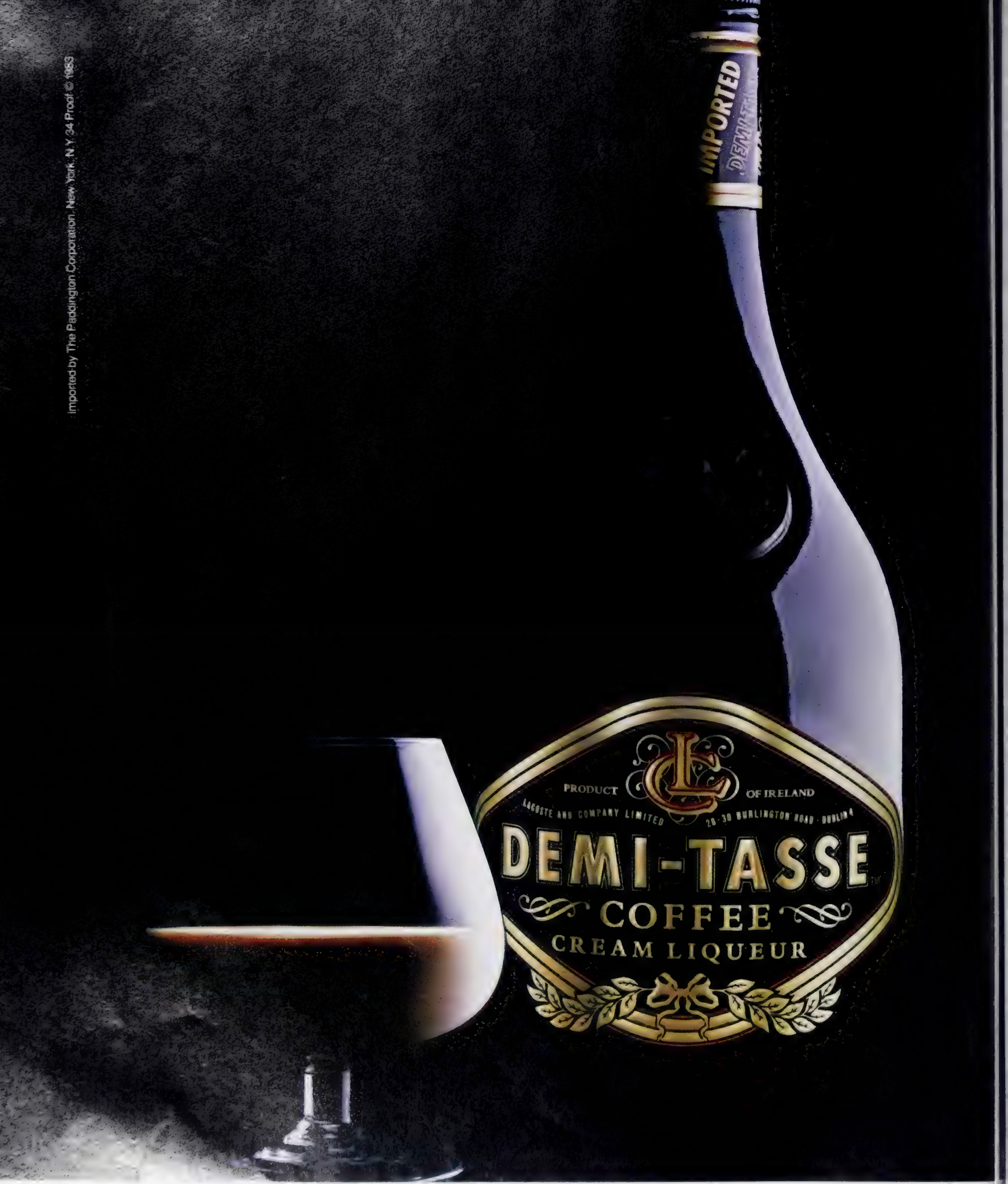

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EASTWARD, HO!

Rodney Searight talks about his incomparable collection of watercolors, prints, and books describing life in the Middle East.

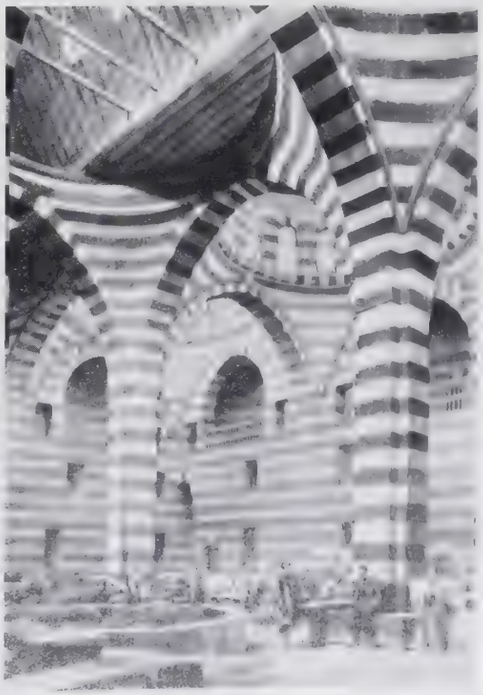
By Briony Llewellyn

In London, there is a Mecca that draws students of Westerners in the Middle East from all over the world. It is an ordinary flat, but its occupant, Rodney Searight, is the owner of an extraordinary collection of British and European watercolors, prints, and books relating to life in the Ottoman Empire during the last few centuries. Pictures occupy every wall; in each room, chests and cupboards are glutted with folders containing more pictures; shelves overflow with books.

This collection is internationally famous among scholars and amateurs of the subject; hardly a week goes by without someone turning up at Mr. Searight's door for a feast of visual and verbal information. He can recall the dates when any of "his" artists visited the Middle East, where they went, what they saw, wrote, and drew. Attached to each picture or folder is a sheet or two of typed notes about the artist and the identity of the scene or person that is its subject. At first, he says, he wrote "a lot of absolute nonsense," but now he is more careful, and his notes are usually dotted with asterisks to mark the addenda or corrections with which he frequently updates his descriptions. And there is always some extra comment, making a connection with another relevant artist or character or place. Although the growth of the collection is now limited to an occasional acquisition or swap, he seldom lets an auction or exhibition with a Middle Eastern bias pass without noting any items of interest.

Mr. Searight's collection consists less of well-known artists who might be a collector's first goal today—though most of these are represented—than of forgotten artists, including amateurs, whom he rediscovered in the 1960s. Now that many of them have been put on the map, their work has become expensive and is scarce.

The collection may have begun haphazardly, but in a sense it was the inevitable result of his wish to record—or "collect"—the places he had visited by sketching them himself, which led to preferring drawings to photographs and to appreciate the work of other artists, especially those who used pencil and chalk. No wonder he has a good eye.



Above: Rodney Searight. Left: *The Great Khan, Damascus*, by Richard Phene Spiers (1838–1916), an English architect.

Early in his collecting days he was prone to attribute any unsigned sketch to a famous artist—"I could turn anything into a Lear," he says, speaking of one of the most gifted topographical artists of the nineteenth century, who was a celebrated maker of nonsense as well. Now Mr. Searight is far more wary, and though he likes to give his drawings some identity, if possible, names are often preceded by "attributed to" and descriptions followed by question marks.

In view of his considerable knowledge and experience, his opinion on "problem" pictures [illegible] often sought by dealers and [illegible]

Briony Llewellyn is an art historian specializing in British artists in the Middle E[illegible]

one of them has written, speaking for all.

After more than fifteen years of total immersion in his subject, Rodney Searight remains fresh in his enthusiasm. Here he talks about the origins of a collection that has made him the premier authority on the artists and travelers in that exotic and alluring world just over the horizon.

The Making of a Collector

I am often asked, "When did you start this collection?"—as though I had suddenly decided to begin collecting. The truth is the complete opposite. I lived and worked in Egypt and the Levant before the war and again afterwards, and continued to visit the Middle East after I came back to London in 1952, but throughout that time I scarcely gave a thought to "collecting." Before the war my principal extracurricular activities were cricket, tennis, and squash—and cabarets, of course, when available! Afterwards, sketching and bird-watching became my chief forms of relaxation and escapism, though I always had an eye for picture galleries and architecture, and took great delight in both. Here, I think, is where the drift to collecting may have begun, for I acquired bird books and books on architecture and art, especially drawings. My own holiday sketchbooks of that period—the 1950s and early sixties—are full of drawings and lists of birds seen. I disciplined myself firmly against the camera and insisted on an hour or two's sketching every day.

None of this had anything to do with the present collection. True, like many other people, I had picked up batches of David Roberts lithographs for a pound or so a time, but my earliest purchase at auction was a lot of two sketches, one by Lord Leighton, the other by Richard Cosway, both identifiable by reference to oil paintings, for five pounds; and four drawings for the same sum.

Above: *The Entrance to the Golden Horn*, by Amadeo, Count Preziosi (1816–82). Below: *The Isle of Philae*, by Louis Linant (Bey) de Bellefonds (1799–1883), a Frenchman who spent his life in Egypt.

his watercolors. The price was derisory, but I turned them down for the very practical reason that they were too heavy to handle and too bulky for convenient storage—though a few years later I would happily have shoved them under a bed if I couldn't find any other space.

By this time—the early 1960s—I was quite keen on watercolors of places I'd been to, as well as on certain artists whose work could usually be bought for well under twenty pounds, and so I began to gravitate toward the Middle East. Walter Spencer's shop in New Oxford Street was a favorite quarry, and there, I suppose, the seeds were sown—though I am often dismayed to recall the "discoveries" I made there, including Roberts and Lear, and shortly afterward sold at a good profit, patting myself on the back for being so clever. At about this time I bought a Roberts watercolor of Cairo and a Lewis bazaar scene, each costing about fifty pounds: big deal! And gradually much else besides. Today I have to be resolute about not kicking myself over the opportunities I missed, but I console myself with the knowledge and experience I've acquired,

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"I am dismayed to recall the 'discoveries' I made and sold at a profit, patting myself on the back for being so clever."

and I remember how lucky I was to have started in those halcyon days.

Not that the collection as such had really got under way yet. It was not until 1966, when I retired, that it really took off, flinging me headlong into the related world of books and prints that now form such an important part of it. So that by 1968, I was able to provide the bulk of the illustrations for my daughter Sarah's book, *The British in the Middle East*, which has recently been reprinted. Early in 1971 I was given my first exhibition, which attracted surprisingly wide public and press attention. That was encouraging. It was followed by several others.

By this time Middle East prices were booming and my rate of acquisition fell sharply, though for reasons of space as much as finance. And that remains the situation today, since I already have as much as I can cope with in the face of increasing demands on the collection and on my time.

As for the scope of the collection, it really covers the area of the old Ottoman Empire, plus Persia, with fringes extending into Afghanistan. It includes the Caucasus, central Asia, and the Balkans, with Turkey and Egypt the largest sources of material, because they were the most frequented by artists and travelers. Although the artists are mainly British, there are many other nationalities, including an important French element. I would emphasize, though, that while my notes and researches fill a score of tightly packed loose-leaf binders and innumerable files and folders, the collection represents neither great art nor serious history. It is essentially a student's collection, with almost every item annotated with particular points of interest about the artist and the historical, topographical, archaeological, or architectural context of the scene or subject. It is perhaps this aspect of the collection that gives it its interest, rather than any spectacular or aesthetic qualities—though I hope that these are not entirely lacking.□

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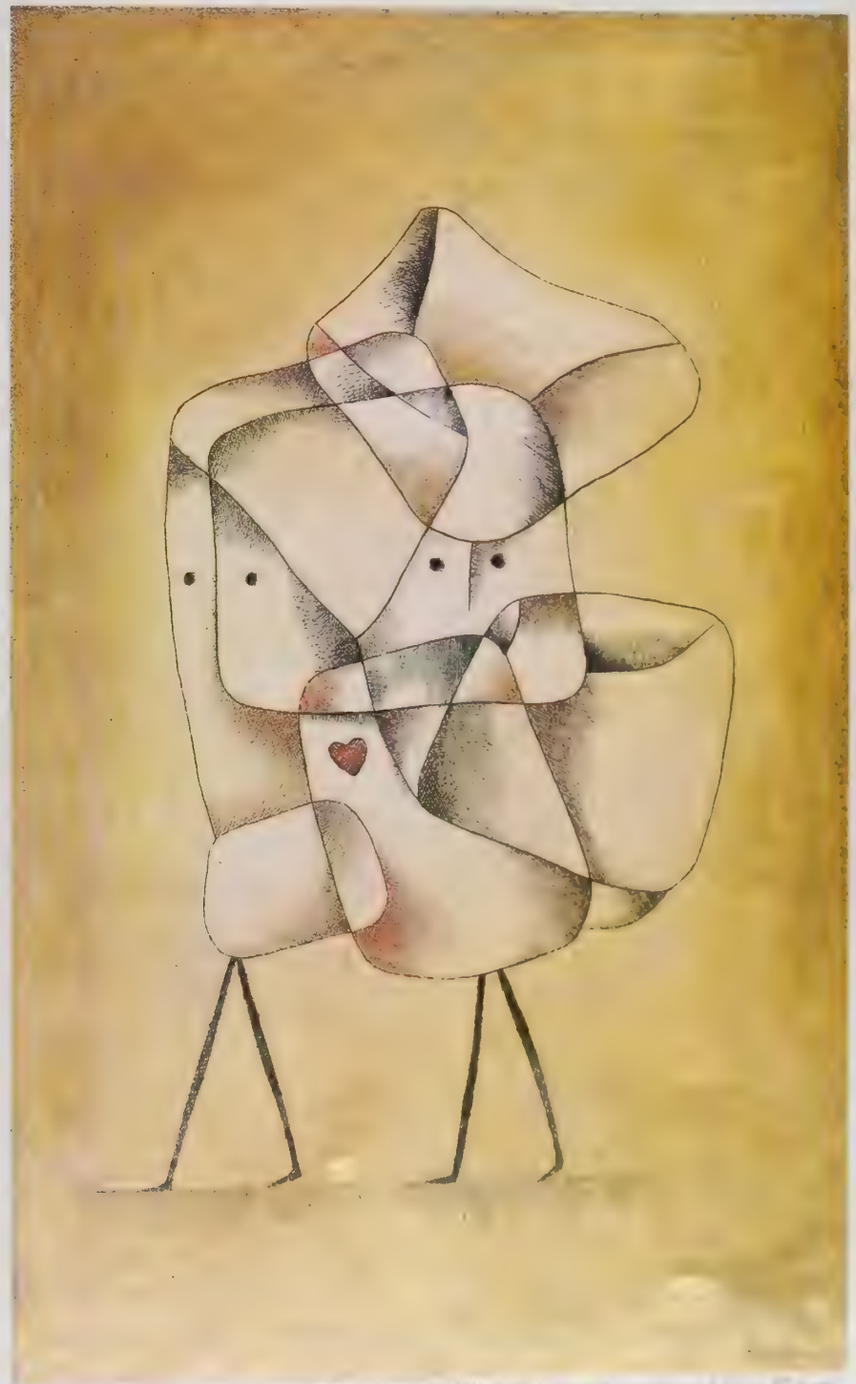

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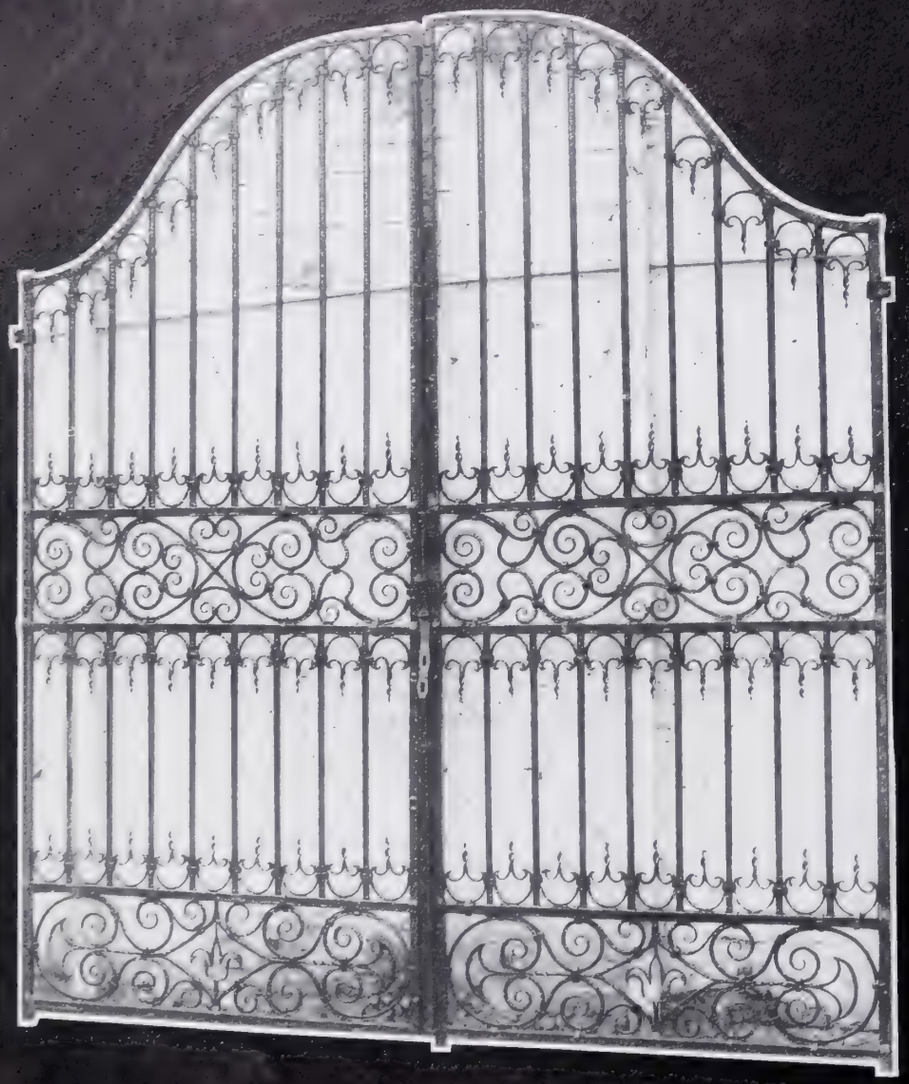

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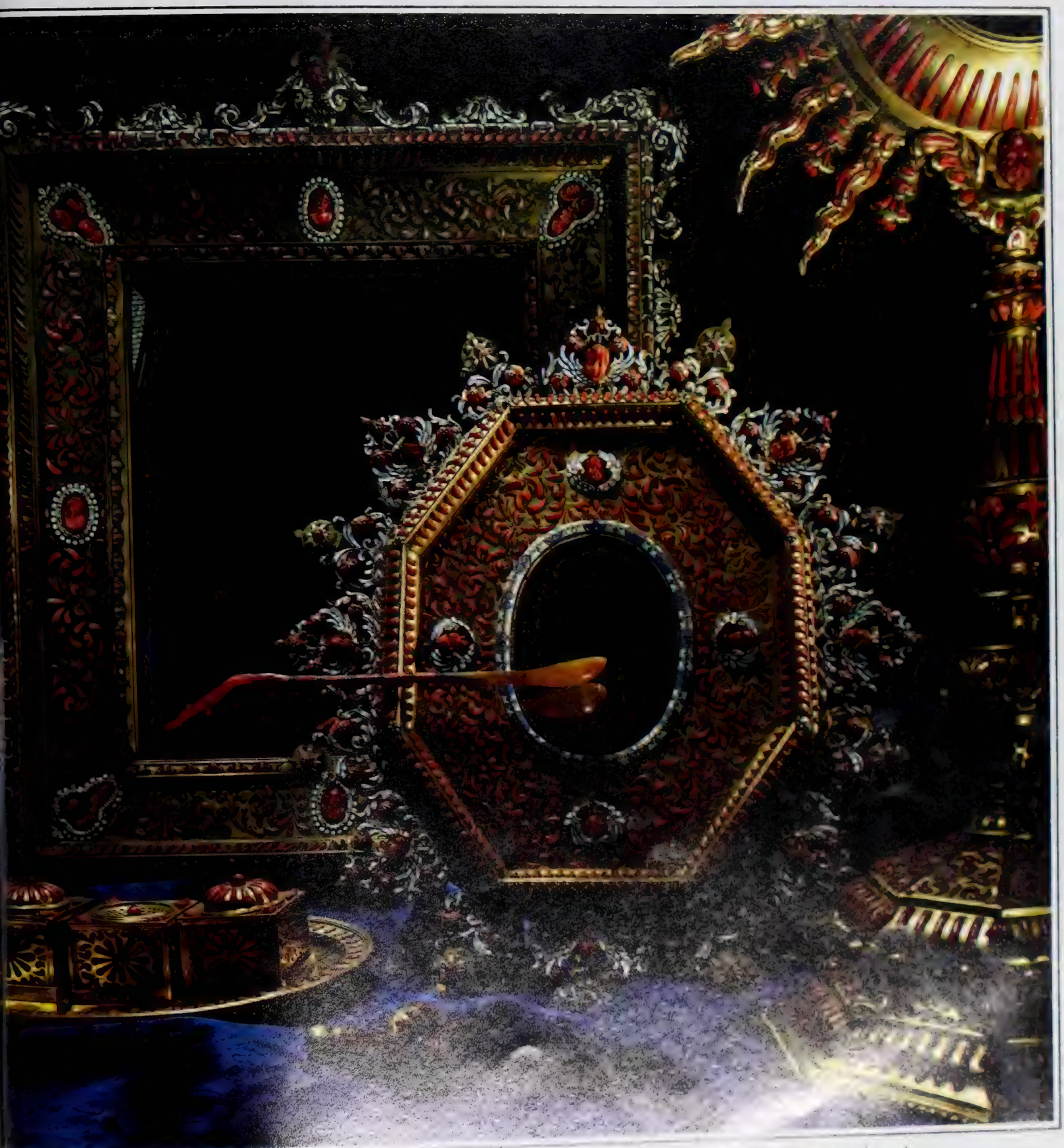

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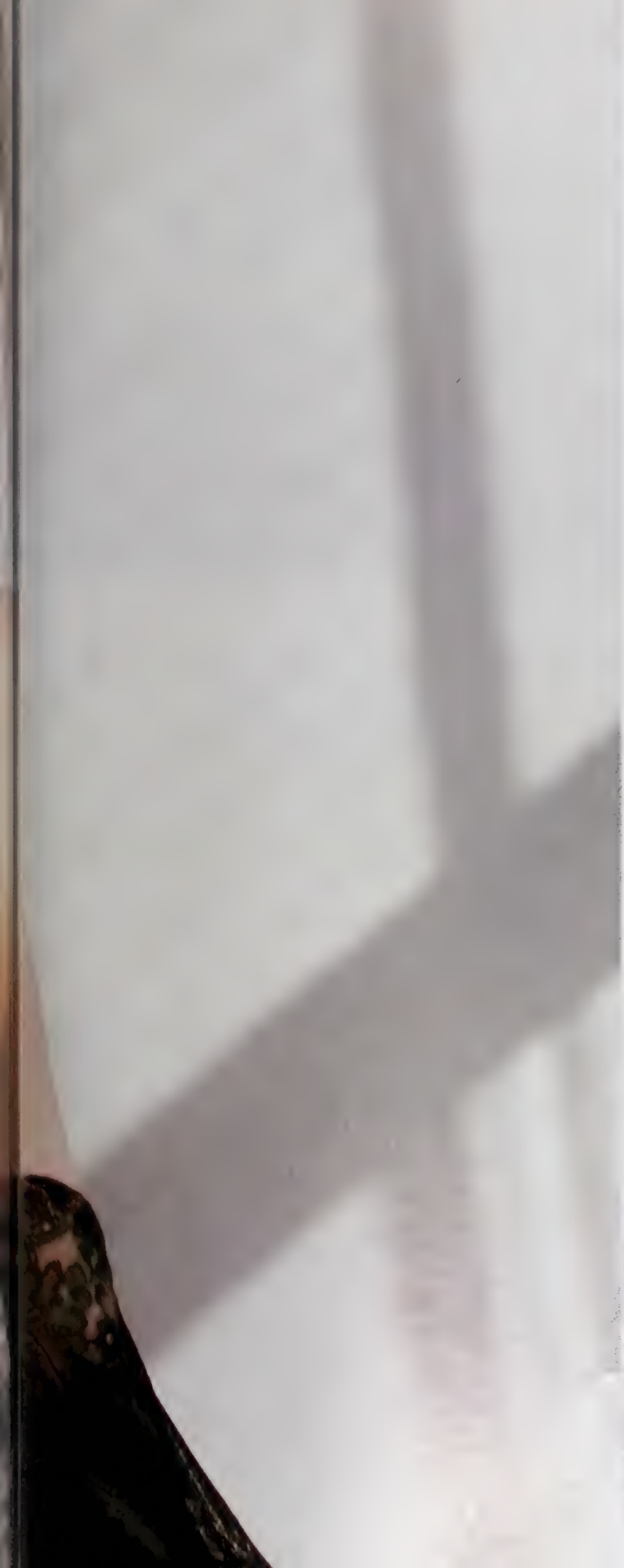


ALEN YVA WEENEY/LACE FROM B. BINA

LACE MAKES A COMEBACK

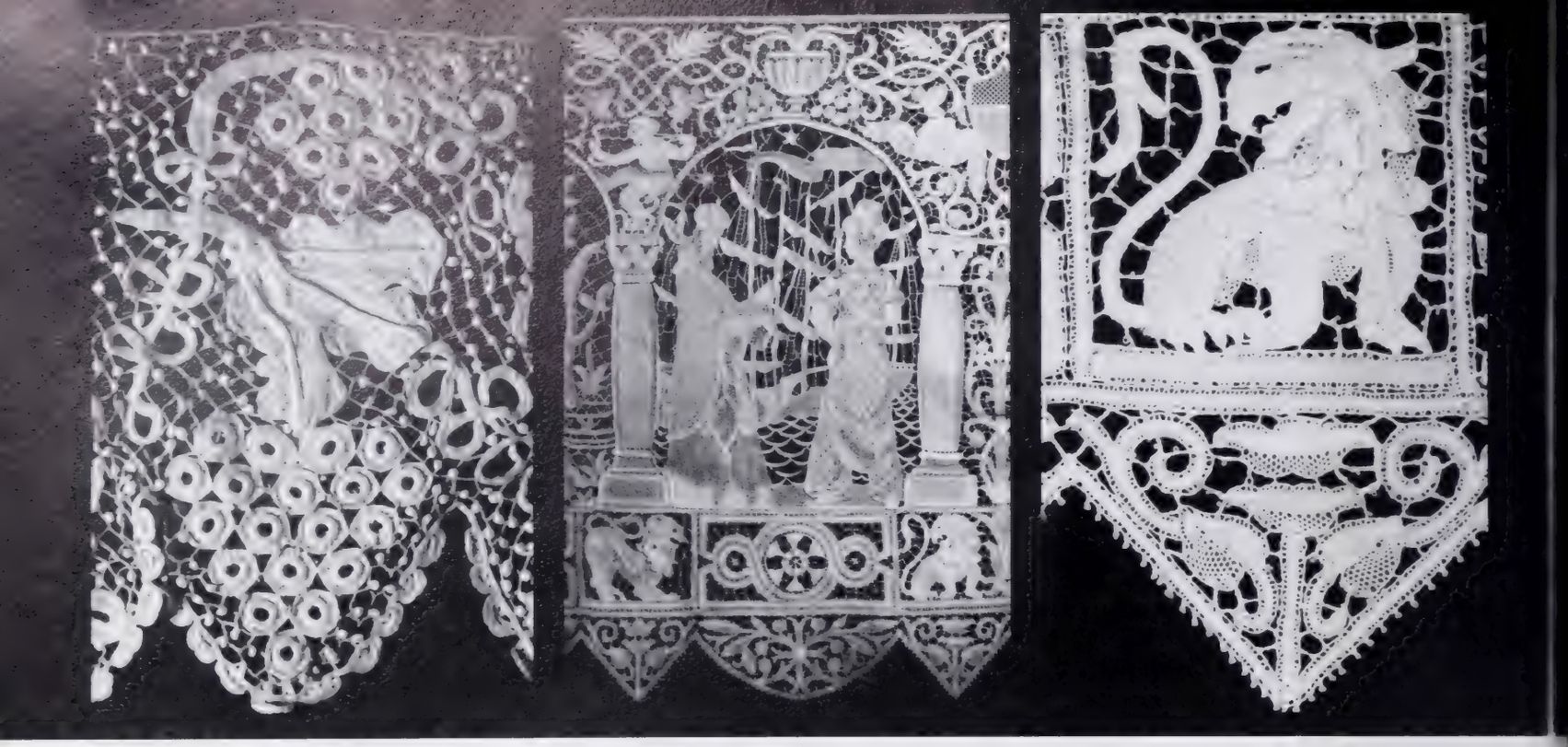
FASHION DESIGNERS ARE GIVING ANTIQUE LACE A STRIKINGLY CONTEMPORARY LOOK

BY ANITA SHREVE

When the fashion designer Mary McFadden was preparing for a gala at the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, last January, she planned to wear a black velvet evening dress with three tiers of lace on the front. "I feel especially romantic in lace," she commented. "It's one of the most glamorous looks for evening."

It was high season for lace in New York, and like McFadden, many women were wearing this delicate fabric. This year's fall, spring, and summer collections of the country's top designers have made generous use of lace in a lyrical array of veils, flounces, petticoats, borders, blouses, scarves, ruffles, wedding dresses, and even gloves. Styles range from romantic to sensational. In San Francisco, Jessica McClintock, the doyenne of the "Edwardian country innocent" look, continued to set trends with

black. Here, a jade silk sh



The lace of Venice at her hour of glory was, like all her arts, superlative, with its raised patterns thickly embroidered on an airy web.

Oscar de la Renta showed tiers of dark lace over white in evening gowns, and a delicate and happy profusion of lacy borders, while Bill Blass gave us lace over lace and tiers of flounces. Geoffrey Beene used lace everywhere: as stockings, borders, scarves, petticoats, and, most dramatically, layered over midnight blue silk.

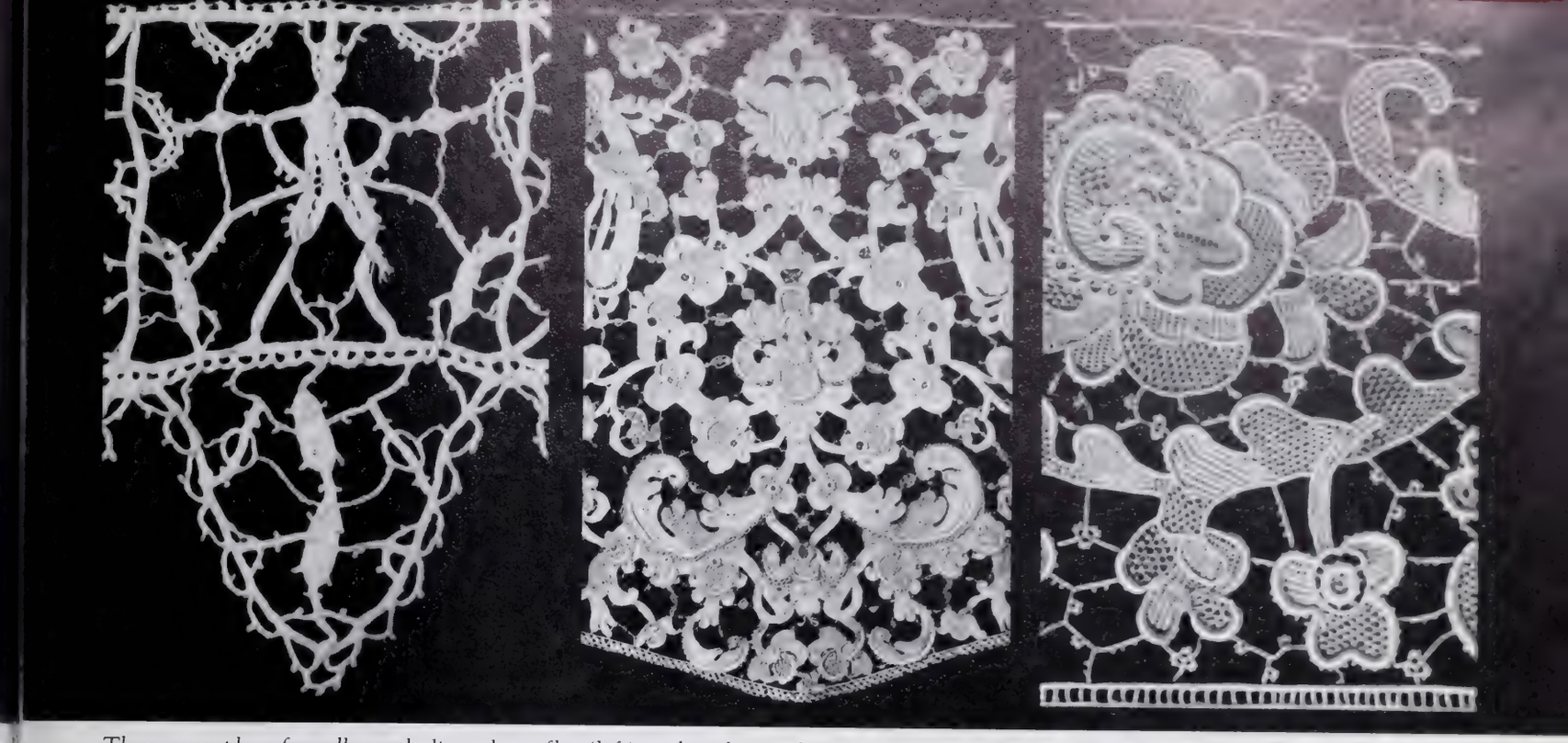
Anita Shreve is a free-lance writer who has also written for the New York Times, Town and Country, *and* Redbook.

Long out of favor, lace—as art and as fashion—is now enjoying a comeback. A recent, splendid show of lace at New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum did much to publicize this neglected handwork; workshops around the country have begun to research and teach the nearly lost techniques of needle and bobbin lace; fiber artists are exploring lace techniques through embroidery and weaving. There is even in this country the beginning of a "lace as art" movement, following the lead of the more thriving lace activity in Europe.

Lace is not indigenous to America; for most of our history we have relied on Europe to supply us with this exquisite handwork. Even the few individual lace makers we can boast of produced work that was highly derivative, based on European pictorial designs.

In the early sixteenth century, "lace" meant ornamental gold and silver braid,

Portuguese lace with a scene from the Bible, 1600; bobbin lace from Brussels, late 1600s; German embroidery on knotted net, early 1800s.



Three examples of needle-made linen lace, flat (left) and with raised, representational details (center, right). Italy, seventeenth century.

and shortly thereafter took on the characteristics we associate with lace today as an openly constructed fabric. Milton Sonday, curator of textiles at the Cooper-Hewitt, points out that lace can be defined in a number of ways. Usually the term applies to a piece of fabric, he says, that is light in weight, flexible, and patterned by contrasts in densities created by deliberately placed holes, or open and closed spaces. Numerous techniques can be employed to produce lace: looping, knitting, and crocheting, as well as braiding, macramé, and weaving. Net can be embroidered to create a lace effect, for instance, and holes can be cut into a fabric to create a pattern. In fact, the question "What is lace?" is one that begs an answer. Jo Bidner-Heinritz, an executive member of the Lace Guild of New York and a bobbin-lace teacher at the New School, says that embroidery can become "lace" if it embellishes a foundation fabric that is later chemically dissolved. "If a designer makes three huge loops six feet by four feet out of rope and pins them to a board, is that lace?" she asks. "Sometimes, yes," Bidner-Heinritz answers her own question.

Handmade lace derives from two sources—needle lace and bobbin lace. For Sonday, these two types are historically and artistically the most interesting. They are also quite literally breathtaking in their technical pre-

From left, reticella band, England or Spain, 1600s; needle-made English lace, 1600s; detail of a collar of point d'Alençon, French, 1800's

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Vermeer's The Lace Maker *(ca. 1664); she works on bobbin lace, guiding threads around pins stuck in a pillow.*

ficiency and the nearly incomprehensible time and skill it took to make them.

One stunning exhibit at the Cooper-Hewitt show was a needle-made veil, 123 inches by 100 inches, commissioned for the marriage [illegible]

Fortunately, we do have several examples of antique lace that give us a clue as to the kind of labor involved. One, at the Burano lace school in Venice, is an eighteenth-century lace tablecloth, said to have taken twenty women two years to complete. The school, which recently reopened in order to teach stitches dating back to 1700, focuses on the indigenous florid circular patterns of traditional Venetian lace. "Some of the most beautiful stitches can't be reproduced anymore," one teacher stated in a recent newspaper interview. "The know-how exists, but the threads made today are not thin enough." (As an illustration of how fine some of these threads were, it is said that the Orenburg lace shawls worn by cossack women in Russia could be pulled through a wedding ring.)

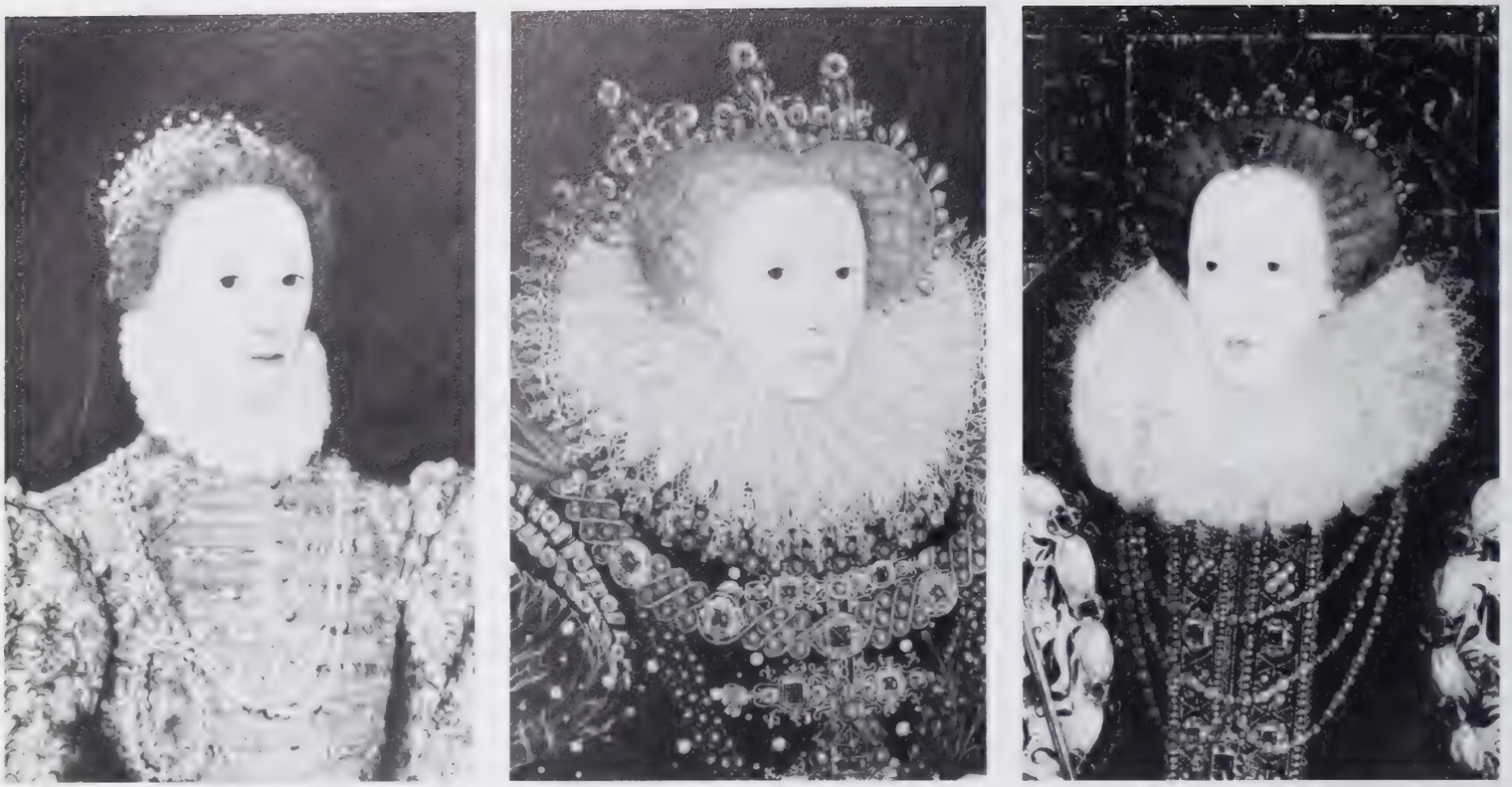
Needle-made lace is based on the technique of looping. One end of a yarn is threaded through a needle; the other is attached to a "foundation"—either a

ENRICO CAPELLETTI/BLACK STAR

A lace maker from Burano, where lace is still done by hand. Even a small piece requires months of detailed work.

woven fabric from which warps and wefts have been removed, a construction of braids, or a single cord. Simple looping is built up from a series of loops worked one row into another by use of the same movements as in buttonhole stitches in embroidery or the half hitch in knotting.

Bobbin-made lace is fashioned from many yarns, each attached to a bobbin and worked in a manner that resembles plaiting. The most common support for bobbin lace is a pillow. A pattern is drawn upon a piece of paper. It is then pricked with holes, resulting in a guide termed a "pricking." This is fastened to a pillow and the principal pins are stuck into the holes to guide the threads. Each bobbin has a supply of yarn wound onto it and functions as both a weight and a means to keep the yarns from tangling.



Queen Elizabeth I, a hieratic figure, magnificent in goffered lace ruffs which, as they unfurl, demonstrate the evolution of a status symbol.

By the seventeenth century, the lace trade was a profitable one. Thinner, open lace fabrics became fashionable. The choice of threads depended then, as now, on the intended use of the finished products. Over the centuries linen has proved most popular of all because of the natural strength of flax and the ability of linen to be bleached a very bright white. Silk or metallic threads were desirable for fabrics that required flexibility and richness. Cotton was cheap and likely to be used for peasant-quality fabrics. Certain areas of the Netherlands, Italy, and France became famous for the laces that were made there, and the economic and political fortunes of those areas were often closely intertwined with these native lace-making industries.

Beginning about 1520 and continuing until 1650, pattern books were published and used by lace makers in Germany, Italy, and France. These books contained designs by individual artists for both bobbin and needle laces. Lace-making techniques were often jealously guarded secrets, particularly as lace making became a profit-making venture. What was no secret, however, was the staggering cost of lace. As enthusiasm for lace grew, the precious handwork came to play a crucial role in the economics of several European [illegible] hing a state-sup- industry in France in order to prevent huge sums of money from going out of the country for the purchase of lace from the Spanish Netherlands.

According to the lace expert Ernst-Erik Pfannschmidt, the trousseau for a French princess in 1739 cost 625,000 francs. The lace for the wedding clothes of Queen Victoria, in 1840, came to £1,000. It is hard to translate those sums into today's dollars, but it has been said that a man's lace collar alone was at that time worth a vineyard.

The most important clients of the lace-making industry were, in the beginning, the European royalty and nobility and the clergy. In the seventeenth century, in lay dress, lace was used for dresses, aprons, flounces, and headdresses—usually with long lace streamers flowing down the back. In the eighteenth century, lace was very fashionable in smaller caps and ruffled cravats for men, and as trim on the sleeves of women's dresses. By the end of the eighteenth century, however, lace was used less extensively and was confined primarily to use as trim on the cuffs and fronts of men's shirts and on women's dresses. In the nineteenth century, the wedding dress became the mainstay of the lace-making industry. During the Edwardian era, lace enjoyed a vigorous revival in the fashions of the upper classes. Tea gowns, lace jackets, gloves, muffs, parasols, and hats were drenched in lace, and lace-covered sofa cushions and lampshades were very popular as well.

The industrial revolution seriously affected the fortunes of handmade lace. Contrary to popular belief, though, it is not axiomatic that machine-made lace is inferior to handmade. "If it is well done, machine-made lace may be far superior and just as desirable," says Milton Sonday. "There is a full range of prices for both kinds." One clue to detecting machine-made lace, he continues, might be a broad surface that appears to have a sense of verticalness or horizontalness about it—"overall, a certain regularity." If machine-made lace is simple in structure, it is very difficult to tell it apart from handmade lace, he adds. If it is complex, the difference is easier to see.

In this country, lace making was hesitant to develop, yet certain Americans have made substantial contributions to the art. In the late nineteenth century, Sybil Carter, an Episcopalian missionary, taught American Indians how to make lace. A particularly interesting example of this labor is a bobbin-made lampshade cover done by the Sioux tribe in Minnesota in the early 1900s, which is now part of the Cooper-Hewitt collection.

Perhaps the most famous American lace maker of this century was Marian Powys, an Englishwoman from a rector's family, who emigrated to this country in 1912. She was a gold-medal-winning lace artist who made her own designs, but such were the poor fortunes of the lace

Throttling cartwheels, emulating men's ruffs, become fans of stiff, jeweled gauze, framing the face yet permitting a display of décolletage

industry during this century that she could make her living only by dealing in lace. The first visitor to the shop she opened in New York's Greenwich Village was Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Jr., and her first customer was Isadora Duncan, a close and supportive friend throughout her career. As an adviser to museums and to some of this country's most prominent families, Powys helped shape and establish many of the finest lace collections of her time. Her son, Peter Powys Grey, has made it a lifetime project to revive lace as an art form through his current articles and exhibits of Marian Powys's work.

There are no formal schools of lace making here, but pockets of enthusiastic amateurs have appeared, notably in Washington, D.C., and in Detroit.

Although there are a growing number of private collections in this country, lace is not currently a good investment. A distinction needs to be made here between collectors' lace (fine, nonutilitarian pieces) and market lace (collars, for example, suitable for sale in a boutique). At the moment, market lace fetches higher prices in shops than collectors' laces do at auction. Add to that the fact that a piece of lace that might have sold for $100 in 1920 would probably fetch only $20 today, and one can see the signs of an investment disaster.

Meanwhile, the fashion industry's love affair with lace shows no signs of waning.

MUSEUMS AND OLD LACE

Displaying lace is almost as hard as making it. There are no sizable collections on permanent exhibit in this country. "Lace exhibits deteriorate very quickly and they have to be changed frequently," says Milton Sonday, explaining this dearth. Abroad, there is a permanent display at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. Following is a sampling of museums that have important lace collections; many have textile study rooms. Visitors are advised to telephone in advance to ascertain whether there is a current lace show, or to write for an appointment at least four weeks in advance in order to view pieces from a collection.

Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts
Chicago Art Institute, Chicago, Illinois
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, New York, New York
Detroit Art Institute, Detroit, Michigan
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York
Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, Montreal, Canada
Museum of American History, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.
Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (possible lace display from May through summer; phone first)
Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto,
Bayeux, France
Gruuthusemuseum, Bruges, Belgium
Ikle Foundation, St. Gallen, Switzerland
Luton Museum and Art Gallery, Luton, Bedfordshire, England
Musée de Peinture et Dentelles, Alencon, France
Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris, France
Musée des [illegible] de la Dentelle, Brussels, Belgium
Musées Royaux d'Art et d'Histoire (Cinquantenaire), Brussels, Belgium

One of the certain hits of this season is Geoffrey Beene's lace tunic in lilac, seductively draped over a clinging white lace dress (left). As top designers devise even more ingenious confections of lace, as old stitches and patterns are rediscovered, and as our own textile artists tackle the challenge of lace making, a larger share of the public will be introduced to this long-neglected but breathtaking art.□

ALEN MACWEENEY

"After all, the piano is still a most unsatisfactory instrument," once wrote Ludwig van Beethoven. And yet, however dissatisfied he felt, Beethoven was able to write thirty-two piano sonatas that together constitute a pinnacle of piano literature. This month, in a series of seven performances at Carnegie Hall, in New York City, one of Beethoven's greatest living interpreters, Alfred Brendel, will climb that pinnacle, performing all thirty-two—the first time an artist has done so in Carnegie Hall since the legendary recitals given by Artur Schnabel almost fifty years ago, in 1944.

Brendel calls the compositions "the central achievement in all piano music" and characterizes them as "monumentally elusive." "Beethoven's piano sonatas," he has written, "are unique in three respects. First, they represent the whole development of a genius. . . . Secondly, there is not an inferior work among them. . . . Thirdly, Beethoven does not repeat himself in the sonatas; each work, each movement is a new organism." As much as these compositions represent the Himalaya of the piano repertory, they pose an equivalent challenge to the interpreter, demanding heroic technique, an innate sense of musical architecture, and an emotional understanding of Beethoven's inspiration. Brendel has all these at his command.

He even understands what Beethoven meant when he called the piano "unsatisfactory." Beethoven did not mean "inadequate" or "boring." Rather, the piano was then and still is evolving, unlike the violin, which reached a peak of perfection more than two hundred years ago. The piano is a percussion instrument that paradoxically must be made to sing. Brendel explains, "Of course, it's much less unsatisfactory now than it was in Beethoven's time, but it still has problems. It can never have such a beautiful voice as some other instruments, the violin or the oboe. But it has possibilities—possibilities of scale, of orchestral color—far beyond any other instrument."

Exploring those possibilities, pushing the piano to the limits of what it can achieve, is the life's work of this beguiling musician. Every bit of Brendel is a pianist. He even looks like a brooding musical genius. He is tall but not gangling; his movements are supple and intense at the same time. His face is wonderfully mobile. For a long time he appears pensive, even melancholy. Then, under the narrow bush of hair, the lined brow, and the glasses, his expression flickers with elfin humor.

Brendel has exhausted the critics' vocabulary of praise. During a recent series of recitals in London one critic wrote that "Music's own E.T. continued his visionary traversal of the Beethoven piano sonatas"; another spoke of the "commanding height" in his interpretations." When there is any qualification of the metaphorical applause it usually suggests that he is sometimes too cerebral in his playing. "Nothing is hidden or smudged," wrote one critic of Brendel's stylistic "honesty and clarity," but he is "intellectually orientated," and his profoundly thought out conception of a work can be "driven home with candid emphasis and often unlovely piano tone."

THE THINKING MAN'S PIANIST

THIS MONTH, ALFRED BRENDEL WILL ATTEMPT A PIANIST'S SUPREME CHALLENGE—PERFORMING ALL THIRTY-TWO BEETHOVEN SONATAS AT CARNEGIE HALL

BY GEOFFREY WHEATCROFT

Although Brendel emphatically rejects the label of intellectualism—"feeling is everything," he insists—it is true that he belongs to a tradition of pianism that rejects displays of overemotionalism or bravura. To put it in simple geographical terms, his is the central European tradition epitomized in this century by Schnabel, Rudolf Serkin, and Edwin Fischer—as opposed to the Slavic high Romanticism of the late Arthur Rubinstein, or the virtuosic brilliance of Vladimir Horowitz.

An unusual musician, Brendel has had an unusual career, blossoming late, encountering periodic setbacks. Nowadays a Londoner by residence, he is an Austrian by citizenship and upbringing, but not by birth. Alfred Brendel was born fifty-two years ago in Moravia, the central band of Czechoslovakia, with Austrian, Italian, Czech, and Yugoslav forebears. When he was a child, the Brendels moved to Yugoslavia, where his father ran a hotel on an Adriatic island. Brendel's family was not musical; his first musical memory is of playing records on a gramophone in the hotel. Eventually, they moved to Zagreb, where Brendel had piano lessons for the first time. He was gifted but not a true wunderkind, not a child prodigy. "My seven-year-old son plays the cello," says Brendel now, "and I should say that he's more advanced than I was at his age."

World War II drove them out of Yugoslavia, and they settled in Graz, in the south of Austria. Brendel gave his first public recital there at the age of seventeen. He had had some more lessons, but not many, and in a broad sense he had no musical training. He [illegible] pupil at the co[illegible]

Geoffrey Wheatcroft, a former literar[illegible] written articles for the London Times an[illegible]

CLIVE BARDA

He lived in Vienna for twenty years. Not long before, it had been the musical capital of the world, and it still had some of its former glories: the Philharmonic, the opera, appearances by the great conductors and instrumentalists. But Brendel was never really happy there. The city of Schubert and Schönberg had become deeply conservative in its musical tastes, and Brendel was determined to develop as a musician in his own way and at his own pace. He never presented himself as a conventional virtuoso in the making, and even when he was young and not yet successful he played only what he wanted to play. He was generally considered eccentric, not least because of his behavior at recitals: one Viennese story tells how he walked onto the stage backwards—a gesture he has never explained.

Brendel admits that his years in Vienna were unsatisfying. "There was a period in my thirties when events around me seemed to sag a little." And at the same time, "my international career didn't seem to happen." He started recording quite early, partly because the budget record companies liked Vienna, where the cost of producing records was still low. His early albums for the cut-price Vox label, of Beethoven and of Liszt, are still remembered by critics and record collectors everywhere.

BRENDEL'S REPERTORY IS UNCOMMONLY LARGE. HIS NEW INTEREST IS HAYDN.

His reputation began to grow when, in the early 1960s, he played the whole Beethoven sonata cycle in London, where he has played it several times since. He made his American debut in 1964, a modest, even obscure evening at Hunter College, in New York City, accompanying the great baritone Hermann Prey in *Die schöne Müllerin* and playing a Schubert sonata. Brendel still remembers Prey with affection as an artist who taught him to love Schubert. In 1968 Brendel gave hugely praised recitals in London, and not long afterward he signed a recording contract with Philips, a full-priced, prestige record company. Soon he had re-recorded most of his mammoth repertory.

In his private life, Brendel had also reached a climacteric. His first marriage began and ended in Vienna; there is a sixteen-year-old daughter from it. He moved to London with his second wife, Irene. Now he has three more children: a seven-year-old boy, a four-year-old girl, and another daughter just past her first birthday. "I never would have believed it ten years ago," he says.

London seems the right place for Brendel. "I'd visited here for a long time and always loved it. I was looking for somewhere to live—a town; I'm an urban person. And despite all its charm,

PHOTOGRAPHS/GRANGER COLLECTION

Alfred Brendel (opposite) belongs to the "intellectual" tradition omized by the pianists Rudolf Serkin (top), left), and Edwin Fischer.

Vienna's a bit provincial." Nowadays London might even claim to be what Vienna once was, that is, Europe's leading cultural and musical center. The Brendels live in Hampstead in a tall, narrow Victorian house, a trifle forbidding and Charles Addamsish from the outside, but prettily and warmly decorated inside. In one room a cat sits on a chintz-covered sofa; in another, of course, stand two constantly tuned concert grands.

Brendel is a fanatic about his instrument, not only as a performing artist but as an author as well. He is an enthusiastic writer—of record-jacket notes, of essays, of reflections. Some of these were collected into a book, *Musical Thoughts and Afterthoughts* (Princeton University Press; Robson Books, London). In an essay entitled "Coping with Pianos," for instance, Brendel asserts that only the finest pianos are worth playing on, and that any amount of time spent preparing a piano for performance is well spent. He has often said that he would sooner teach people to tune pianos than to play them, and he is particularly irritated by ignoramuses who say, "There are no bad pianos, only bad pianists." He has sometimes played a Bösendorfer but nowadays almost always performs on a Steinway.

HE REJECTS THE LABEL OF INTELLECTUALISM—"FEELING IS EVERYTHING."

In the same way, he is fascinated by the technical aspect of recording, such as the placing of microphones and the splicing of different takes. "I don't detest records, like some of my colleagues," he says. "It's much more than a necessity for me. I'm intrigued by it—and sometimes even like some of my records"—this said with a characteristic grin. Interestingly, he doesn't think that all new recording techniques have been advances: "Why was it so easy to make good piano recordings in the 1930s? When I listen to the records of Cortot, Fischer, Schnabel, I feel as if I were sitting in a good seat in a good hall."

He also has very strong views on what music he will and won't play. "There are two repertories. There is Chopin and everything associated with him, and the central European, Austro-German repertory." Beethoven is at the center of this second repertory, "but it really carries all the way from Bach to Schönberg. I chose the second." If pressed he will suggest that the problem with Chopin—which is not to denigrate the composer—is that pianists who specialize in his work end up playing little else. Brendel's repertory is uncommonly large and always increasing. He came to Schubert rather late: "I heard Kempff play the last two or three sonatas in Vienna in the early 1960s—
Mozart "took a little longer, as he should."
me especially interested in Haydn,
glected of all the great masters.
Haydn's keyboard son-

BRIAN ALEXANDER/BLACK STAR

atas in Europe and the United States; one day he might even offer all-Haydn recitals, but Brendel fears the public isn't ready for that yet. He plays earlier music as well and is no purist on the vexed question of which instruments should be used. "I love Scarlatti if he's played well on a harpsichord," Brendel says. "But Haydn can be played on a modern grand. Bach as well, though that's out of fashion. You see, piano music—or keyboard music—isn't so much tailored for a certain instrument. It contains much more music than the instrument it was originally played on could realize—more ideas of an orchestral kind, of a vocal kind, of a chamber-musical kind. With a modern piano you may miss something in color, but you gain more. The thing is that at almost every stage of keyboard development, the instrument for which the music was written—if it's great music—was much more specialized than the thought that went into the piece."

At the center of Brendel's repertory is Beethoven and the late sonatas. He now plays only compositions he considers great; or, in a marvelous phrase of Schnabel's, music that is better than it can be played.

In his extramusical interests, Brendel is also serious and quite unselfconsciously *kulturny,* as the Russians used to say. He loves literature and at present is reading an avant-garde Italian novelist, Brazilian poets of the nineteenth century, and an essay on modern molecular physics. He goes to the opera a good deal, and the theater, and the cinema.

But his greatest love, apart from music, is architecture, most of all the baroque churches of central Europe, on which he is an authority: not only the better-known churches in Bavaria—Vierzehnheiligen, Banz, Die Wies—but also in his ancestral Czechoslovakia. "Do you know Prague? The most beautiful city in Europe." Indeed, one of the reasons he has given for his love of Beethoven is that he "composes like an architect."

Brendel is serious, no doubt of that, but far from dull. In conversation he is not quite witty, but droll, laconic, ironic. He has the ultra-intelligent man's love of nonsense, savoring ludicrous misprints in the papers and collecting snippets of conversations. He treasures, for example, a remark overheard at one of his Carnegie Hall recitals. "I don't dig it," a young man said. "It's all music."

For Brendel, vacations must be kept short: "It's very difficult starting again afterwards." He has to get back into the routine not just of performing but also of constant practice and study. In all, he gives between eighty and a hundred performances a year. Too many? "Maybe. But Arrau used to give about a hundred forty. One has to play not too much and not too little."

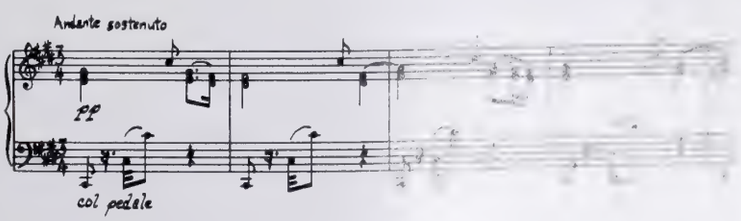
Brendel expects his future to resemble his past: more recital tours, more records, and above all, the expansion of his repertory, his continuing development as a musician. He has come a long way, but he feels he still has a long way to go: fifty-two is young for a great pianist.□

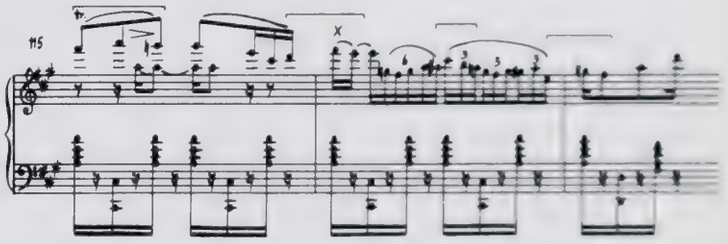
BRENDELISMS

When Brendel expresses himself on paper, he is lucid and cogent. Some samples from his *Musical Thoughts and Afterthoughts*:

ON SCHUBERT:

In Beethoven's music we never lose our bearings, we always know where we are; Schubert, on the other hand, puts us into a dream. Beethoven composes like an architect, Schubert like a sleepwalker. . . .

The opening of the second movement of [Schubert's] B flat Sonata may serve as an example. One could imagine this opening played by a string quartet with pizzicato bass notes, and indeed I have heard a pianist who tried to perform it that way. But this is a misunderstanding: the pedal has to give the mild glow to the pp cantilena of the two violins (or singers), which would otherwise sound rather pale and unsustained, while the accompanying figure adds to the cantabile quality and makes it dynamically more vibrant.

ON EMENDATION:

The London first edition . . . of the Sonata Op. 106 has in bar 116 of the Adagio as first semiquaver in the right hand an F sharp^3, in contrast to the usual D sharp^3 of the Vienna first edition (Artaria) and all later editions known to me. This F

sharp^3 not only strikes me as stronger and nobler, it also fits better into the melodic line of the second subject: the three-note motive (rising third, falling second) determines its structure up to bar 120.

ON BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS:

[They] teach promptness of reaction, exactness and delicacy of characterization, and the ability to regard each variation as having its own separate identity. When compared to the suite, with its well-established formula of movements, the sonata too contained many new personal, private, characteristic elements which must have baffled the eighteenth-century listener. We also learn to be wary of over-dramatization in the sonatas, and begin to see the concept of the heroic Beethoven as a one-sided view representative of the bourgeois nineteenth century.

ON LISZT:

It is a peculiarity of Liszt's music that it faithfully and fatally mirrors the character of its interpreter. When his works give the impression of being hollow, superficial and pretentious, the fault lies usually with the performer, occasionally with the (prejudiced) listener, and only very rarely with Liszt himself.

ON THE PERFORMER'S ROLE:

[The interpreter should] believe. He should try to understand . . . composer, and he should seek to give each work the strongest possible effect.

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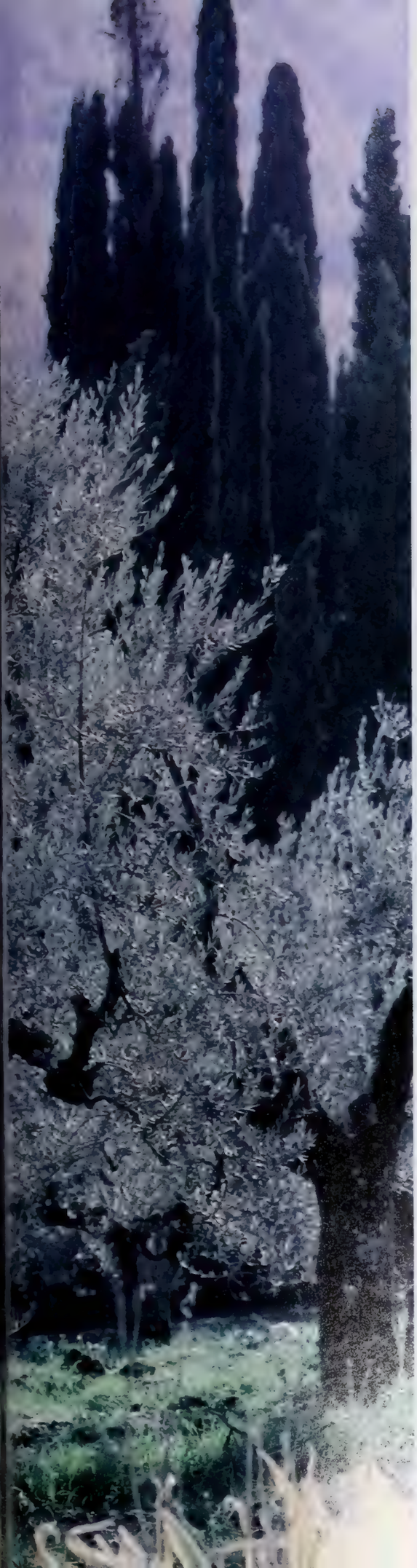


Essential Oil

A quest for the world's finest olive oil ends in a small valley in Italy

Passion, not subtlety, is a characteristic of the Mediterranean cuisine. Even cookbooks of the region bear evocative titles, such as *The Cuisine of the Sun*. Central to the cooking of the countries that border *mare nostrum* are the olive and its oil. Outdoor markets are dotted with stalls of olive merchants displaying scores of different varieties, green, purple, and black, some preserved in brine, others in their own oil. Because olive oil is the only oil made from a fruit (as opposed to a grain or a nut), it also has a vibrant quality that makes it more than a cooking lubricant. Country people dip chunks of fresh, crusty bread into bowls of green oil and eat them with a smile of satisfaction. The olive oil is not a delicacy, but it is delicious. It bears as much resemblance to the stuff on the supermarket shelves as vacherin does to Velveeta. Fine olive oil is the essence of the fruit—it has a light fragrance, a rich taste, and no suggestion of greasiness. It is a marvel. No wonder that "ardent" is a word frequently used among natives of Mediterranean countries to describe the quality of an especially fine oil.

Except in California, where the olive is also pressed, we in the United States are largely deprived of the sensual experience of good olive oil. While the rating of oils varies from country to country, Italy (from which most of our supermarket olive oils come) recognizes eight levels of quality. The one designated simply

By David E. Outerbridge
Photographs by
Piergiorgio Sclarandis

sold in the United States. There is hardly any similarity between it and the rich and fragrant liquid that sits in cool terra-cotta urns in thousands of small mills around the Mediterranean.

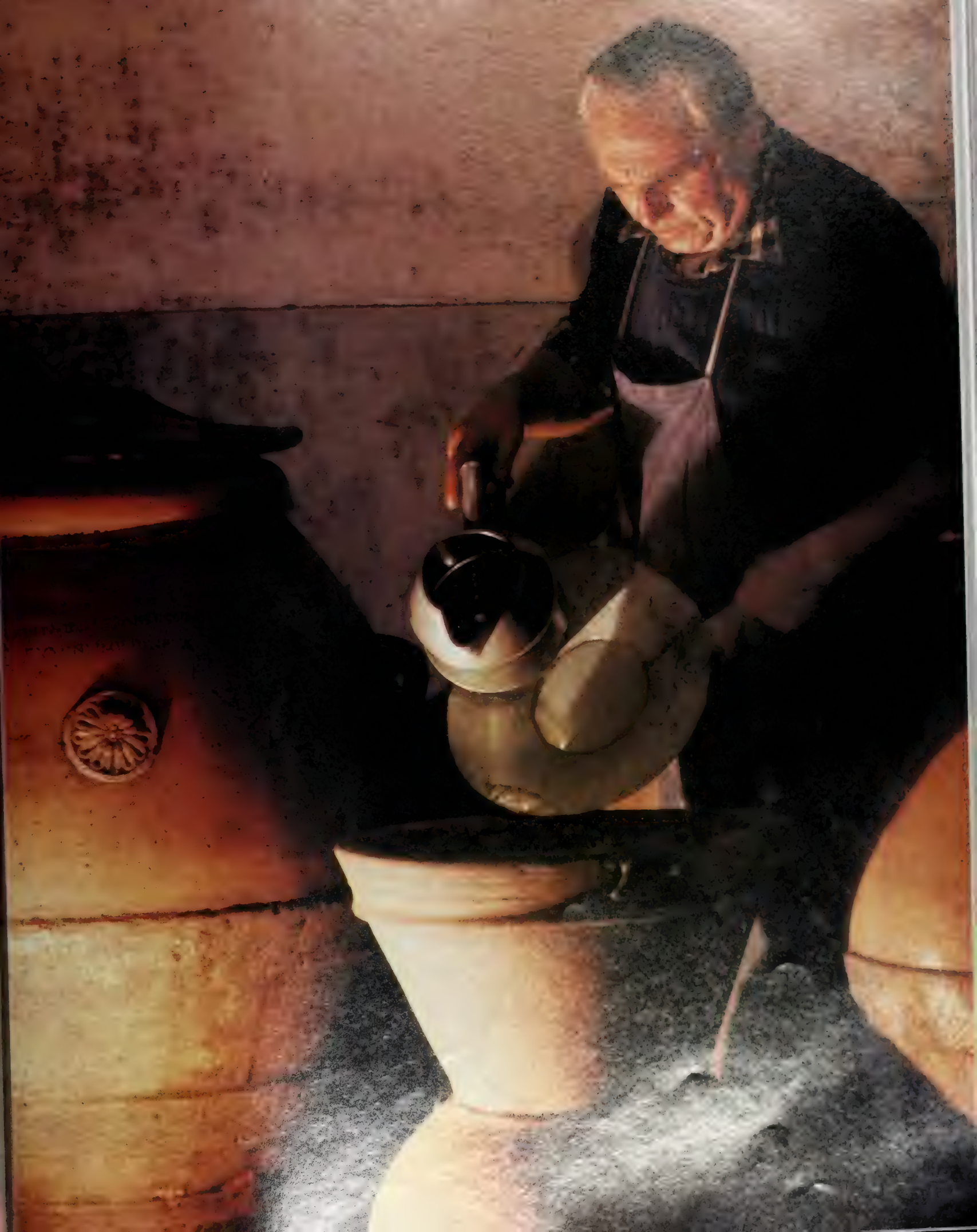
Last fall, as the olives were being harvested and their oils pressed out, I finally decided it was high time I made my own, personal odyssey in search of the quintessential olive oil. Among gourmets, it is generally conceded that the finest oil comes from Italy, with southern France ranking second. Within Italy are fourteen major olive-oil-producing regions, Puglia, Sicily, Tuscany, and Liguria being just a few of the better-known areas. Fine oils come from all these districts, but the finest, according to the cognoscenti, are those produced in Tuscany.

As if to complicate the choice, Tuscany has at least eight regions that specialize in olive oil, and each of these regional oils is markedly distinct from the others. Of these, Lucca olive oil is cited as the best by Waverley Root and other food critics. I disagree: Lucca is merely home to some of the large producers and exporters, a fact that makes its oil well known outside of Italy. I contend that the Chianti region produces the finest olive oil. And I believe that in Chianti, a valley called the Val di Pesa is the core within the core of the world's supreme oil country.

Roberto Bonechi, a small producer in Val di Pesa and an entrepreneur (see box, page 74) who wants to bring this oil to the world's attention, escorted me through a dozen of the fifty mills of San Casciano, a small Val di Pesa township. Local people come to these mills to buy their oil, but rarely does a "foreigner" visit. I was plied with oils and finally decided that the Santa Lucia mill makes the ultimate olive oil. I complimented the oil maker, who responded, "But you have tasted only one oil. You should taste last year's oil, and early oil, and late oil, and oil made from different types of olive—all made here. Perhaps you will like one of them better."

Then, at last, I was privy to an inner sanctum of oil. We went down to a storage room, and there in a corner stood three great urns of olive oil, all from the same orchard, each made at almost the same time. "That," said my host, pointing to one urn, "is the oil for some people, that over there is for my friends—and this one here is for myself and my family."

Normally the harvesting of olives is at its height in November, but 1982 was an [illegible] rdy



species, occasionally tragedy strikes. In the Midi of France the mistral creates havoc a few times each century. Last spring in Italy, a hitherto unheard-of fly invaded the orchards. With autumn, its larvae burrowed out of the ripening olives, and at some orchards more than half of the fruit fell, diseased and unusable. The rest was being picked as usual.

In an orchard of *moraiolo* and *correggiolo* olives, seven men are working atop slender ladders that bend gracefully under their weight. Almost lost to sight among the silver leaves, they strip the olives from branches into *cestelli,* special baskets woven of olive-tree twigs for this purpose. Although there is much banter across the treetops, the mood of these country people is depressed. In what is normally the time of the most intense work, when mills run twenty-four hours a day to keep up with the picking, some mills have not even opened for this season.

In spite of the destruction caused by the fly, this olive orchard, like those all over Italy, is a thing of beauty. Gray, gnarled trunks of solid girth carry a mantle of silver-leaved branches, accentuated by the purple fruit. It is an orderly place; its trees have been pruned and tended well for hundreds of years, usually by many generations of the same family.

Inside the *frantoio,* or olive mill, at Santa Lucia, on a piece of land adjoining San Casciano where both grapes and olives are grown, Orlando Corti is overseeing production. His family were sharecroppers here for generations. Under the feudal arrangement that had all but faded by the 1950s, when Corti was a young man, they worked the land in return for a portion—usually half—of what it produced, including oil. With the end of the feudal system Corti became a field worker, paid a salary by the Branca family, owners of the land. Today he manages the olive-oil operations at Santa Lucia.

"Good oil," Corti says, "must of course be from the first pressing, and with less than one percent acidity, which is what 'extra virgin' means. The oil of this place has almost no acid. Next, it is the type of olives. Here a good proportion of *correggiolo* olives are used, and we mix them with the *moraiolo* variety. *Correggiolo* olives are small with large pits, so they are not economical for large commercial operations. But they render an oil that is very delicate, yet with a bite. Next in importance is how quickly the olives are pressed after picking. A chemical process takes place as soon as the olives leave the branch, and the longer they have to wait to be pressed, the less good the oil is. One of the reasons the oil of Lucca is not as good as the oil of this place, to our taste, is that they often wait for the olives to fall to the ground. When an olive falls it is dead. Obviously."

I ask Corti to describe the difference in taste. "It has mostly to do with consistency. Their oil is very oily." The judgment is verified in a tasting. Val di Pesa oil is rich in texture but does not stay in the mouth. Lucca oil leaves a greasy sensation on the tongue.

Within Tuscany, as elsewhere in Italy, olive oil is graded according to law. The only really good oil comes in four grades, in this somewhat confusing order of descent: extra virgin, superfine virgin, fine virgin, and virgin. Lesser grades are made from subsequent treatment of the pulp with hot water or chemicals or both for a final oil extraction. The words "pure" or "number one" or "extra" (unless it modifies "virgin") have no significance except as advertising jargon.

At Santa Lucia in Val di Pesa, there is only one pressing. It is a simple process, only slightly modernized from the way it has been done for centuries. The olives are first crushed under huge millstones. The resulting paste is then smeared on mats, which are stacked under a press and squeezed of their liquid. This liquid, a mixture of water, oil, and sediment, seeps from the sides of the mats and is poured into a centrifuge for separation. Out of one spout comes the muddy brown olive water, called by some *inferno;* from another comes pure green olive oil.

The color of the oil is a clue to the

To Visit Italy's Olive Oil Country

The time of year to make a pilgrimage to Val di Pesa is mid- to late November, when the olives are being harvested and the mills are in operation. You can, of course, make such an expedition on your own (the region is just a few minutes' drive from Florence), but unless you speak Italian and are familiar with the local geography, finding the mills can be difficult.

Bonechi Tours, operated by Roberto Bonechi, will offer small one-day tours the last two weeks in November. Starting in Florence, where Bonechi, who speaks fluent English, will pick up visitors, the tours will include visits to the orchards and to a number of the best mills. After that, there will be *fettunta* at a mill and, of course, the chance to taste and buy all the olive oil you wish. For further information, write: Bonechi Tours, Via della Nave 26, 50012 Bagno a Ripoli, Florence, Italy.

SCLARANDIS PHOTOGRAPHS/BLACK STAR

Fettunta, *a Tuscan specialty of toasted bread dusted with salt, rubbed with garlic, and covered with new green olive oil.*

intensity of its taste. Whether green or yellow—early or late—this oil from the first pressing has a strength of color that makes "regular" oil seem pallid by comparison. It also has a rich texture but is not viscous or fatty in the mouth. With lesser olive oils one is hardly aware of the fruit from which they were made, but here, with every taste, one is filled with the "ardent" presence of olives. If the oil is green, there will also be that bite, or *pizzico,* in the taste, an almost peppery astringency. While some food critics consider this sensation too strong, Tuscans regard it as essential. "If you taste an olive grown for oil," notes Bonechi, "it doesn't taste very good. But when part of that taste is left in the oil, that, strangely, is what *makes* it good." The best oil also has a rich yet, paradoxically, delicate fragrance, called by a number of Tuscans "sensibility," that is especially evident after one tastes it.

Tuscans often take a little swig of oil just for the pleasure, and they pour it liberally over vegetables, meats, pastas, even bread. The qualities of good oil, unlike those of good wine, diminish over time, and last year's oil is bypassed as soon as the new crop is pressed. Thus, vintage information on the label of some of the best oils now being bottled for export in limited quantities helps a buyer select recently pressed oil.

The only Val di Pesa oil available at this time in the United States that I am aware of is "Olivieri," obtainable through

After a week of tasting and accumulating the qualities that [illegible] nomenclature, I asked Orlando Conti to [illegible] provide me with adjectives that would characterize his oil. He paused for a moment, then, with classic country understatement, pronounced, "Dense."

On my last evening in the valley I was asked to join a group of men who had been working with the olives all day. They were going to make *fettunta.* Literally translated, *fettunta* means "greasy slice." To eat *fettunta* is to enjoy a meal at once appropriate, exquisite, and simple. Inside the mill a fire of olive wood is always kept going. Someone cuts thin slices from a large loaf of Tuscan bread, and these are toasted to a light brown. Their crusty surfaces are then rubbed generously with garlic. The toast is placed in a bowl and dusted with salt, and the new green oil of the day's making is poured liberally over it all. It is eaten with the fingers and washed down with young Chianti wine.

Although *fettunta* is simple fare, it is not primitive. Rather, it is fundamental. The tastes and textures—crunchy bread, aromatic garlic, a taste of the fire, the pungent oil, plus the young wine—are epicurean. Tuscan farmers know that they are feasting on the finest olive oil in the world. They might also sense that they have as large a part in the continuity of Tuscan culture as the monasteries, castles, and celebrated places that are spread across their landscape.

I returned to my home in Maine in December with several oils from Val di Pesa, a Lucca oil, and an oil from southern Tuscany; I also had the gold-medal oil from Provence and a fine oil from Nice—all from first pressings. I then purchased a supermarket oil from Lucca and oils from two other countries and arranged a tasting for an uninitiated but food-loving group of people. Once compared, the supermarket oil could not be called even "insipid," and the evening's conversation soon centered on a discussion of which Val di Pesa oil was the best on the table, and why. The answers were very close to the opinions of the [illegible] Vasciano, back in Val di Pesa, and before the night was over the Maine residents were ready to follow in my footsteps to the source of the essential oil. It was not yet an ob-

[illegible] to the author. The [illegible] Crown will publish his

A VISIT WITH AMBASSADOR ANNENBERG

INSIDE SUNNYLANDS

BY THOMAS HOVING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERORELLI

If there is one estate built recently in the United States that can be compared to the finest "stately homes" of England, it is surely Sunnylands. Situated in Rancho Mirage, in California, Sunnylands belongs to the former ambassador to the Court of Saint James's, Walter H. Annenberg, and his wife, Leonore. The estate consists of 205 luxuriant acres set like a gem into the desert sands; the house, a bold, rectilinear modern structure designed by Quincy Jones, is both serene and striking; and in its rooms, with their beige and golden hues, hangs a spectacular collection of Impressionists and Postimpressionists.

Like some decathlon star, Walter Annenberg seems to do just a little bit better than anyone else in almost every field he enters—whether it's philanthropy, publishing, collecting art, or even being host to royalty (Queen Elizabeth II came for lunch in February and stayed for a tour of Annenberg's beloved golf course). What's more, he does it all with wit and skill.

I knew from previous meetings that he had stalked his works of art without any help from half-hidden advisers. How does a man with great taste and every resource at his disposal display his treasures? Why did he acquire them? What does he feel about them? Not long ago I had the opportunity to take a private guided tour of this unique American [illegible] and hear [illegible] the former ambassador's reminiscences [illegible] (following pages). During that tour, [illegible] plans for [illegible] will [illegible] Sunnylands and [illegible] a number of museums. Walter [illegible] has indeed [illegible] treasures.

The [illegible] a visual poem to elegance, beauty, and hospitality. The diagonal architectural accents, the golden [illegible] and the garden environment make a visitor feel welcome.

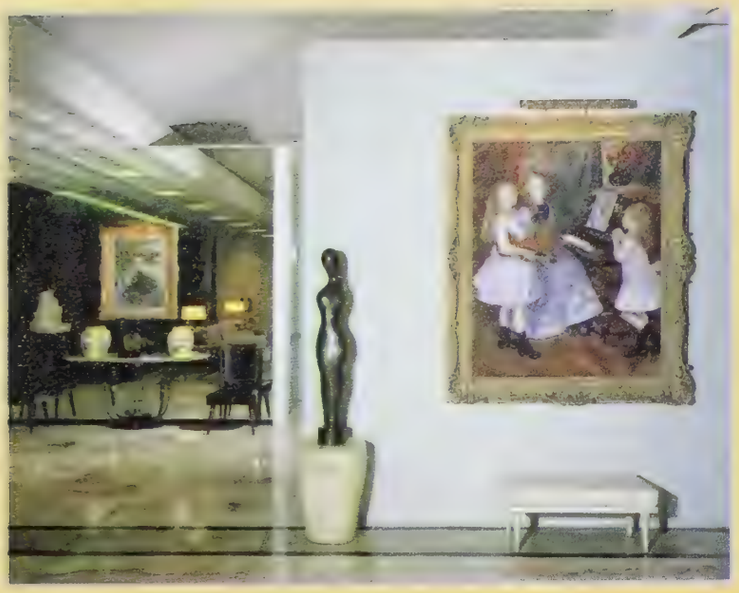
Delicate display cases hold an important part of the Steuben glass collection. The large Chinese cloisonné landscape on the right is a special favorite: "The vigorous movement of colors, the bold forms reminded me so much of van Gogh."

"To the left of the fireplace is van Gogh's first version of the wife of Roulin, the postmaster of Arles. To me, it's a superb, abstract, yet vitally humanistic painting. Then there's his *White Roses,* an amazing painting. On the right is Gauguin's *Mother and Daughter.* The mother looks out full of experience—and cynicism. She doesn't believe anything. Her calflike daughter's face shines with innocence. She will believe everything. The psychological wrap-up of these two faces tells the story of life."

The Annenbergs in their favorite before-dinner sitting are
"When I first saw Claude Monet's monumental *Irises*, I imag
ined a narrow stream running through it filled with golden
carp. But if you go to Giverny you see that the 'stream' is really
a narrow path through a thick

Walter Annenberg especially cherishes his objects—choice pieces from Steuben, Boucheron, Buccellati, Jensen, Tiffany, and Cartier. He personally places his "things" with obvious reverence on key tables—sometimes in daring juxtaposition. Here he has gathered together a one-of-a-kind Steuben creation, the *Carrousel of the Sea;* a majestic silver box, set with emeralds, and with ivory carvings of the signs of the zodiac, designed by Luca Buccellati; and, at the upper left corner, a gold and silver box decorated with roses. "I came across that rose box in Florence, and it took me three days to persuade the artist to sell it to me. You see, it had taken him three years to make. It's so marvelous! There below I have put a Ming jade Kuei Pei—a ceremonial scepter which the emperor forced courtiers to hold when they came for an audience. It's so saucy of the emperor to have thought of tying the hands of the person who held it. A safeguard against assassination, I suppose."

Ambassador Annenberg owns an imposing collection of seven bronzes and marble sculptures by Jean Arp. "I admire the monumental character of Arp's *Demeter*, but actually I'm mad about that wooden pedestal—almost more than the bronze. In feeling, it owes a great deal, of course, to Brancusi."



"That large Renoir—entitled *The Daughters of Catulle Mendes*—is one of the most impressive paintings Renoir ever achieved. Apparently the youngest of the three Mendes sisters hated the way her older sisters played the piano and the viola. So did Renoir. And they had joked quietly with one another. Just look at the facial expression of the little girl, leaning against the end of the piano! A look of pleasant disdain is on her face. On top of the piano is a vase of flowers. That would be a powerful painting in its own right. Behind is Monet's *Garden.* Incredible colors! Who else but Monet could find such colors in nature—all true—and have the courage to paint them? I'm particularly pleased about how I have displayed this painting. I cut out the mirror to the precise shape of the painting and its frame and set it in. I don't recall seeing that done anywhere. I enjoy making the proper presentation. Sometimes presentation can be almost everything."

Felicitously arranged on a smart hexagonal table designed by William Haines are a "mystery clock" by Cartier in malachite and crystal and a pair of crystal giraffes from Boucheron. "I went to Boucheron not expecting much, for they've gotten a little tired creatively, and saw these. I wouldn't leave the place until I got them. Didn't take long, ha! The Steuben pieces include that beauty on the right, the *Chinese Pavilion.* There was only one of these, owned by the president of Steuben Glass, Arthur Houghton. I wrote and begged. 'Please!' He answered, 'Only for you.' "

"*Olive Trees,* by Vincent van Gogh, which I have placed between two fine sculptures by Jean Arp, is the first picture I ever acquired. It was some thirty-five years ago—for $35,000—from the private paintings dealer Sam Salz (what a difficult man! But what an eye!). I fell desperately in love with van Gogh's incredibly keen sense of observation. Two times I have been to the same place near Arles and have seen that exact purple afterglow. Van Gogh, I find, never exaggerated. Another element which captured my attention was that sky—that sky with those blues and pinks. Those pinks are wild!"

The dining room is dominated by a Berthe Morisot and a large Vuillard. "Happily enough, I was the only bidder for the Morisot. I like the *feel* of the painting—the way the pink tones of the woman's dress work off the pink of the Oriental vase behind her. There's high sensitivity and power here. The Vuillard is a portrait of the Nathanson family. It is monumental and intimate at the same time. How that harmony of reds, browns, and golds moves me!"

A most intriguing wall is this one. A few choice antiquities stand on the lower shelf; photographs display distinguished people the ambassador met in England. And above, two superb paintings. "That is a vital Monet. Fabulous! I find a most interesting story in the woman being jealously watched over by her duenna. The Gauguin on the right is one of my favorite works because of the strong composition and the delicious combination of colors. And especially because it's Gauguin in some debt to Cézanne. Those mangoes are thrilling."

ENRICO FERORELLI/WHEELER PICTURES

On one wall of a private sitting room Walter Annenberg has grouped a series of charming family photographs beneath his portrait, painted in tempera in 1978 by his friend Andrew Wyeth. About the picture, he says, "I just don't know. My wife thinks my face is too severe. That robe I'm wearing is something I'm very fond of. No, it's not a fencing suit; it's a choir robe. The first time I went to Ely Cathedral to hear the renowned choir I saw these choir robes. Later I bought a number of them in London. Gorgeous!"

At the end of the tour the ambassador laughed and said, "Many people with fine pictures or objects have them because they think it's the thing to do. Goodness! I never, never lend anymore—much to the consternation of museum curators and directors—because I can't stand not to have them here with me. Every day I pay each one a long visit."

The future? "Have I decided what to do with my things and Sunnylands? Yes. Nothing will be dispersed. I plan to establish a museum of the estate and the works of art so that the interested public can see them right here."

At the opening of this modern "stately home," I'll try to be first in line. Bravissimo!

BY ANTHONY BRANDT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY GROSKINSKY

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE

WHAT REALLY IS THE FUNCTION OF A GREAT MUSEUM?

When the cornerstone for the American Museum of Natural History was laid, in 1874, Joseph Henry, then secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, delivered a speech commemorating the occasion. The museum, he declared, "is to be a temple of nature in which the productions of the inorganic and organic world, together with the remnants of the past ages of the human family are to be collected, classified, and properly exhibited." Someone promptly stole the trowel, supplied by Tiffany's, used to lay the cornerstone. The cornerstone itself, with its box of memorabilia, disappeared soon thereafter. It has not been found to this day.

The temple of nature is now well over a hundred years old, and it sprawls over its site, on Manhattan's Central Park West, like a labyrinth. The way it looks from the outside is more or less the way it is inside—an immense and very odd assortment of unintegrated elements. The facade of the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Building, which faces the park, is tall and classical, in a style called Roman eclectic; it might well be a space for some government building in Washington. To the [illegible] toward Seventy-seventh Street, the museum becomes a Romanesque-revival fortress with towers and sculpted eagles. Elsewhere it is simply brick and massive Victorian Gothic. There are twenty-two component buildings in all, including the Hayden Planetarium (founded in 1935), covering more than a million square feet. On the fifth floor is one of the longest corridors in the world, exceeded only by those in the Louvre and the Pentagon.

No one knows what the museum contains. The official count is 35,000,000 items. About 16,000,000 of these are insects and spiders, all carefully dried, preserved, and classified. Surprisingly, no single permanent exhibition has been devoted exclusively to insects and spiders.

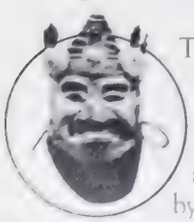
[illegible] there, the pipes are [illegible] containing the rocks. The [illegible] has 8,000,000 items in its col-

Anthony Brandt, a frequent contrib[illegible] museum goer.

DIRECTOR NICHOLSON, AT THE MUSEUM'S FRONT DOOR

Indeed, it says a great deal about the entire museum that there is no publication you can easily buy that deals with it alone, no catalogue, no history (an informal one was published in 1968; it is long since out of print), not even a coffee-table book like the ones you see for nearly every other major museum in the country and for many minor ones. The only recent book about the museum is in Japanese. The only excitement the museum seems to generate is when somebody—Murph the Surf in 1964, the mysterious jade thieves in 1982—steals something from it.

For its size, the Museum of Natural History is not heavily visited. Some 2,500,000 people pass through every year, but a large proportion of them are schoolchildren who come in noisy bursts to see the huge model of the blue whale in the Hall of Ocean Life and Biology of Fishes, on the first floor, and the dinosaur skeletons, on the fourth floor. The dinosaurs, by the way, are not all correct; new paleontological research has exposed flaws in some of the reconstructions, flaws that will duly be remedied some day. When the schoolchildren are not there the place seems almost empty; you can spend hours in some of the less popular exhibits and the only people you will see will be people walking through to get someplace else.



The less popular exhibits are generally the older ones. If you enter from Central Park West into the enormous foyer on the second floor, you can turn right into the Hall of Oceanic Birds and almost immediately be alone. You will pass by bronze busts of William C. Whitney and Harry Payne Whitney, who financed important expeditions and part of whose [illegible] fortunes are thus enshrined here, and there is [illegible]ndred "mounted" birds in dioramas. [illegible] e Whitney South Sea expedition to the Pacific, which lasted off and on from 1920 to 1940. The birds are all labeled, and some of the specimens are quite beautiful, but it's hard to see that through the dust. People walk in, glance at the dioramas, which display the birds in their various natural environments, and walk out. Nobody stays more than a few minutes.

Perhaps a third of the museum is like that. One of the galleries, Birds of the New York City Area, contains nothing but birds in glass cases; there are no dioramas, no painted backdrops, no tree branches with their artificial leaves. Just birds.

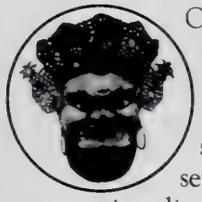
But other exhibits are absolutely dazzling, like the Harry Frank Guggenheim Hall of Minerals and the J. Pierpont Morgan Hall of Gems, which are carpeted entirely—floors, ceilings, and walls—in brown and cleverly lit and arranged to highlight case after case of some of the most beautiful mineral samples in the world. Some of them, like the famous gemstones—the Star of India sapphire, the Khedive and Golden Maharajah diamonds, and numerous others from the Morgan and other collections—transcend reason.

The halls of minerals and gems and the Arthur Ross Hall of Meteorites form a trio of odd passageways, anterooms, and amphitheaters; at the amphitheater in the center a continuous voice recording tells you everything you are likely to want to know about the structure of the crystals displayed, their uses, the process by which crystals grow, and even why graphite comes off on paper when you use a pencil. If you love gold, you will find it presented to its best advantage. There is a movie room that every half hour or so shows a movie on geology explaining the formation of mineral deposits. There are displays of carved minerals; displays that explain the scientific classification of minerals, the chemical composition of minerals, the physical properties of minerals; displays of sulphates and carbonates and

silicates. Dazzling is one word for it. Another is sensuous. The whole exhibit is a kind of wraparound metaphor: surrounded by brown, you are inside the dark earth, and the crystals shine and grow, as it were, before your eyes.

Or take a tiny exhibit off in a corner of the first floor called Mollusks and Mankind. Not exactly a promising subject; if you made a list of the 200 phyla that have the most important economic or social relationship to mankind, mollusks probably would not be terribly high on your list. But some people like to collect seashells, a few of those people are rich, and one of them, the wife of a former president of the museum, helped finance the construction of the exhibition. How the curators must have groaned. Yet the exhibit is utterly absorbing. It contains cases illustrating the use of shells in architecture, the spiritual power of shells, shells in archaeology, shells as signs of status, shells as a form of wealth, their use in daily life, and so on. A lovely, ancient Tibetan shell trumpet is on display, as are some beautiful shell jewelry and other objects with shell motifs. A TV screen shows a film on mollusks in motion, from whelks crawling over other whelks to scallops dancing off the bottom of bays and moving about in the depths. The labels are rich in explanatory material without being boring. The exhibit is well lighted and inviting. The cases are beautifully arranged. If the professional dignity of a museum depends on its keeping its distance from the idiosyncratic interests of its trustees, the American Museum has here achieved a worthy compromise.

Would it were all this way. It is not. The place is a mixture of tedium and delight, dazzlement and dismay. The Hall of Northwest Coast Indians contains the most extraordinary ethnographic material from that region to be seen anywhere, yet it is so badly lighted and so drably displayed that it might as well be in Patagonia. Some cases are not lighted at all. The walls are a uniformly bleak gray green. Above the cases are vague murals of Indians doing things; you can barely see the paintings, and what the Indians are doing is by no means clear. No imagination has been shown in the arrangement of objects. The labeling is minimal. The hall seems to have been forgotten since the turn of the century, when it was first installed.

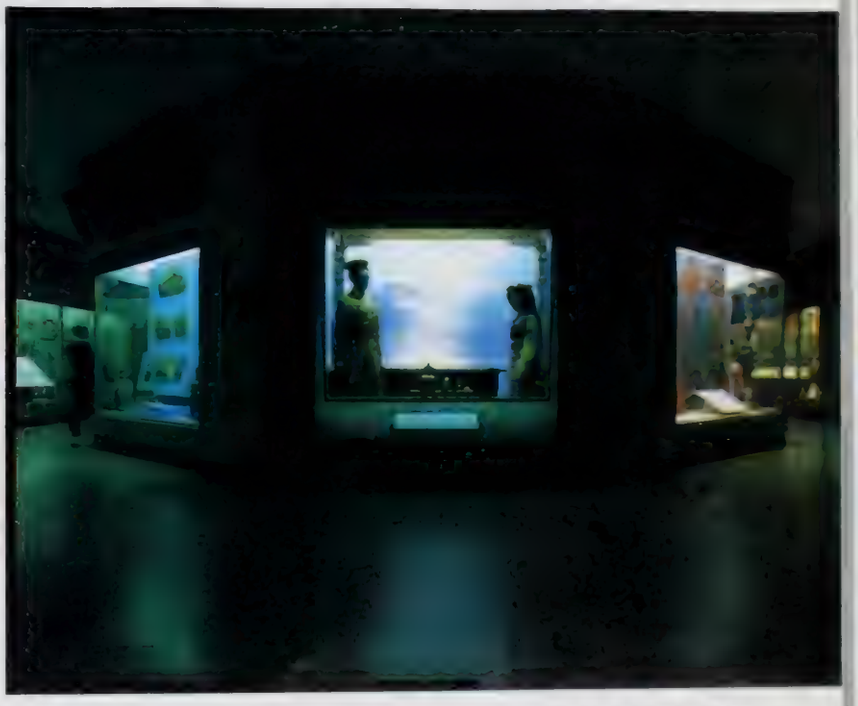


One cannot, however, write all the museum's defects off to bad management and let it go at that. The current director is a man named Thomas D. Nicholson, who has held the post since 1969, an unusually long tenure for a museum director these days; within the last five years most major directorships of natural-history museums in this country have changed at least once, and some have changed twice or even three times. Nicholson not only has staying power; his staff generally give him high marks as a manager. He has indeed done his best to streamline the museum's internal structure, which has tended, like its buildings, to the labyrinthine.

He has also handled the museum's finances exceptionally well. When New York City nearly went bankrupt in the mid-1970s, Nicholson immediately made plans to reduce the museum's dependence on city funds; at the time, the city provided about a quarter of the museum's budget. He strengthened a Department of Development, increased the number of special exhibitions to draw in paying customers, and actively sought both private and public grant money. Now the city and the museum's endowment together provide only 35 percent of the budget; the rest is all earned income from admissions, gift-store sales, research grants, and other sources.

Nicholson is a tall man with a somewhat puffy face and tired eyes, but the eyes belie the manner, which is tough and [illegible]

AMBITIOUS – THE HALL OF ASIAN PEOPLES

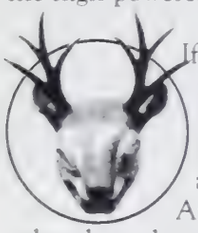


AMONG THE CHINESE AND TIBETAN DISPLAYS...

...THE ARAB AND SYRIAN EXHIBITS

MINERALOGISTS HARLOW AND PRINZ WITH A METEORITE

assured. His background is in astronomy, but administration and education have been his primary interests. His curators say that he is approachable and fair, but that he very much knows his own mind. He seems adept at handling the egos of some of the high-powered scientists on the museum staff.



If there is anything Nicholson is not adept at, it is exhibitions. Like most museum directors, he has realized that "blockbuster" exhibitions can be a prime source of income for a museum and attract visitors who might not otherwise come. And Nicholson has been able to get some marvelous loan shows, the "Gold of El Dorado" exhibition of 1979–80 being perhaps the most notable. But he has also had some remarkable dogs. The most notable of these was unquestionably "Champions of American Sport," a show that originated in the National Portrait Gallery. The show, while historical, had nothing at all to do with natural history, biology, paleontology, or anything else the museum specializes in. The curators truly did groan over that one.

Another strange exhibition was "Shakespeare: The Globe and the World," which originated at the Folger Shakespeare Library, in Washington, D.C. Nicholson justifies this one on the grounds that the exhibition dealt less with Shakespeariana than with Shakespeare's time, when the world was opening up and new discoveries were having a traumatic effect on society; it was a time, he remarks, parallel to our own. "I felt," he says defensively, that "it was a period that was most interesting from an anthropological, social, even scientific point of view." But [illegible] admit that both shows were only "mar-

[illegible] running after inappropriate exhibitions, however, is the museum's failure to put together any blockbuster exhibitions on its own. With its resources, it has the capability to mount extraordinary temporary exhibitions of primitive art and culture, not to mention the possibilities for stunning scientific exhibits. The permanent exhibit on Asian peoples is a mere sampling of the museum's astonishing holdings in this area and evidence of what it might do if it wished. The exhibit contains Japanese dolls and Nō masks, Korean pottery, Tibetan masks and artifacts, Mughal rugs and weapons, Islamic costumes, Siberian carvings, Kafir carvings, Indian carvings, a set of exceptionally delicate yet vivid Chinese paintings illustrating the government administration of one Chao Hsia, and so on. There are some 3,000 objects on display, all of them marvelous. But this is only a tiny fraction of the anthropological collections as a whole.

In 1978, the Center for Inter-American Relations and the American Federation of Arts put together a stunning exhibition of Northwest Coast Indian art drawn entirely from collections and material in storage at the American Museum. It was typical of the museum that it did not initiate this exhibition.

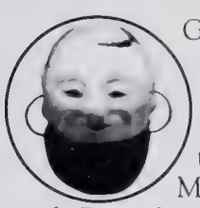
To a considerable degree it is a matter of official policy that there are not more shows. Up to the 1920s the museum was much more interested in exhibiting its collection, building striking displays of large mammals, and mounting spectacular expeditions into remote places, such as the famous Roy Chapman Andrews forays into the Gobi Desert in search of evidence of prehistoric man. This emphasis on publicity greatly irritated the scientific staff, and since then the pendulum has swung in the other direction. If there is money available now, it generally goes to scientific research.

Nicholson claims that the museum expects its curators not only to pursue research and publish the results, but also to pro-

PALEONTOLOGY'S GAFFNEY WITH A HORNED TURTLE

vide exhibition and educational support and to participate in management. In actual fact, however, most of the curators are free, to an extent no university would tolerate, to pursue their research to the exclusion of all else. Most of them admit to taking little or no interest in exhibitions and doing nothing to help mount them. Randall T. Schuh, chairman of the Department of Entomology, when asked if he was campaigning for permanent exhibition space to show off some of his 16,000,000 creatures, shrugged and said, "I have plenty of other things to do. I'm just as happy we're not working on it."

What Schuh is working on is a monograph about a family of "true bugs" indigenous to parts of Asia and the South Pacific; the typescript is about eight inches thick and growing. His attitude is typical of that of the other curators. The museum is an institution that sees its purpose primarily as conducting scientific research and only secondarily as educating and entertaining the public. That is a major reason there are not more and better shows.

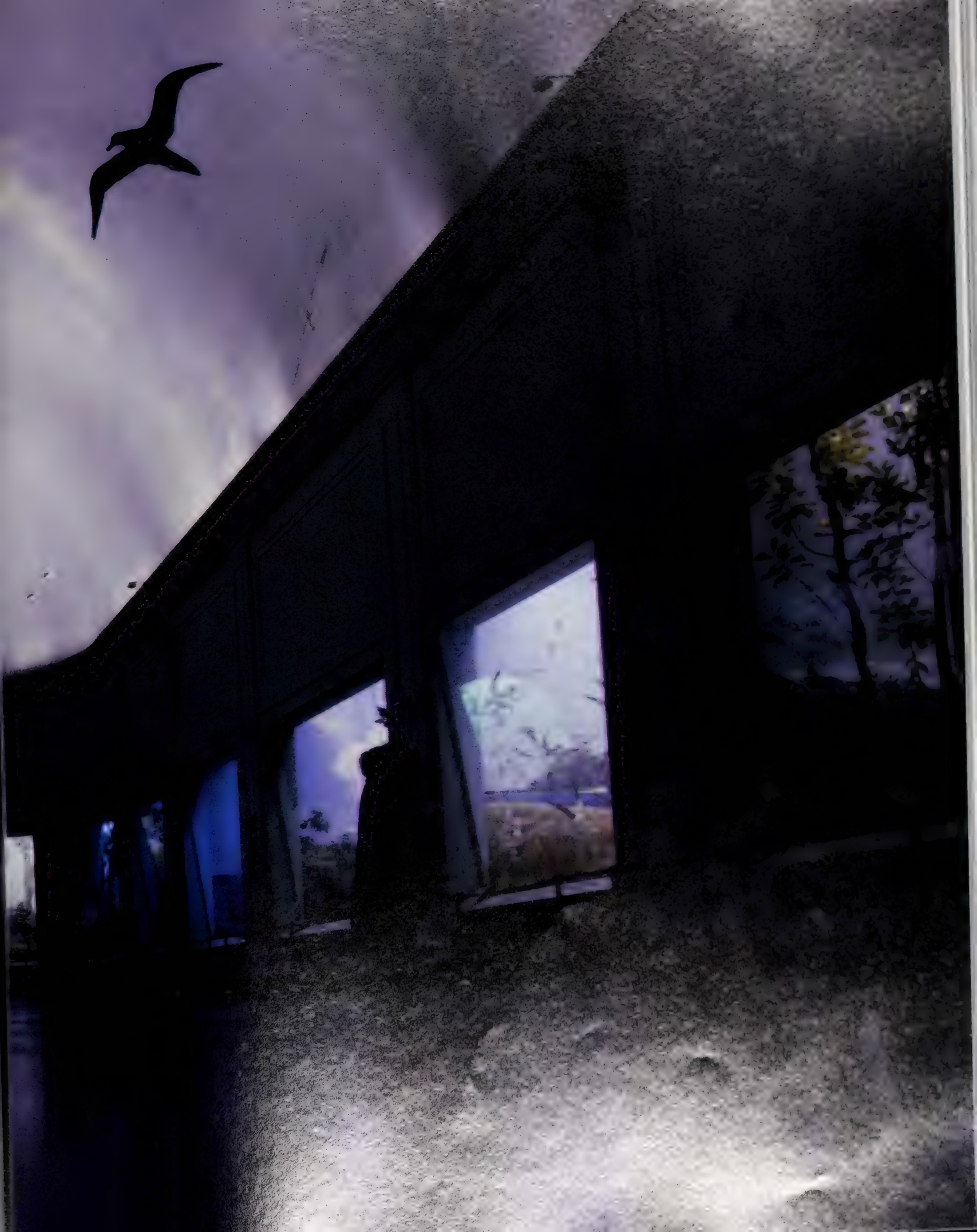


Given this emphasis on research, it is not surprising that the museum has a set of fairly well known scientists in its collection. Margaret Mead is dead, to be sure, and the museum's two most famous theorists of evolution, Ernst Mayr and George Gaylord Simpson, long ago retired. But others are on the rise: Niles Eldredge, for example, another theorist of evolution who has openly opposed the creationists, who are still fighting Darwin in the name of the [illegible]. Eldredge helped prepare the successful legal challenge to Arkansas legislature's attempt to put creationism into the public schools, and he has written a popular book, *The Monkey Business,* that attacks creationism.

He reserves his deepest interest, however, for trilobites from the Southern Hemisphere; his spacious office on the fifth floor is filled with thousands of fossil specimens of this creature stored in large steel cabinets. Eldredge is trying to explain why the course of their evolution does not evidence the kind of gradual change Darwinian theory predicts but, rather, long periods of gradual change or no change at all, punctuated by short periods of rapid change. He is responsible, along with Stephen Jay Gould, for the controversial theory of "punctuated equilibrium"; he and Gould jointly wrote a paper on the subject in 1972. Eldredge points out that "we're criticizing a set of views about evolution that were developed *in this very building*" by his predecessors; the emphasis is his.

Eldredge clearly enjoys the freedom the museum offers him to pursue his interests. He rather admires Nicholson, who merged Eldredge's Department of Living Invertebrates and the Department of Paleontology into the Department of Invertebrates a few years ago and did it smoothly enough not to ruffle too many feathers, including Eldredge's own. Nicholson has merged three departments into others over the last few years, all in the interest of economy and efficiency. Eldredge says that the names change but the science goes on as before; nothing essential has [illegible] to pursue his own interests. [illegible] Illinois, one of which, [illegible] of more or the same [illegible] Eldredge adds that two years ago he tried to introduce a bill into [illegible] to cancel the National Science Foundation to give half of all its grants to creationists. "I'm worried [illegible] and speed of it," he says. "I spent most of

G – THE HALL OF OCEANIC BIRDS

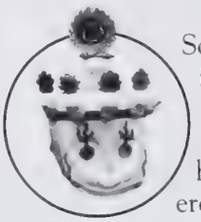


ANTHROPOLOGY'S THOMAS WITH INCAN POTTERY

If Eldredge's concern for scientific illiteracy is not shared by other scientists on the staff, his interest in evolutionary theory is. A wide variety of theoretical views are represented in the museum; it is a place of considerable intellectual ferment. (Eldredge calls it dissension.) Most of the younger staff, however, Eldredge included, regard themselves as "cladists." The term denotes a school of thought in biology that is interested in working out a much stricter evolutionary map or scheme of classification for the diversity of creatures in the world than is currently accepted.

The cladists generally have little patience with older ideas like Simpson's and Mayr's about how the evolutionary process works. Some of them, for example, reject natural selection as a sufficient explanation for the mechanism of evolution. As Eugene S. Gaffney puts it, most descriptions of the process of natural selection at work in individual cases are "just stories. You could make up a story about anything. The only test was how well you could write it." Iconoclastic views like Gaffney's have made cladistics even more controversial right now than Eldredge's punctuated-equilibrium theory is.

Gene Gaffney is one of the museum's leading cladists. A forceful man with an abrupt, stentorian laugh, he is curator in the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology, the department that features dinosaurs. Gaffney's current research interest is an extinct turtle called *Meiolania,* which had horns on its head, a very unusual feature with turtles since the horns prevent the creature from retracting its head into its shell. Gaffney complains, interestingly enough, that he cannot get an article published in *Natural History,* the museum's magazine, because the editor, Alan Ternes, is a disciple of Simpson and Mayr and will not publish opposing views. Schuh, another leading cladist on the staff, makes the same complaint. Schuh says that when he wrote a letter to the editor calling an article in the magazine "absolute garbage," Ternes sent the letter back with a letter in reply telling Schuh that he didn't know how to write.



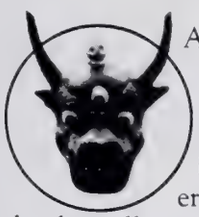
Schuh has an interesting perpective on the cladist revolution, based on his work with the "true bugs" (mentioned earlier). "About 70 percent of the species I dealt with in my monograph had never been described," he says. "The exercise of simply documenting what exists in the world is far from complete." Until it is complete, Schuh believes, attempts to explain how what exists descended from what used to exist are premature. We know things evolved, he says, but we don't know enough yet to say precisely how.

Schuh's frankness extends to his views about how the museum is run. He complains that although his department, Entomology, handles many thousand more species of animal than any other, it has fewer curators than other departments and no visibility within the museum. Schuh would like to cultivate trustees, get them interested in insects. David Rockefeller, he points out, though not a trustee, likes the museum and has an interest in insects; why not approach Rockefeller? Because, says Schuh, answering his own question, Tom Nicholson will not allow his curators to go over his head, although it is accepted procedure in art museums. Says Schuh, "Tom Nicholson runs this museum pretty much on his own. He prefers to deal with wealthy patrons himself, and he parcels out the rewards." But Schuh's complaint hardly colors his view of the museum. He likes his life there.

At favored departments, where the trustees do take an interest and more money is available, the curators are remarkably content. Consider the Department of Mineral Sciences. Always

INVERTEBRATES EXPERT ELDREDGE WITH TRILOBITE FOSSILS

popular, Mineral Sciences now is run with keen effectiveness by Martin Prinz and George E. Harlow, who were hired about seven years ago. The department now has research grants from NASA and the National Institutes of Health, and it is obtaining more from private industry. Prinz and Harlow have trustee support without asking for it (money, on the other hand, must be requested). For instance, funds for the new Hall of Meteorites was donated by the trustee Arthur Ross—"He's a man who knows what he wants," says Harlow; "he cares about the quality of our programs and he's going to work to make sure that his money does what he wants"—and is named after him. Harlow is fully aware, incidentally, that the Hall of Minerals was named after the late Harry F. Guggenheim, who gave about $150,000 for its construction.



Another favored department is Anthropology, run now by another young man, David Hurst Thomas, who describes himself as a North American archaeologist. Thomas is establishing a reputation for himself on digs on St. Catherines Island, off the coast of Georgia, and in the dry valleys and mountaintops of Nevada, where he is doing research on Amerindian cultures. He considers himself a "hard" scientific archaeologist, as opposed to the more humanistic types. Thomas has good support—"more long-term general grant support," he says. "It's not impossible to think in terms of research projects that last a decade. We are given as free a hand as possible in our research." The department has seven full-time curators, and, he says, there is no guidance, there are no controls over what they investigate. Generally, however, they stay out of each other's territory. He describes the arrangement as a sort of club: there is "no competition within the department."

Between departments there is plenty. But Anthropology is clearly the most-favored nation in the museum's world. "About two-thirds of the exhibits are anthropological," says Thomas. "People are interested in people." It is worth noting that the anthropology collection, with its 8,000,000 items, is the best in the Western Hemisphere. Only 1 percent of it is on display; the rest of it lines the fifth-floor corridors or is stuffed away in storerooms. Thomas is not interested in adding to the collection. He thinks it may finally be time to take care of what he has, or to find out what he has, so that the rest of us, maybe, can some day see it.

R. P. Blackmur once described the novels of Dostoevski as "loose and baggy monsters." We might borrow the phrase and call the American Museum of Natural History the *Brothers Karamazov* of the museum world. One observer aptly calls it the largest institution in the world without a recognizable identity. An identity isn't essential for success, to be sure; as an institution the museum works—that is, it balances its budget (more or less), supports scientific research and publishes it, stays open more hours than any other museum in New York, maintains its collections, and plans for the future. It is only 60 percent complete according to the master building plan; without any authorization from the city—such as the Metropolitan Museum, across Central Park, needs every time it sneezes—it could add the other 40 percent envisioned in its plans.

To serve the needs of the public, however, an identity is, if not essential, certainly useful. People need to know what they're looking at; to have some sense that the natural world is a whole,

GLORIOUS – THE MORGAN HALL OF GEMS (ABOVE) AND THE GUGGENHEIM HALL OF MINERALS

EYE-OPENING—THE MOLLUSKS AND MANKIND EXHIBIT

how to display it in such a way that everything comes together and a vision of the natural world emerges, a sense of it as an enormously complex but lovely single system—a *theory* of it, in short, that would unify these manifold diversities.

The museum is a wonderful, absorbing place to visit, but there is something about it that ultimately is frustrating. The objects seem to *want* to speak, but only in isolated moments, as in the Mollusks and Mankind exhibit, do they. In the image business, the business of making epiphanies in the mind, the museum seems inept.

The temple of nature: you can't say that in its own slow, ponderous way the museum doesn't try. It is continuously updating the bird exhibits, for example, and three new cases in the Hall of the Biology of Birds are extremely well done. Perhaps it's a matter of finding the right formula: a little less emphasis on scientific research, maybe; a little more on making the excitement inherent in that research [illegible]

Naturem[illegible] seems to be a move in this direction; that's the museum's name for the Imax movie projection system it has installed in the auditorium. The Imax screen is huge—big enough to fill your entire visual field if you sit at the front—and the resulting immersion in the film is more exciting than Cinerama or 3-D. The films themselves, however, tend to be long on visual effects, short on information. *To Fly* soars, all right, but its history is straight out of fourth grade. From a museum so knowledgeable about science, you can't help looking for more.

[illegible] illiteracy in the [illegible] with its renewed [illegible]

"I THINK,"
SAID DOM PERIGNON,
"I AM TASTING THE STARS."

CHAMPAGNE

BY
FREDERICK STARR WILDMAN

Although Bordeaux and Burgundy, Chablis, port, and sherry have all lent their names to an idea of wine, champagne has gone a bit further. It is virtually a state of mind, a bubbling celebration of life's loves and triumphs over its defeats and vicissitudes. The magical pop of a champagne cork signals that something good has happened or is about to happen. It telegraphs a thrill of anticipation that [illegible] nothing else can [illegible]

[illegible] drought of wines, one barely relieved by the tiny output of some good years. This resulting dearth has meant higher prices and, in many instances, the virtual closing of good but small champagne firms, whose reserves simply ran out. So it was a great relief to champagne lovers that 1982 came along. The harvest was not only good but huge. The empty *cuves* and barrels were replenished. The desert had been crossed, the oasis reached in time.

How good will the 1982 vintage be? Although it will not appear on the label of bottles for another four years, it promises to be excellent—probably similar to the 1947s, wines that were full and gen-

PHOTO BY TOBY [illegible]

erous but that matured and died quickly. Much of the 1982s will be put aside for what many champagne houses consider their proudest and most typical wines: their "nonvintages."

Sparkling wines, good and bad, are, of course, made all over the world. Champagne is without doubt the most strictly

controlled. The fundamental difference between real champagne and other, sometimes very good sparkling wines is the wine itself. Under French law it must be made from vines grown in a strictly delineated area not far from the river Marne, in Champagne (see map). It covers about as much acreage as Washington, D.C., and has an extremely chalky soil and a climate that ensure the production of distinctive grapes. From this small region has come a world of joy.

At what point champagne became the wine that we know today is a topic open to much conjecture. Certainly a key figure in its development was the seventeenth-century monk and cellar master at the Abbey of Hautvillers, on the hill across the Marne from Epernay, one Dom Pérignon. Exactly what he did is difficult to prove, since few records have survived him. He is supposed to have said of his first taste of champagne, "I think I am tasting the stars." But it is safe to say that by the time he died, the main outlines of champagne making, a highly complicated and exacting business, were known. This dancing and joyous wine had been embraced by the gayest society in existence, the court of Louis XV and his exquisite collection of marquises, headed by Mme de Pompadour. She, incidentally, did champagne no harm in observing that it was "the only wine that leaves a woman beautiful after she drinks it."

The champagne then consumed was probably quite a different wine from the one we know today. In the first place, it probably did not have the clear golden [illegible] we associate with champagne but [illegible] until the eighteen-seventies virtually all [illegible] was imbibed [illegible]

brut, or dry, champagne was shipped in the late eighteen-forties at the behest of an agent in London, but he found that he couldn't sell it. Nevertheless, tastes were changing; he was just a bit ahead of his time. Champagne was beginning to be the aperitif wine par excellence for the upper classes, and as such had to possess a quality different from that of a dessert wine. By the midseventies, dry champagne was all the rage in England, and from there, by way of such great international social and sporting events as Cowes and Ascot, the taste soon spread through the empire and beyond.

True champagne comes from only three grape types: the Pinot Noir, the Chardonnay, and the Pinot Meunier. Juice from these is either "free run," called *cuvée,* or from the first, second, or third pressings, which are called *tailles.* The major firms rarely use their third pressings, which are sold to lesser houses. Most great champagne houses make their wines of grapes from only the highest-classified communes (graded above 80 on a scale of 100). Along with the strictly enforced self-disciplines imposed by the Comité Interprofessionel du Vin de Champagne in growing the vines and making the wines, champagne is, by law, one of the most exactly and carefully made wines in the

world. Small wonder that the Champenois bridle when they hear of distant bottles of bubbly that have the temerity to call themselves "champagne."

To classic champagne the Chardonnay grape lends its bouquet and its elegance. The Pinot Noir gives its character and a slightly tannic finish, which allows the wine to keep in the glass. Then there is Pinot Meunier, a grape that produces a wine of no great distinction but that has one curious and quite vital attribute.

One morning I went to see M. Henri Krug, a master blender. He had twelve wines lined up, all but one of them Chardonnays and Pinots Noirs from several of the best-known communes. We tasted each wine individually. The first eleven, though all a bit different, were quite easily identifiable: Chardonnays with their characteristic "nose," elegance, and light finish; Pinots Noirs with their vigorous center and their pronounced follow-through. The last in line was the Pinot Meunier, which aroused my curiosity, as I had never tried it before. It really was a rather common and coarse wine of little distinction. That surprised me.

Then M. Krug proceeded to make his blend. The excellent Chardonnays were added carefully to a large, calibrated cylinder, and to these were added exact measurements of their peers the Pinots Noirs. As M. Krug poured out a tasting glass and asked me to sample it, I was disappointed. The wines seemed to have canceled each other out; the resultant blend was a somewhat gray and characterless wine of no particular merit. "You see," said M. Krug, "a wine very often can be less than the sum of its parts."

Next M. Krug began adding the Pinot Meunier, until about a fifth of the combined wine was made up of it. He then poured a glass and watched me. From the moment I sniffed it I knew something miraculous had happened. The Chardonnay bouquet was back. A sip confirmed it. A rainbow of tastes unfolded; it was a fine wine with an elegant and solid finish. There was no trace of the taste of the Pinot Meunier. "You see," said M. Krug, "the Pinot Meunier is the cement that makes those wines greater than the sum of their parts. Without it, they are less."

There are some two dozen first-class houses of champagne, about two-thirds of whose products can be found on the market in America and England. In these houses the particular art of making champagne has reached its highest phase. By far the largest exporter of champagne to the United States is the firm of Moët et Chandon, of Epernay. Founded in 1743, Moët numbered among its earliest clients one Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, soon to be the marquise de Pompadour, who as Louis XV's mistress became virtual prime minister of France. She loved champagne and said so, and with this push Moët was off to a fast start. Another push came from Napoleon Bonaparte. The third-generation Moët as a young man befriended the lonely young Corsican student who had been snubbed at the royal artillery school at Brienne. The Corsican, during his two-decade rise from first consul to emperor, repaid Moët's kindness several times over by constantly visiting the firm at Epernay. With that,

the name Moët was well established, and even though Waterloo intervened, the firm has not looked back since.

Moët et Chandon owns the Abbey of Hautvillers, where Dom Pérignon collected or invented the concepts fundamental to the development of champagne, and so it is with a certain legitimacy that they have named their foremost champagne after the good Dom. It is an exquisitely blended wine perfectly suited to current tastes. Somewhat less expensive is their "Imperial," named, I suppose, for their friendship with Napoleon. Of a somewhat different, perhaps more classical type, this, too, is a wine with which it's difficult to find fault.

Moët purchased a few years ago the highly regarded Reims firm of Ruinart Père

et Fils, whose beautifully made wine is very much attuned to current taste. The firm's secondary wines, though, seem to me to need a bit of developing. Another firm seldom seen in the United States but also under the Moët umbrella is Mercier. (America, perhaps unconsciously, has long regarded a Mercier with considerable affection. I was told by one of the Merciers that the sculptor Bartholdi used his grandmother's face as the model for Miss Liberty, who now presides over New York harbor.)

Another great organization that has purchased three respected champagne firms is the Canadian-American whisky-cum-energy corporation Seagram. They own the second-largest champagne exporter to America, Mumm, as well as the fourth, Perrier-Jouët. Mumm Cordon Rouge is a well-thought-of champagne, about in the middle of the spectrum of taste. The firm was founded in the nineteenth century by a German family who had a beautiful schloss and vineyards above Johannisberg, in the Rheingau. Because of this and in spite of their French properties, they remained German and so had their champagne firm confiscated as enemy property during the First World War. After World War II, European interests representing Seagram bought it.

The wines set a high standard. A teresting but limited wine about to be shipped to the United States is their "Crémant de Cramant," a euphonious mouthful that actually means something. Cré-

mant means a lightly sparkling wine, or, as we might say, one that is "creaming." Cramant is one of the most highly regarded communes in Champagne, renowned for its Chardonnay grapes. The "Crémant de Cramant" is a lightly sparkling Chardonnay, and a very elegant and pleasant one, too. It is not labeled or corked in the typical champagne manner. The label looks like a calling card, and the cork is not held down by the classic wire cage but by "lobster claws," which are normally used in the cellars.

Perrier-Jouët is a classic light champagne, one of considerable breeding that is largely a result of its holdings of vineyards on the Côte des Blancs. It is not a pure Blanc de Blancs, but it leans that way. It is a wine with a Chardonnay bouquet, an elegant body, and an aftertaste of great finesse. The P-J brut nonvintage is the aperitif wine without rival, and since champagne is being used more and more as an aperitif, its popularity has grown.

The third Seagram champagne is Heidsieck-Monopole, of Reims. In sharp contrast to the wines of Perrier-Jouët, which are redolent of the Côte des Blancs and its Chardonnay, the emphasis here is on the Montagne de Reims and the Pinot Noir. The wines are fine, old-style wines, full-bodied, with a pronounced finish. Whereas Perrier-Jouët makes an excellent preprandial libation, the more solid Heidsieck-Monopole might well serve at the end of a meal.

Then there is Piper-Heidsieck, the third-largest exporter of champagne to the United States. Its splendid all-purpose wine is a classic of my misspent youth, when I danced the dawn up. Piper also has entered the California wine arena by buying up nearly fifteen hundred acres of vineyard land in the Sonoma valley. The results should be interesting.

The fifth exporter to the U.S.A. is the

"spine" or "vigor." Maybe this was the reason they were chosen for the wedding breakfast of Charles and Lady Diana, on 29 July 1981.

Pol Roger of Epernay was established in the nineteenth century and almost immediately was given the warmest of welcomes in Britain, a demanding champagne market. It has remained dear to the hearts of the English ever since—so much so, in fact, that Winston Churchill named his racehorse after it.

The wines Pol Roger produces are classics of their types. Their "Brut Nonvintage" is a round, full champagne with quite a pronounced finish that marks it as a good choice with which to end a meal. As an aperitif champagne they have recently come out with a "Blanc de Chardonnay," which is again absolutely correct for what a wine of this type should be. A good example of a champagne rosé—there are several—is also presented by the

THE CHAMPAGNE TWENTY-ONE

It took six weeks of negotiations, but on February 7, 1983, all of France's champagne vintners were brought together—for the first time ever—by Figaro, *the Paris newspaper, to have their picture taken. It happened in Champillon, a little town in the heart of champagne country. Naturally, since it was a celebration, champagne was served, at a restaurant called, of course, The Royal Champagne.*

The vineyard owners are, first row, from left to right: Jean-Rolland Billecart (Champagne Billecart Salmon), François d'Aulan (Champagne Piper-Heidsieck), Christian Bizot (Bollinger), Bernard de Nonancourt (Laurent Perrier), Bertrand Mure (Ruinart), Yves Besnard (Moët et Chandon/Mercier), Claude Taittinger (Taittinger), Mr. Marcandier (Mumm), Alain de Vogüé (Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin), Alain de Polignac (production director, Pommery), Pierre Lanson (vice-president, Lanson); second row: Charles Heidsieck (Charles Heidsieck/Joseph Henriot), Andre Lallier (Deutz), Jean Claude Rouzeau (Roederer), Mr. Budin (director, Perrier-Jouët), Jean Claude Fourmon (Joseph Perrier), Rémi Krug (Krug), André

JACQUES BONNET/PHOTOGRAPH BY GILLES MERMET

firm. All in all it is a collection of the highest type, one that of course cannot be produced in huge quantities.

Louis Roederer of Reims was founded in 1833 by a young Alsatian who had taken over his uncle's business. When the Russian armies were fighting Napoleon in the area of Champagne in 1814, officers of the czar developed a powerful liking for champagne, a taste they kept long after their return to Moscow and Saint Petersburg. Consequently, Russia up until the revolution was a great champagne mar-

ket, one carefully cultivated by the house of Roederer. In fact, the wine the house is most proud of descends directly from a commission from Czar Alexander II, who ordered a special shipment sent in crystal bottles in 1876. Ever since, Roederer's proudest wines have been sent in clear bottles and called "Cristal."

Roederer's wines are aged in small oak cooperage but, unlike Krug's, are fermented in large batches. The Roederer "Cristal" is a beautifully balanced wine,

THE OFFICIAL CHAMPAGNE REGION

with a slight puff of a Chardonnay nose, a Pinot Noir center, and a slightly tannic finish. Also quite outstanding is their champagne rosé, one not made (as many are) by blending a bit of red wine in with the white but in the more difficult manner, letting the Pinots Noirs sit a short while on their skins, absorbing the requisite color. This is the classic manner.

Bollinger of Ay, a famous but small Champagne village at the foot of the Montagne de Reims, is another firm founded in the nineteenth century. It also ages its wines in small oak cooperage and makes an excellent "Brut Vintage." Indeed, Bollinger goes much further than that: it proudly produces two wines that fly directly in the face of the current popular taste that demands lighter, younger wines with a little aftertaste, generally young wines with pronounced quantities of Chardonnay in them.

First is "Bollinger Tradition RD," the last two letters standing for "recently disgorged." They are wines that have been permitted to mature on their lees upside down in bottles for a full nine years, and thus they are classic, old-style, fully matured white wines—champagnes, of course, but in the manner of days gone by. They are extraordinary, with a firm "center" and an aftertaste different from that of any other current champagne.

Perhaps even more fascinating for the connoisseur is the "Bollinger Vieilles Vignes." Not only are these wines made from pure Pinot Noir, in contradistinction to the current vogue for wines from Chardonnay, but the name "Vieilles Vignes" signifies that the grapes came from ungrafted, prephylloxera vines, only a few of which have by dint of extraordinary efforts been kept alive from the nineteenth century—pure, European Pinot Noir ungrafted onto American roots. The resultant wine is certainly not à la mode, and it certainly is not meant to be. The wine is extraordinary, vinous, virile, strongly centered, with a vigorous Pinot Noir finish. For the connoisseur who likes the uncommon as well as for the intellectually curious, these are fascinating wines.

What should now be clear is the fact that each major house has its dedicated clientele, which likes its wine in a certain way. It may not be what you like. It may not even be what the majority likes. But many of the great houses are quite willing to forego some abstract mass target that may not even exist. Some would rather be small and, like some great but small fashion houses, direct their style to their limited but faithful few.

In the end, the difference among the firms lies largely in the blending of the wines. Knowing that, the champagne buyer starts with an advantage, because the finest product of the wine blender's art, hence the most typical wine of most houses, is nonvintage wine. Vintage wines, inasmuch as they come from a single year, are not apt to give the blender as broad a range of tastes from which to create his chosen type.

A master blender is similar to an orchestra conductor. He is at his best when he has a full range of instruments to choose from; the best music is not necessarily made from the biggest sounds. It is balanced between those loud notes and lighter ones, such as those of flutes and piccolos, which add grace notes and harmonies to bring out the shading and color of the piece being played. Without these smaller touches, an orchestra may well sound obvious and dull. And so it is that a nonvintage champagne, with its broader range of wines to choose from, may well come

closer to the house ideal than a vintage wine will. Moreover, because a vintage wine will be rarer, the nonvintage will probably be more modest in price—a double bonus. As Talleyrand reportedly observed, "Gourmandise is the only vice that grows with age." For the champagne drinker, developing gourmandise is not only a vice; it is an exquisite pleasure, one to be cultivated diligently.□

Frederick Starr Wildman, the author of A Wine Tour of France *(Random House, 1976), has written on wine for a number of publications.*

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Stella, Frank
Stella, Joseph
Whittemore, William
Witbaard, Fred

European 19th Century

Boudin, Eugène
Constant, Benjamin
Delacroix, Eugène
Diaz de la Peña
Dinet, Alphonse-Etienne
Dupre, Jules
Forain, Jean Louis
Gerome, Jean-Léon
Gillot, Eugène-Louis
Guillaumet, Gustave Achille
Guillemet, Jean B.A.
Guys, Constantine
Harpignies, Henri-Joseph
Kaulman, Isidor
Le Sidaner, Henri
Luca, Maximilien
[illegible]

Styka, Jan
Thaulow, Fritz
Valadon, Suzanne
Vernet, Carle
Vernet, Horace
Vuillard, Edouard
West, Edgar E.
Wierusz, Von Kowalski

20th Century
Bombois, Camille
Braque, Georges
Brayer, Yves
Chagall, Marc
Dambrigue, Jean-Léonard
Dufy, Raoul
Dunoyer de Segonzac
Fautrier, Jean
Gentilini, Franco
[illegible]

Léger, Fernand
Lhote, André
Magritte, René
Mané-Katz
Manguin, Henri
Massana
Masson, André
Miro, Joan
Picasso, Pablo
Renault, Abel
Rouault, Georges
Rubin, Reuven
Survage, Leopold
Tcheitchew, Pavel
Utrillo, Maurice
Vlaminck, Maurice de

Latin American
[illegible]

224 NORTH CA[illegible]

ENGINEERIUM

WHERE GLEAMING INDUSTRIAL ARTIFACTS OF THE LAST TWO CENTURIES ARE ON DISPLAY

BY PHILIP JACOBSON

The late Col. Frank James, Indian Army, Poona, may have passed uncelebrated from the military history of the nineteenth century, but in a corner of beautiful Sussex, in southern England, he has his own very special monument. The colonel was the inventor of an engine—technically "a ball-gear oscillating A-frame engine"—designed to drive a machine for stitching canvas army tents together, a job hitherto done laboriously by hand. That may sound deeply prosaic, but Colonel James's little contrivance of smooth, dark wood and polished bronze, its parts perfectly proportioned and balanced in their assembly, provides a superb example of what skills, imagination, and the desire for excellence could achieve.

Today the stitching machine sits in the British Engineerium, a remarkable institution that is itself a monument to the obsession of one man, Jonathan Minns. For the past twenty years Minns has rescued everything he can lay his hands on from the world's great heritage of engineering achievement. He now owns a unique and literally priceless collection of what he calls, for want of a better phrase, "industrial artifacts."

The Engineerium's main hall is dominated by one of his most cherished finds, a lovingly restored sixteen-ton steam engine for which the great American designer and engineer George Henry Corliss won a gold medal at the 1889 International Exhibition in Paris. The Corliss engine would have been broken up for scrap if Minns, alerted by his extensive grapevine, had not swooped down to carry it off in truckloads for less than a thousand dollars. He is haunted by the thought that other pieces of engineering history have already disappeared forever, and that the headlong dash into the dramatic technologies of the twenty-first century will finally erase our knowledge and understanding of the era that gave birth to modern engineering.

Even the gallant failures in the Engineerium can tell us something, Minns maintains. He has a soft spot for M. Fortin Hermann's weird and wonderful "four-cylinder, six-legged walking road machine," a beached whale from the age of steam, all gleaming pistons and huge metal "feet," that failed to come to terms with the new driving force of electricity.

A Derelict Pump House

The British Engineerium is housed, with perfect symbolism, in four fine Victorian buildings that were once full of vast, hissing steam engines [illegible] the chalky soil to be piped to [illegible]

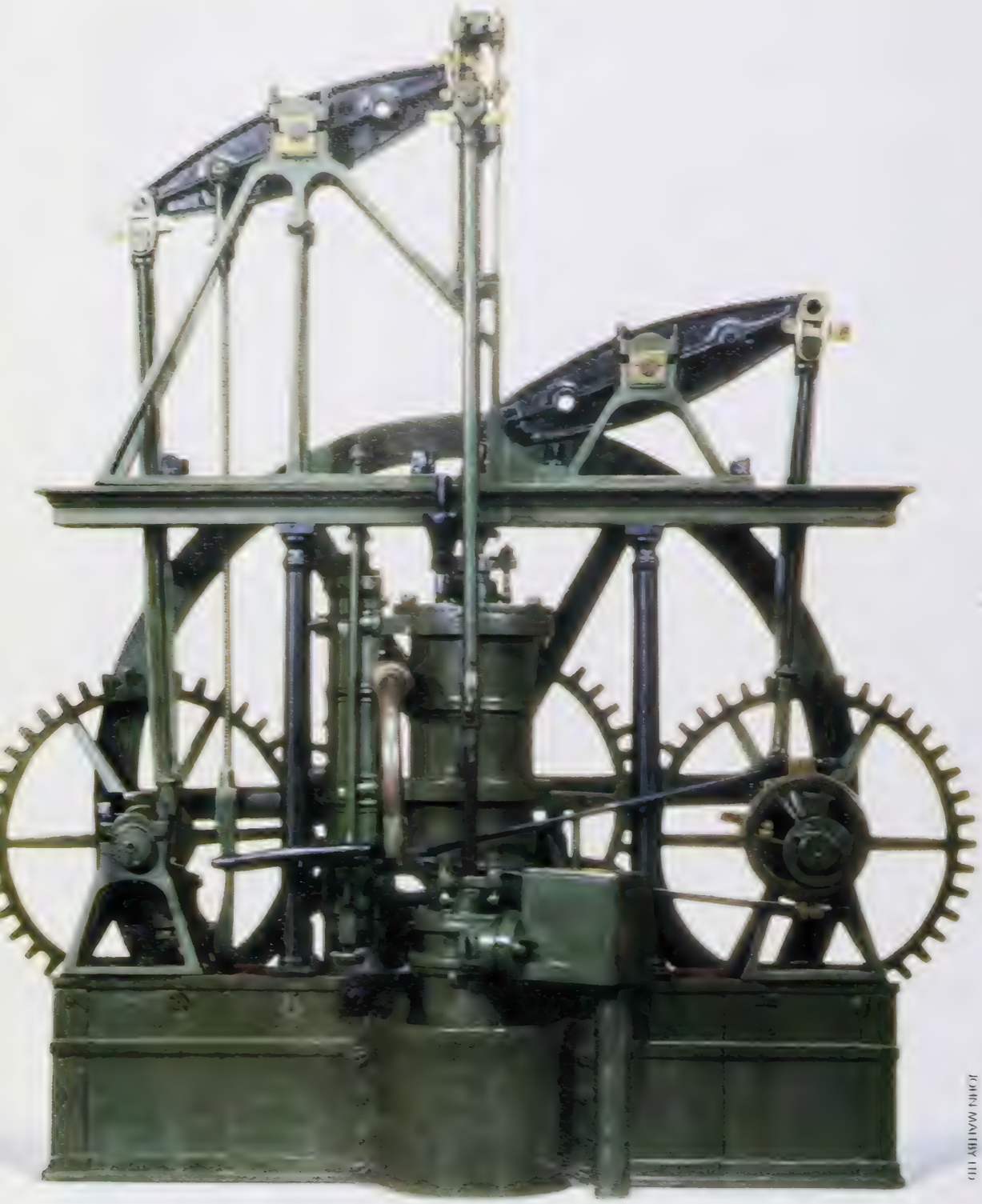
The magnificent rotative beam pumping engine that once brought up water for Brighton's taps.

Minns came across it nine years ago, its handsome decorative brickwork eaten by the salty sea winds, its superb machinery rusting into scrap. The place was scheduled for demolition, but Minns managed to persuade local councillors that it was their patriotic duty to preserve this treasure-house of British engineering. He maintains that he bored them into submission with a very long speech. "I think they decided that I was a harmless lunatic who deserved a chance to fail."

Showing a visitor around the pump house today, Minns still bubbles over with the enthusiasm that, obviously, was what had really won those councillors over. It took him and a dedicated group of volunteers who shared his dream more than two years of unrelenting hard work to turn the dark, abandoned buildings into what is now a spectacle of gleaming copper pipes, glistening pistons and drive shafts, and fine cast-iron pillars and walkways.

NICK JARVIS/HARPERS & QUEEN

Jonathan Minns (left), and the Victorian pump house (below) now the British Engineerium.



JOHN MATHEW

Model of an annular jet condensing beam engine, ca. 1815.

Minns just can't keep his hands off the machinery, patting the huge main flywheel affectionately, rubbing furtively with his handkerchief at some minute flaw in the mahogany paneling around the boilers.

A faint but persistent whiff of engine oil drifts around the Engineerium. On most Sundays and bank holidays one of the huge coal-fired boilers is lit and the pump house goes "in steam," filling the air with the sounds and smells of working machinery. "We have to entertain as well as educate," says Minns. "I see this as a theater of industrial activity where we bring other people's achievements to life again. I can't think of anything more [illegible]."

[illegible] in his early forties, Jonathan Minns dates his grand passion for machines back to the day when he decided, aged fifteen, to leave a distinguished British public school for an apprenticeship with one of the country's best mechanical-engineering firms. "As soon as I started making things with my own hands, I was hooked. What a terrific sense of achievement!" It never occurred to him that engineering might be considered a rather ungentlemanly occupation until a schoolmaster taking pupils around the works pointed out Minns, covered in oil and grease, as an example of the fate of boys who didn't pass their exams.

"I've never forgotten that. Unfortunately, in Britain more than most countries, people still look down on anyone who gets his hands dirty at work. One of the most important things we are trying to do at the Engineerium is convince young people that engineers play an immensely rewarding role in our society." To do this, Minns believes, you have to teach the history of engineering and its place in the wider culture of industrialized countries. "The word 'engineer' comes from the Latin for someone ingenious at making things. There were superb craftsmen around long before engines were invented. Who do you think made guns and watches and scientific instruments? They devised the first engines, and the best carpenters and blacksmiths built them. No wonder they ended up with machines that were beautiful as well as efficient."

The Joys of Creation

Art that works: Minns is determined to break down the barriers between artists and engineers, at the risk, he acknowledges, of offending both groups. "Nobody has ever encouraged people to see it this way, but take a good look at something like that Corliss engine; see how beautifully proportioned it is and how superbly the parts were manufactured. Don't you think that was done by people who took the same joy in creating something fine as any artist?"

As proof of his contention, Minns produces color photographs of some striking compositions in the metals and materials available to the young people who are sent to take courses at the Engineerium by local employers or who simply

stop in on their own time to help out. Some of the pieces would not be out of place in a gallery of modern art. Always alert to fund-raising possibilities, Minns would love to take on a few private commissions for works of this sort.

Paying for the Engineerium is a constant battle that requires, in Minns's words, a nine-day working week. Inevitably that means he sees less of his wife and two sons than he would like, but at least their home, a thirteenth-century water mill with trout almost begging to be caught, is not far away. In his restrained fashion, Minns is angry about the lack of public money to assist in what he naturally considers a project of great national importance. Brighton is spending some two million pounds restoring its splendid Regency Pavilion, he observes: a quarter of that sum would clear the Engineerium's bank overdraft and put the whole operation on a secure footing. Ironically, Minns has been snapped up to create similar projects in Canada, France, and Australia, all of them amply funded with public money.

The Engineerium derives some income from restoring and maintaining private collections the world over and from consulting on conservation aspects in the renovation of stately homes. Another occasional source of income is the auctions of antique models and machinery held by Christie's in the Engineerium's main exhibition hall. An agent for Frank Sinatra paid £3,000 for a rare model locomotive not long ago, and an exceptional half-size traction engine fetched a record £14,000. To Minns's delight, it has been left at the Engineerium for the delectation of young people.

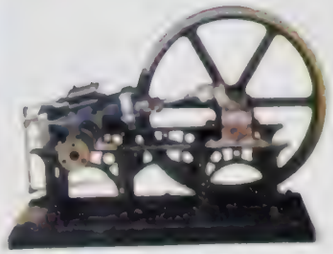
If he had to, Minns would consider selling off some of his own valuable collection, housed in barns scattered around the countryside as well as in [illegible]. The [illegible] every [illegible] Cars [illegible] unique venture (he calls it "my voracious mistress") that between bricks bought by Kenneth Dempsey, of Marysville, California, and Mr. Gomes, of Goa, lies one from Mr. B. Kuprinov, of Moscow, complete with words of encouragement written in Russian.

come to that, but more educational activities and the Engineerium's latest project—a new hall for a Watt beam engine donated by the national Science Museum—must be paid for somehow.

A growing pile of ordinary building bricks stacked by the Engineerium's main hall represents another unorthodox source of revenue. Visitors are encouraged to pay a pound and sign one with a personal message. The bricks will be incorporated in the wall of the entrance hall, displaying names and messages. It is a token of the appeal of Jonathan Minns's

GEOFFREY SHAKERLEY

The great George Corliss's prize-winning horizontal generating engine, rescued from demolition by Jonathan Minns.



[illegible] contemporary model of a George Stephenson locomotive of 1825, made by himself and a friend.

Model of Richard Trevithick's locomotive of 1804.

Henry Moore in one of his four studios.

More Intensity

Henry Moore talks about his sculpture

By Robin Duthy

Photographs by Jorge Lewinski

Henry Moore is surely the best-known sculptor of modern times. He was born in a small coal-mining town in northern England where his father, an intelligent and largely self-educated man, worked in the coal pits for most of his life. He was determined that his seven children should have a better chance than he had had.

As a boy, Henry used to play in the local clay pit and make sculptures. He had been impressed by the gargoyles and recumbent effigies in a nearby church, and when at the age of eleven he heard a story in Sunday school about Michelangelo, "the greatest sculptor that ever lived," the course of his life was set. His father helped him to win a scholarship to grammar school, and after some service in World War I, Moore went with another scholarship to the Royal College of Art, in London.

The teaching of sculpture had sunk to a very low ebb. The professor, Derwent Wood, was inundated with commissions for war memorials and, perhaps fortunately, had little time left for teaching. He required his five students to copy classical sculptures by means of a pointing machine and refused to allow original carving. Wisely, Moore looked for his sculptural education elsewhere and, before long, found it in the British Museum. There his sharp eye took in the achievements of one great culture after another, and in his work the influence of Egyptian, Greek, Cycladic, Mexican, African, and many other styles is visible. It did not take Moore long to see that the ideal of beauty pursued in Greek art was no more than a digression in the history of sculpture. He therefore set out to replace the Greek ideal of beauty with an ideal of truth. Though [illegible] in his work, this reality and [illegible] umentality have remained distinctive characteristics of his sculpture.

The young Henry Moore was also relieved to find himself in tune with Roger Fry, who had recently asserted that likeness to nature was essentially unimportant in art. Though this was a view to which most avant-garde artists had been committed for several decades before they "signed on" in 1920, to hear it sanctioned by a respected critic must have been reassuring to the revolutionary young sculptor, whose only original work had to be done secretly, in his lodgings, away from the eye of his teachers.

The chief difficulty facing a sculptor in the early part of the century was that his work was still expected to play some specific role. For thousands of years sculpture had remained primarily iconic. Every classical Greek sculpture served its purpose of illustrating the ancient myths or commemorating some statesman or athlete. In the Christian era, crucifixion scenes functioned as reminders to believers that Christ had died for them. No sculpture called for an interpretation; everyone knew what it stood for.

Until the twentieth century, it was rare for a sculptor to create an image linked by neither title nor content to a specific idea. Rosso, Brancusi, Lipchitz, Archipenko, and Matisse were among the first in continental Europe to free sculpture from this servile role. In Great Britain, the main target of the Philistines' attack between 1910 and 1930 was Jacob Epstein, but they had something in reserve for Moore. His work was variously described as "immoral," "Bolshevik," showing "an utter contempt for the natural

beauty of women and children." But in Sir William Rothenstein, head of the Royal College, the art critic Herbert Read, and Epstein himself, Moore had influential supporters.

However important foreign cultures were in developing Henry Moore's style, the most powerful influences were his own mother and father. In spite of dire poverty, Moore remembers his childhood as happy and secure. His hometown of Castleford was as grim as most northern mining towns, but it did not seem so to him. Life in the back streets was exciting, and not far beyond the slag heaps were fields and hills.

Moore remembers that his mother suffered from rheumatism and would sometimes ask him to rub her back with strong-smelling oils. This liniment had a sharp aroma and brought tears to his eyes, but the most vivid memory was of feeling the expanse of her sturdy back—the yielding flesh and the big bones beneath it. In the themes of reclining figure and mother-and-child that recur through sixty years of Moore's work, the archetypal image of his own mother is always present. Nor was it a coincidence that his admiration for his father should be reflected in his own work with hammer and chisel.

Henry Moore will be eighty-five in July, and this year visitors to New York can see a wide selection of his work. From May 10 to September 25, the Metropolitan Museum of Art is holding his first U. S. retrospective in over thirty-five years, including some 137 sculptures and 67 drawings. When I arrived to interview him at his studio near Much Hadham, thirty miles north of London, he was working energetically on a plaster maquette. There was a time when he would work only in stone, so I began by asking him why that was.

In the recurring themes of Moore's sculpture of sixty years, the archetypal image of his own mother is always present.

HENRY MOORE: When I first began sculpture, I thought that to carve a work in stone or any material with which you had to fight to get your result would produce ipso facto a better sculpture than could be done in a soft material like clay.

ROBIN DUTHY: Do you still believe that?

HM: No, no. I don't think the material matters. There are some terra-cottas in the world I would just as soon have as the best carvings. But when I was young I was very impressed by the Egyptian sculptures in the British Museum. One has that kind of admiration for something, and later on in life you realize that isn't what makes it better than something else. It's the mind behind it. And it's the reflection of the mind. A person with a stunted imagination could take a year to carve something, but it wouldn't contain anything significant for other people. Sculpture, painting, all the visual arts are to make us live through our eyes a more intense, interesting, and meaningful life than we would otherwise. I do sculpture because my eye is the most important of my senses.

RD: You have often said how important it is for a sculptor to remain true to his material. What do you mean by that?

HM: I mean that you can make the hardest material look soft. White marble can be made to look like a nude, and the breast can be made to hang and look like soft material. One material can imitate another, but in my opinion stone should not be made to copy flesh. I don't see that human beings should spend a lot of time trying to make one thing look like another. I like stone because of its stoniness.

Moore's King and Queen *(1952–3), based on an ancient Egyptian sculpture, gaze over their wild Scottish domain.*

RD: Your early works were, of course, very widely attacked. Do you look back on that as a hard time?

HM: No, not in the slightest. Anybody who is breaking a bit of new ground is opposed. I was pleased to be attacked. At one time, if people liked my work I thought there was something wrong. I stopped using alabaster because people liked the material. It's a lovely, semitransparent material, and when people would come to my studio and say, "Oh, I like that," it would be because of the material. So I stopped using alabaster. I didn't want critics who knew nothing about sculptu like my work. I was pleased that they critical of my work. I didn't mind at all. It had happened to any sculptors who were good in the past.

RD: There were some opinions you cared about, though, weren't there?

HM: Yes, a few critics were friends of mine. Herbert Read became a great friend. He was an intelligent person with a real mind. When people like that wanted to come to the studio to see my work, I was very pleased. But one picks and chooses. You don't want praise from people whose outlook is poor and mediocre, because wha they like is unlikely to be good.

RD: You are known to prefer your

an in a natural setting

rate—a pretty poor affair. But if you have to put something with a building that already exists, then you try to find something that will link the two together. For example, with the UNESCO building in Paris I spent a lot of time worrying over the subject, considering what the letters stood for. But I gave that up. I decided to use the same travertine marble that covers the face of the building. I thought that

make a piece

al lines, vertical lines, columns, entablatures. Wherever you stand, there will be an awkward horizontal line cutting right across a sculpture. Nature,

Moore's Standing Figure *(1950): a numinous presence on the moors.*

"People should not try to make one material look like another. I like stone because of its stoniness."

on the other hand, is asymmetric. It is not geometric; the clouds are never square. So in nature you've only got to move a little out of the way if there's something that annoys you; you move your head this way a bit and it disappears. Architecture is so insistent, so persistent, that you can't get away from it. I think the sculptures you have been photographing in Scotland [seen on these pages] are in the ideal setting and their owner has probably done more than anyone to promote the idea of showing my sculpture in this way.

RD: The amount of your work on view could of course be much greater if the size of each edition were not so restricted. How [illegible] if there are a [illegible]

RD: What is the reason for that?

HM: Because I don't want to see them all over the place. Rarity is an asset. I don't like multiples—when there are two hundred of a thing. I've never agreed to have it done. If they are all equally good, it's silly not to like them equally. But if there were hundreds of you in the world, you wouldn't be pleased. No, it's just that if there is a lot of something you just don't like it so much.

RD: There's a conflict, though, isn't there? Because no doubt you would like to have more and more people see your work.

HM: Yes, but I'd like them to make a bit of effort. If a thing is made easy for everybody, I think it loses its value. It's a human trait—we can't help it. If you saw your favorite sculpture everywhere you went, after two months it wouldn't be your favorite sculpture.

RD: Do you worry about what people will think of your work in fifty years?

HM: Not in the slightest. I'd like it to go on gaining intelligent appreciation, but I don't have any sleepless nights over it. Why should I?

Why indeed? Moore's latest work shows as much inventiveness and vitality as ever, perhaps more. Some of his recent massive sculptures, although cast in bronze, have a form and feel that the spectator can experience as both flesh and bone. Henry Moore seems to have found a way to convey the very substance of human life.□

Robin Duthy writes Connoisseur's *monthly* Investor's File.

J U L I E T

"It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel..." SHAKESPEARE, ROMEO & JULIET I, V, 49

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The View From HOUSE BEAUTIFUL:

July, 1982

The View from the Editor

From its beginning, the view from HOUSE BEAUTIFUL has been clear: we are here to make American homes better places to live. We set the highest standards and provide sound advice on architecture, decorating and the comforts of home.

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We have responded, and made today's HOUSE BEAUTIFUL a strongly directed special-interest service magazine for the woman whose deepest concern is the enrichment of her life at home.

We intend to lead this generation of women toward a clearer vision of what the future can hold within the circle of home and family. It is our responsibility and our oppportunity to define that vision.

We believe that being successful at home is being [illegible]

—JoAnn Barwick, Editor

Young families are now committing more than half of everything they earn to expenditures on and in their homes.

—D. Claeys Bahrenburg, Publisher

And that's just the financial aspect. Recent surveys by Lou Harris and on-going findings by the Yankelovich Monitor underline and emphasize the even stronger emotional commitment women are making to their homes.

As more and more women have achieved an identity of their own outside their homes, their interests have refocused inside their homes. Why? Because they no longer feel they have to choose between a successful home and a successful career. They can choose both.

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HOUSE BEAUTIFUL is for the woman who wants to be successful at home. And for the advertiser who wants to share that success.

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SPECTACULAR SOUVENIRS

Designs for the costumes and sets of Diaghilev's ballets retain the dazzle of vanished extravaganzas and are growing in value.

By Robin Duthy

Diaghilev's first presentation of the Ballet Russe, in 1909, just about seized Paris by the throat. Nothing so spectacular had been seen in Europe since the Renaissance; the eyes and ears of the audience were drenched in color and sound as these exotic productions unfolded before them.

Diaghilev himself was the archetypal impresario. He contrived to bring the wildest ideas to fruition by prevailing on composers, designers, and dancers to work their souls out in his service. He was flamboyant, charming, and very persuasive. The Ballet Russe became a hive, with Diaghilev the queen bee, the dancers and musicians the workers, and the Parisian audiences the appreciative drones. But the Diaghilev era lasted only twenty years; he died in 1929, and the Depression ended all such extravaganzas.

Ballet buffs are intensely nostalgic about this period, and with reason. The talents that combined to produce these memorable performances were unsurpassed in their various fields. For composers there were Stravinsky and Rimski-Korsakov; for artist-designers, Picasso, Matisse, Bakst, and Benois; for choreographers, Balanchine and Massine; for dancers, Nijinsky and Karsavina. No other art form employed so wide a range of talents at once.

But ballet is the most visual and ephemeral of the performing arts. All that survives when the production is over are the sets, the costumes, and the designs for them. There is no text or libretto to be read afterward, and a record can recall only the music. That is why designs for the ballet are so highly prized.

The designers of the Ballet Russe productions fall into two groups. In the early years, Diaghilev used professional designers from Russia and turned later to famous artists then working in Paris. Among those from Russia were Léon Bakst, Alexandre Benois, and Natalie Gontcharova and her husband, Mikhail Larionov. Most of the thousands of designs they did for costumes as well as sets have survived.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, LONDON

Benois's design for a hussar's costume in *Petrushka*, sold for £680 in 1981.

Until the market for this and other theatrical material really got under way, in 1967, with regular sales at Sotheby's in London and, soon afterward, in New York, any Bakst design could be had for $1,000. [illegible] should not be allowed to mask the overall drop of 10 percent in the market for Bakst's designs since 1975.

Costume designs were often very practical drawings with instructions to a seamstress penciled around them; sometimes swatches of material are still pinned on. These are of real academic interest and are gradually moving into national theater museums, where they belong.

Forever Petrushka

Collectors prefer the finished gouaches or watercolors, even though some designers are known to have repeated the same design over and over again. For example, after Nijinsky made his name in *Petrushka*, in 1911, Alexandre Benois went on painting the design for his costume right up until his death, in 1960. Prices for Benois's work have climbed by 70 percent since 1975, although even now $1,000 will buy a fine original watercolor.

Bakst designs of comparable importance, which have hovered around $4,000 for some time, are already beyond the reach of most collectors in the field—a market traditionally composed of ballet fans rather than big-time art investors.

A good deal of the work by Gontcharova and Larionov can still be had at between $1,000 and $2,000. Gontcharova's first designs for Diaghilev were for *Le Coq d'Or* of 1914. She and her husband had belonged to a circle of avant-garde artists in Moscow, and their designs, incorporating both modern and Russian folk art, were somehow fitted into the decorative conventions of the theater. Prices for Gontcharova's designs have risen by 80 percent since 1975, while those by her husband have [illegible]

Ravishing though many of these de-

Robin Duthy is the editor of the Alternative Investment Report.

Bakst's Negro dancer's costume for *Le Dieu Bleu* (1912), sold in 1982 for £17,500. Right: Erté's *Soap Bubbles* (1917) fetched £5,400 last year.

signs are, their status as works of art is qualified. They were, after all, created as part of the preparations for the work of art proper, namely, the live performance at which the actual costumes and decor were to be seen. This is the sort of rider that serious art collectors invariably add when sizing up decorative or functional work, and it affects the price they are prepared to pay.

It is a consideration that applied even

lev began to use in 1917. Leonardo da Vinci had designed costumes for court entertainments, and now Diaghilev was intent on using the greatest talents of his day. He had one eye on the box office, too, figuring that he could sell more tickets by using famous and controversial artists as designers, among them Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Gris, Miró, Utrillo, Rouault, de Chirico, Ernst, and Derain. Their work for the stage is rare, and although high in the context of this special market, the prices are far below those paid for their "regular" paintings.

The price structure for all theatrical design work is now based on general but well-established preferences. Costumes are

The Diaghilev era lasted only twenty years. The Depression put an end to all such extravaganzas.

considered more desirable and interesting than sets, and because opera and plays depend less than ballet does on making a visual impact, designs for them are in less demand. All the material connected with Diaghilev's early successes is highly desirable, but collectors are less keen on the later productions that showed him straining for novel effects at any cost.

The designs for Rolf de Maré's Les Ballets Suédois, which rivaled Diaghilev during its brief existence, from 1920 to 1925, are in great demand, though many are in the Dance Museum in Stockholm. De Maré used Steinlen, Foujita, Picabia, and Léger to design productions even more experimental than Diaghilev's.

There is little interest in the costumes themselves, which sometimes turn up at auction. To most collectors they seem almost like the physical remains of long-dead dancers. Hung on the wall, as they were at the great Diaghilev exhibition in London in 1955, they look sad, seedy, and even macabre. Not surprisingly, museums are virtually the only buyers.

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Above: Erté's design for a decor for *Le Mystère du Masque*, sold for £2,000. Below: Nijinsky's costume in *Le Festin* (1909), by Bakst, sold for £12,500 in 1982.

designs done for the Folies Bergère. The greatest name in this field is Erté—born Romain de Tirtoff in Russia in 1892. Other gifted designers working for the Paris music halls were Zig and José de Zamora, and Gesmar and Brunelleschi, who are considered to have "created" Mistinguett. More serious collectors have dubbed the material produced by these designers "the fun stuff," but that is what people seem to be going for today and it would be unwise to ignore the trend.

Amazed Audiences

For a long time Erté's work was looked down upon simply because the productions at the Folies Bergère were thought too frivolous to have any cultural value. But even the great Renaissance court entertainments had but one evident purpose: to amaze and dazzle the audience; any intellectual content cannot easily be identified. If costume designs ever deserve to be called works of art, many of Erté's must be in the running. He was a remarkable draftsman, and the ideas that poured from him went down on paper with virtuosic precision. His work, which has been compared to that of an accomplished miniaturist, was published in several editions during the 1920s and 1930s. It is only recently that publishers have seen fit to blow up his designs and publish them as poster-size prints. These, of course, have greater "wall power" than the originals, but collectors should consider that for the $2,000–$3,000 they would have to pay for an enlarged print from a modern edition of several hundred, they could as well buy a fine original design.

Prices for Erté's work have risen by 75 percent since 1975, but after the fanfare surrounding his ninetieth birthday last year, the rate of growth should pick up. Charles Spencer, who runs a gallery in London devoted to theatrical designs, was

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INVESTOR'S FILE

By contrast to the Ballet Russe, the Folies Bergère had the clientele of an upscale strip joint.

invited, as the biographer of both Erté and Bakst, to do a seven-city lecture tour of the United States last year. Large audiences flocked to art galleries to listen, and it is clear that Erté is enjoying an even greater vogue than in his heyday. There is plenty of his work on the market, and investors should go for the finest, done in the 1919–30 period. Now that something like an Erté industry has begun, marketing scarves, scent, and so on, the outlook for the prices of his original designs is better than ever.

The sexuality of the Folies Bergère productions for which Erté designed was no doubt even more flagrant than in those put on by Diaghilev, but the line drawn between the two by Parisian society was based on humbug. Although Diaghilev's *Shéhérazade* featured the beauties of the harem being ravished by a horde of virile Negroes, the packaging of this balletic gang bang was so gorgeous—what with Rimski-Korsakov's music, the dazzling costumes of Bakst, and the sensational dancing of Nijinsky—that the whole production was swept up into the category of fine art. That at any rate was the favorable verdict of the Jockey Club's members, whose boos and catcalls had dashed the hopes of so many aspiring composers. Lacking any intellectual firepower, these people could nevertheless stop a production in its tracks. But with the doubtful accolade of Jockey Club approval, Diaghilev's productions were automatically deemed fit for female eyes.

By contrast, the clientele of the Folies Bergère was the same as might be found in an upscale strip joint. How then could the costume designs for such a show be considered works of art? Such was the thinking that effectively downgraded Erté's work for so long. Prices in the market still testify to this differential. A middle-range Erté original now costs just $1,000, while the price of a comparable Bakst remains at $4,000. The gap has narrowed since 1975 and should continue to close.

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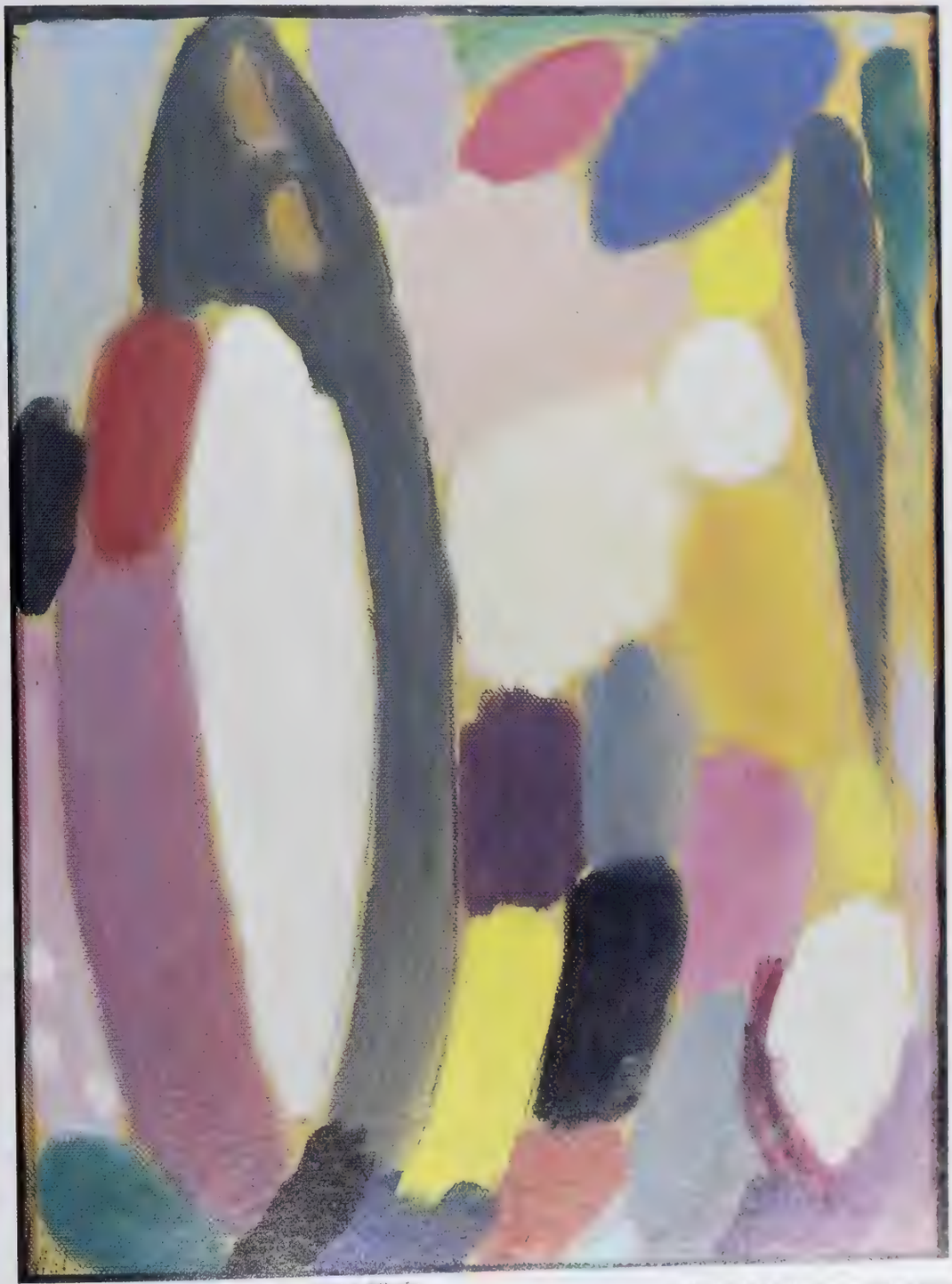

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Since the designs of the Diaghilev period are now so pricey, investors might well consider which of today's designers are likely to be household names by the end of the century. Just as in Diaghilev's time, leading artists, including Warhol, Rauschenberg, Johns, Noguchi, and Hockney, are nowadays commissioned to design productions. Their reputations are, of course, well established, and it might be shrewder to consider the less famous who are now working as full-time designers and already selling their work for a few hundred dollars. Ironically, the most talented are not necessarily the ones to buy.

Thirst for the Fantastic

Some designers responsible for spectacular sets just can't draw very well; others, more able, convey their ideas without producing highly finished drawings. In neither sort of drawing are collectors much interested. Even though the recent trend toward dancers in leotards and tights performing before a black curtain has been reversed, the designs for many contemporary productions seem to have little appeal to collectors. It is significant that Rudolf Nureyev has successfully revived the old Diaghilev production of *La Boutique Fantasque,* designed by André Derain, which proves, were that necessary, that productions with powerful visual appeal are still in great demand.

Among the important designers working today are Josef Svoboda, Yolanda Sonnabend, Ralph Koltai, Barry Kay, and Nicholas Georgiadis. Exciting as their productions are in real life, some never exist as detailed designs, and others, when seen on a sheet of paper, make a minimal impact. For all the creative work now going on, there is little to compare with the designs of the Diaghilev era. Most tend to be sketchier; costumes are less exciting even than those of the experimental 1960s, and in making stage sets most designers work with three-dimensional models of no interest to collectors.

Romantic as the world of the Ballet Russe may sound, with its triumphs and disasters, its scandals, love affairs, and quarrels, life for the company was anything but secure. Diaghilev himself was a ruthless schemer and the architect of countless offstage dramas. In 1911 he advised Nijinsky, then under contract to the Maryinsky Theater, to dance without the conventional undergarments. The dowager empress was reported to have been shocked, and Nijinsky, who refused to apologize, was dismissed. It now seems probable that the whole episode was orchestrated by Diaghilev to leave Nijinsky free to join the Ballet Russe, which he was in the process of forming.

Diaghilev often said that there were no such things as friends in the theater. He allowed nothing to hinder the development of his company, least of all the artists, who, having served their purpose, were, as Nijinsky's wife put it, "thrown away like used gloves."

But whatever torments Diaghilev's dancers and designers endured, their collective efforts stand as perhaps the greatest achievement in ballet during this century. The artistic importance of those designs is a matter of opinion; the colossal impact they made is a matter of record. The market for them rose a bit too fast in the early 1970s, and the annual rate of growth since 1975 has dropped to 6 percent. From now on, the most striking and important designs will likely appreciate faster than the rest, so investors should buy the very best they can afford.□

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GOLDEN REVERBERATIONS

Why does music played in Boston's Symphony Hall sound so much better than the same music in San Francisco's Davies Symphony Hall?

By Hans Fantel

It is said that fish are unaware of the water. The fish, of course, were not consulted, but the point being made is that the mind—fishy or human—takes accustomed surroundings for granted. That is why music listeners rarely separate their perception of music from factors imposed on it by the acoustical environment in which the music is heard—the ambience that mediates between themselves and their music. Such unawareness of the purely acoustical element often keeps listeners from insisting on adequate sonic settings for musical events.

Professional musicians, by contrast, have long been aware that the sound of music is partly a matter of architecture, and artists on tour constantly complain about having to adjust their playing to the acoustics of different halls. They are also aware that many pieces are written for a particular kind of acoustical setting. For example, Berlioz envisioned echoing cathedrals for his larger choral and orchestral works, while Mozart fares best in more intimate surroundings, reminiscent of the drawing rooms of his patrons. But the public, by and large, pays attention to such matters only after some spectacular acoustical fiasco, as in the case of Lincoln Center's notorious Philharmonic Hall.

TOBY SANFORD

The hall had been ballyhooed by its promoters as the last word in acoustical finesse, but no sooner had Leonard Bernstein raised his baton at the festive inaugural concert, in 1962, than it became apparent that the hall was an acoustical disaster. Because the hall lacked warmth and reverberance, the music sounded dry, harsh, and bloodless. The bass, in particular, was missing, and thus the music was robbed of that deep sonority which is the glory of a truly great orchestra. The New York Philharmonic, famed for its richly burnished timbres, sounded as if all the cellos and contrabasses had gone on strike. You could see the players desperately digging their bows into the strings, but only a thin and anemic mewling was to be heard. Shaken and perplexed, the trustees of Lincoln Center called in George Szell, the late conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra. What, they asked, might be done to improve the hall? Szell's answer was succinct: "Horowitz's nail" was added to the stage at Carnegie Hall in the 1920s, when the young maestro determined that his piano sounded best throughout the hall from that spot.

Hans Fantel writes a syndicated column on sound and stereo equipment for the Sunday New York Times. His latest book, Bett[illegible] Listening, *published by Scribners, has just appeared in paperback.*

generosity provided the New York Phil-

harmonic with a fit place for playing music, and it seems only proper that the hall now bears his name.

This curious history is now being recalled in musical circles as a cautionary tale. The immediate cause of concern is that Carnegie Hall, the venerable center of New York's musical life, is slated to undergo extensive alterations. Those who love the old hall are worried about the aural effects of the face-lift. As the events at Lincoln Center showed, concert-hall acoustics are erratic and unpredictable, and the result of a remodeling often eludes the most expert calculations. Nor is the sad experience at Lincoln Center unique. On the contrary, it is typical. As if to mock our era's facile pride in its technology, most concert halls built since World War II have turned out to be acoustical duds. Notable examples include the Royal Festival Hall, in London, opened in 1951, where the sound was so severely flawed that eventually electronic devices had to be installed to simulate those sonic attributes—notably depth, warmth, and reverberance—that were missing from the natural character of the auditorium. A more recent instance of acute acoustical disappointment was the Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall, in San Francisco. At its opening, in 1980, its jinxed acoustics managed to reduce the powerful pianism of Rudolf Serkin to a mere tinkle.

Heed the Old Ways

On the whole, builders of concert halls seemed to do better in the past. A surprising number of halls built in the last century—including Carnegie Hall—had outstanding acoustics. Tragically, many of these splendid structures fell victim to air warfare (another dubious achievement of our century), among them the great opera houses of Vienna, Dresden, and Munich; the Singakademie, in Berlin; and the Queen's Hall, in London. Fortunately, several survived to serve as models for our time, and it is among these that I count my favorite places for listening to music: Vienna's Musikvereinssaal, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, and Boston's Symphony Hall.

Having grown up in Vienna, I had my earliest encounters with great music at the Musikvereinssaal, where, in my teens, I was privileged to hear such legendary [illegible] Wilhelm Furtwängler, Arturo [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible]

approach to music was not lost on me. Their aesthetic tutelage puts me rather at odds with current modes of musical interpretation, but for present purposes, my point is that whatever sentimental attachment I may have to Vienna's foremost concert hall, it is not the reason why I am predisposed toward its particular sound. In later years, I think I was able to separate the memory of my adolescent enchantment from a rational analysis of the hall's acoustical properties.

SUZANNE FAULKNER STEVENS

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Avery Fisher Hall (above) was designed by the acoustician Cyril M. Harris (below, left), shown here with the hi-fi king.

What struck me were the combinations of tonal warmth and intimacy, and of reverberant spaciousness and clear elucidation of sonic detail. The pairing of these attributes is rare. A hall can be reverberant, lending warmth and weight to the blended orchestral textures of Romantic composers from Schubert to Mahler; or it may have a spare, analytic sound, revealing more clearly the separate strands of the tonal fabric. The latter is more congenial to polyphonically interwoven scores of the baroque period or the hard-edged sound patterns of many contemporary works. The remarkable thing about the Vienna Musikvereinssaal is that it somehow advantageously accommodates both.

Much the same is true of Boston's Symphony Hall, where I once witnessed a recording session by the Boston Symphony of Richard Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben* under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf. I had always regarded this score as a hopelessly bombastic botch. Musical design, I felt, had been totally and willfully sacrificed to coloristic splashes. It was the acoustics of Boston's superb hall (along with Mr. Leinsdorf's discerning treatment of the work) which finally revealed to me the music's true wealth of inner voices. Yet the hall's ability to tease out detail from massive sonic textures in no way curtailed the ringing grandeur of the sound cascading from the orchestra. Again, the greatness of the hall lay in its reconciliation of acoustical traits normally thought to be contradictory.

What impressed me most at Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, aside from its orchestra's seamless virtuosity, was the almost tactile quality of the sound. It seemed to roll over you like weightless water: the bass in particular could be felt through the skin of one's entire body.

The musical experience enjoyed in a good hall is not only the result of how the listener perceives the sound; it also owes a great deal to what the acoustics do for

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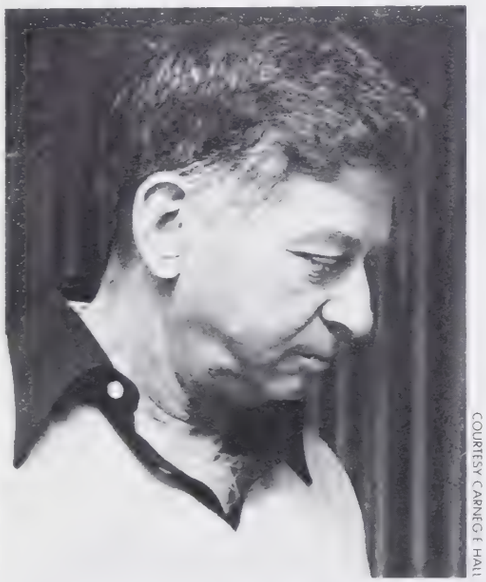

COURTESY CARNEGIE HALL

Abraham Melzer has the tricky job of enhancing Carnegie Hall's famed acoustics. Below: Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, another classic model of golden sound.

As this went to press, Abraham Melzer—the man entrusted with supervising and, if possible, improving the acoustics in Carnegie Hall—was conducting preliminary studies for the project. An acoustical consultant of international renown, Melzer has just completed a successful rebuilding of the famous Salle Pleyel, in Paris, and is justly proud of the fine-sounding new concert halls he has designed for Monte Carlo and Cologne.

A cheerful, stocky man who lives near Tel Aviv ("Whenever I can spare the time to get there"), Melzer has degrees in both physics and music—a rare combination that allows him to mix the scientific aspect of his work with the artistic considerations appropriate to musical performance.

"It's not just a matter of measurements," Melzer explains. "Granted, technical considerations are basic. But a feeling for the different kinds of musical sound—something like a painter's feeling for color—is equally important. That's why acoustics can never be reduced to mathematical formulas."

Melzer intends no change in the basic acoustical character of Carnegie Hall, which he regards as exemplary. His main task will be to isolate the hall from street noise and the rumble caused by the subway beneath the building, and he is also in charge of improving and remodeling the smaller rehearsal and recital halls in the same complex.

"I am particularly encouraged by the cooperation of the Metropolitan Transit Authority," Melzer says gratefully. "The MTA has already done a great deal to lower the noise level at the Fifty-seventh Street BMT station, and we are now exploring noise sources in other parts of the tunnel." The main problem is geological: the subway rails run through the same layer of bedrock that supports the hall. Ways will have to be found to divert the propagation of sound waves in the stone itself.

COURTESY CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA OF AMSTERDAM

the performers. In such a hall musicians never have to strain to achieve the volume necessary for a convincing orchestral climax. String players, in particular, do not have to dig in their bows to balance the loudness of the brass. As a consequence, the sound never gets harsh or strident. Sweetness and sonority are preserved even in the loudest passages, and singers never have to force the voice.

The questions naturally arise, just what makes one concert hall better than another, and why do the old ones seem superior? Only lately have some of the answers begun to emerge.

Angelic Echoes

The traditional way to evaluate concert halls was to measure their total reverberation time, that is, the time it takes for all the echoes in the hall to die down. As a rule, a hall with a long reverberation time—two seconds in the case of the Vienna Musikvereinssaal and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw—has a warmer and richer sound than halls with a shorter period, and many concert halls have a reverberation time of hardly more than one second. But in recent decades many additional criteria were discovered. Electronic instruments now enable acousticians to differentiate "early sound" (the sound reaching the listener within one fiftieth of a second after its onset) from reflections arriving later. The ratio of early to late sound is crucial, and if it differs only slightly from its optimum, the subjective sound impression suffers greatly. As Dr. Theodore J. Schultz, an eminent Boston acoustician, explains it, "The early sound carries immediacy. It gives a feeling of closeness and presence. But it's like garlic in a dish. Just a bit too much overbalances everything else."

Acousticians also discovered why those older halls often sounded better than the new ones. Their elaborate decorations—plaster angels, curlicues, and caryatids—yield multiple reflection surfaces in a more or less random pattern, diffusing and mellowing the sound. Modern halls, by contrast, mostly favor clean architectural lines that return the echo as a single hard slap of sound. As a remedy, acousticians are now suspending plastic "clouds" from the ceiling of such spare interiors—free-form panels with undulant contours—to substitute for those outdated angels.

Interpreting the results of their recent, computer-aided measurements, modern acousticians think of sound in a concert hall as a fluid churned by a multitude of

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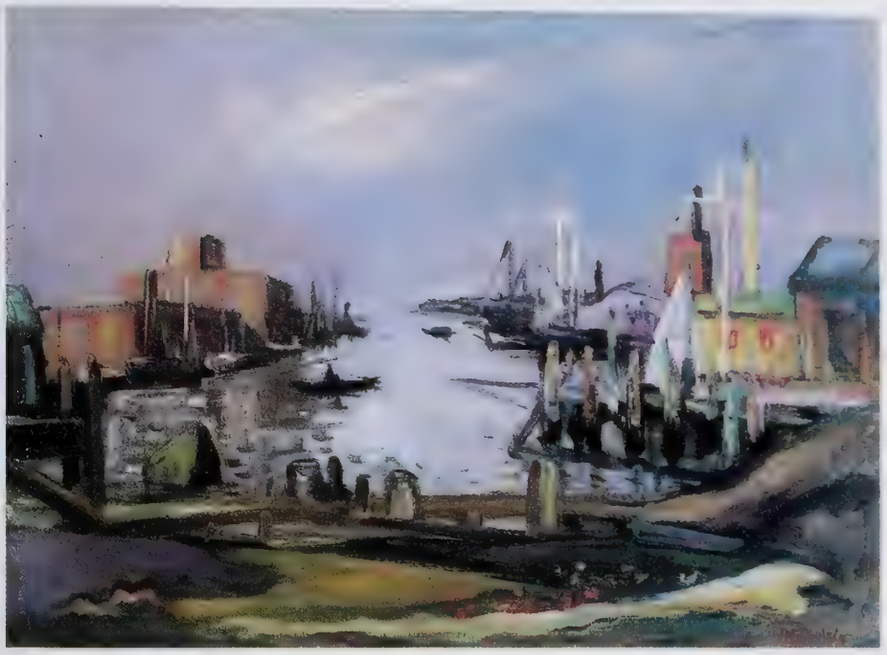

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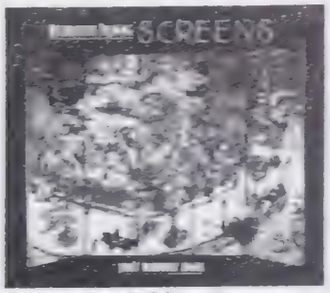

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TECHNOLOGY

Some acousticians favor rectangular halls; others prefer music in the round. The decisive factors are skill and good ears.

vortexes. Many overlapping factors enter into the overall pattern of the sound flow: the rate of fading of the various echoes, resonances induced by various shapes of architectural space, the absorptive and reflective properties of building materials, and the directional patterns of sound reflections—to name but a few. What complicates matters even more is that all these factors vary at different locations within the hall and in different segments of the musical frequency spectrum.

Juggling all these factors is always a gamble, and many newly built halls must be extensively modified (or "tuned," as their designers prefer to call it) after completion. Nor is there any agreement among leading acousticians about the most promising approach.

Dr. Cyril M. Harris, the acoustics rescuer of Avery Fisher Hall and designer of the superb new Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis as well as the four fine halls in Washington's Kennedy Center, firmly believes in the traditional rectangular shape for an auditorium and regards any deviation from this norm as an invitation to trouble. By contrast, Christopher Jaffe, the acoustician for notable successful concert halls in Denver and Mexico City, favors music in the round, with the orchestra surrounded by circular ranks of listeners. This shortens the average distance between players and listeners and thus contributes to a feeling of intimacy. He relies largely on adjustable reflecting panels within the auditorium to create the desired acoustical ambience.

Surprisingly, both of these seemingly contradictory approaches work. The decisive factors are the skill and aural sensitivity of the designer, which raises the question whether acoustics is a science or an art. According to Cyril Harris, it's a combination of both: "We do have science. But the job is too complex to be an exact science. When it comes to certain refinements, an acoustician has to use his judgment on the basis of experience. Then acoustics becomes an art."□

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A SARDONIC GRAND TOUR

Alexander Kinglake's memoirs of the "Splendour and Havoc of The East" are among the coolest, wittiest, most graceful and original of all travel literature.

By Jan Morris

TK ROSE

A first edition of Alexander Kinglake's *Eothen*, dated 1844. It has never been out of print since that year.

Among travel writers of a more fastidious kind—not the kind, that is, who tell you what is best to eat in Surinam, or how much you ought to pay for American Plan lodgings in the Cayman Islands—among those who believe travel writing to be a literary art, not an adjunct to advertising, one book above all others is honored. You may not know of it, but mention its name to authors like Paul Theroux or Jonathan Raban, and they will, if only figuratively, genuflect in recognition.

Its name is *Eothen*, which means "from the East" in Greek. It was first published in 1844, and its author was an archetypal English gentleman of those times, Alexander William Kinglake. It did not, as many a contemporary travel book did, tell the story of some pioneering exploration; nor did it offer a very pronounced philosophy of travel; but so utterly original were its form and manner, so intoxicating was its idiom, so [illegible] nic and sometimes hilarious were its responses to the hazards of the road that it has cast a spell over the genre ever since.

Jan Morris is the author of Venice, Oxford,

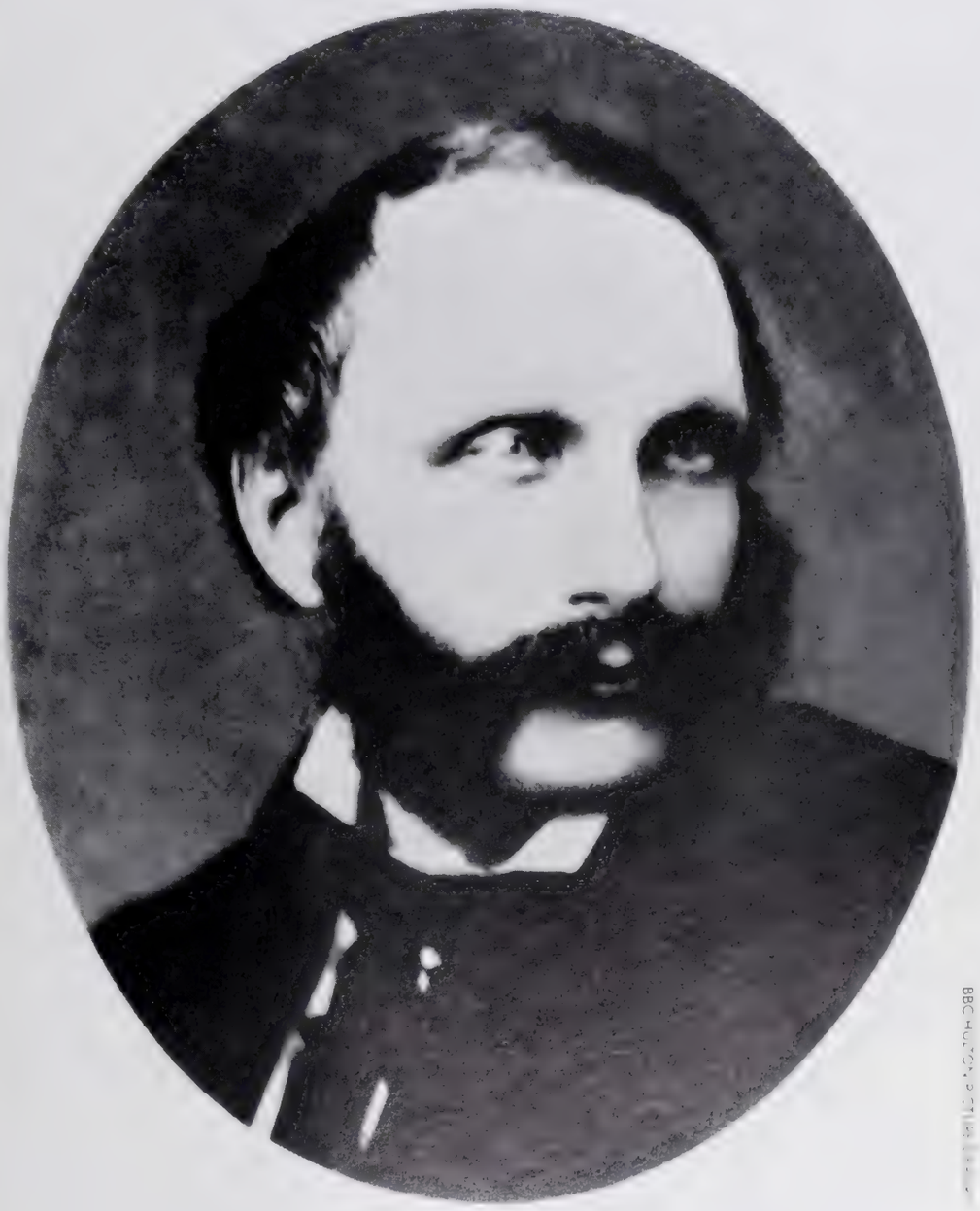
Kinglake was a Somerset man, the son of a well-heeled banker of the upper middle classes, and in many ways he was the epitome of the English amateur ideal. A lifelong bachelor, an amiable and popular clubman, he was suitably educated at Eton and Cambridge, dabbled for a time with the law, and sat for a few years in Parliament as a country gentleman should. He also wrote a couple of books. One was a history of the earlier stages of the Crimean War, which hardly anybody has ever read. The other was *Eothen*, which ran through six editions almost immediately, has never been out of print from that day to this, and gave its author the lifelong nickname of "Eothen" Kinglake.

Kinglake probably did not intend to write a travel book when, in 1834, he set out on a journey to the Middle East. He was just making a Grand Tour, like any self-respecting young Etonian of sufficient means. True, his particular tour followed a relatively uncommon route, but that was because Kinglake did not fancy the social obligations of Paris or Rome, preferring instead to visit less frequented destinations in the Ottoman Empire, where no dowagers would await his visiting card, or friends of his dear mother settle down to hear the latest news from home. He traveled just for fun, comfortably sustained by drafts on his father's bank, accompanied for part of the way by his school friend Lord Pollington, and attended throughout, as might be expected, by a faithful and accomplished servant.

The journey itself was really nothing very special. It began at the western frontier of the Ottoman possessions, in what is now Yugoslavia, and extended to Turkey, Cyprus, Syria, and Palestine into Egypt, and then back again. The terrains were quite well known; the mixed cast of Turkish pashas, Bedouin, Greek sea captains, monks, and Egyptians was familiar enough to English readers; and the only great event Kinglake witnessed was a fearful visitation of the plague at Cairo. Kinglake was bored by ruins, virtually tone-deaf, and heathen, so he wasted little time on cultural or religious contemplation. The very antithesis of the sightseer, he polished off Bethlehem in thirteen lines and did not bother to mention the Great Mosque at Damascus at all.

But the point is this: Kinglake was not writing about places but about his reaction to places. He had little use for objective description, literal accuracy, balance, or fairness. Instead, he was exploiting the responses of a particular sensibility—his own, as it happened—to the scenes, occurrences, and evocations of a journey.

"My excuse for the book is its truth," he wrote; "you and I know a man, fond of hazarding elaborate jokes, who, whenever a story of his happens not to go down as wit, will evade the awkwardness of the



Alexander Kinglake (1809–91): "distinguished, perfect, infinitely silent."

failure, by bravely maintaining that all he has said is pure fact. I can honestly take this decent though humble mode of escape. My narrative is not merely righteous in matters of fact (where fact is in question), but it is true in this larger sense—it conveys, not those impressions which *ought to have been* produced on any 'well constituted mind', but those which were really and truly received at the time of his rambles, by a headstrong and not very amiable traveller, whose prejudices in favour of other people's notions were then exceedingly slight."

This is not the sort of writing that helps to sell package tours, but it is the sort that

autobiographical, of course, but it is partly a kind of fiction, in which the act of travel performs the function of a plot.

The sensibility was adolescent. Kinglake was twenty-five when he set out to see "the Splendour and Havoc of The East." His opinions were often jejune—he was God's young Englishman, after all, and he shared the insular prejudices of his class and kind. But if his immaturity was narrowing in some ways, in others it was liberating, for his own natural instinct was generous and easy. He saw everything with a sense of wonder, recorded it all in high-spirited innocence, and laughed at himself as freely as he laughed at anybody else. John Murray, the publisher, called the genius of the book a "wicked spirit of jesting at everything," but it was more than that, really. "As I have felt," Kinglake himself said, "so I have written." It is this frank spontaneity that has disarmed all *Eothen*'s readers, even the most un-English, from that day to this.

To his colleagues in the craft *Eothen* offered important lessons, both stylistic and, so to speak, attitudinal. Kinglake's style is a most delicate mixture of the elegant and the colloquial, deceptively easy for a reader to rattle through, yet meticulously calculated, and buffed to a high polish by an endless series of revisions. Its rhythmic flow, its mastery of pace, bathos, and lyrical escape, all shot through with an exquisitely timed humor, make it one of the most beguiling of all instruments of English prose.

But more influential still was the book's outlook. This was distinguished by an absolute detachment, very different from the evangelical or imperialist commitment more usual in the Victorian century. Never did Kinglake try to put himself into the shoes of his Turks, or the turbans of his Arabs. He hardly even tried to see the other man's viewpoint, let alone share it.

Consider this passage: "I was now amongst the true Bedouins. Almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren; almost every man has large and

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REVIEW

He saw everything with a sense of wonder, recorded it all with high-spirited innocence, and freely laughed at himself.

finely formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his head-gear fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion, that he looks quite sad and ghastly; his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes; his countenance shows painful thought and long suffering—the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket, as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams and cries very painful to hear."

Kinglake did not want to change anything. He did not offer to change himself. This was a political or social posture, but it was an aesthetic device too, and it gives the book an immaculate dispassion that removes it at a stroke from any suspicion of sociology, historical investigation, or moral judgement. *Eothen* is free as pagan air: it is travelogue for art's sake.

In many ways Kinglake seems to have been very like his masterpiece. Gentle, self-amused, rather a dandy in his youth, engagingly shy in old age, he was as carefully controlled as his own sentences. Henry James described him in his last years as "old, deaf, delicate, distinguished, perfect, infinitely silent." *Eothen* sometimes leaves its readers with strange, rather tantalizing sensations of reserve, suggesting some hidden ingredient to its bubble, some deceptive element to its flow, and Kinglake himself, it seems, puzzled even his friends with a certain sense of inviolable privacy. One of those who knew him best, Janet Ross, said of him after his death, in 1891, that his words will live forever, but "he himself . . . will never be known." She loved him all the more for it, and one of the fascinations of *Eothen*, too, is that lingering hint of something more, something unrevealed, like the metallic aftertaste of an oyster.□

Eothen, *by Alexander Kinglake. Oxford University Press, New York, 1982. $6.95.*

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A WORLD OF ORCHIDS

About a year and a half ago, in the fall of 1981, a group of old-time members of the Greater New York Orchid Society were sitting around at one of their regular meetings at the New York Botanical Garden, reminiscing about the old International Flower Show and bemoaning the fact that since its demise, twenty years ago, there hadn't been a major public show of orchids in the New York area. The more they thought about the situation, the more they wanted to do something about it. And so, in April of 1982, the First Greater New York Orchid Show was held in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, at the New York Botanical Garden.

To this day they aren't sure how they pulled it off. Many commercial growers have moved south because of the prohibitive costs of maintaining greenhouses in the region, and many private greenhouses have been closed, victims of the breakup of large estates. Even so, the New York area remains a prestigious market, where some of the "stars of the orchid world" reside. One luminary is Don Richardson, the head grower at Greentree, the Whitney estate on Long Is-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICHOLAS FOSTER

The surprising orchid show blooms in the splendid Enid A. Haupt Conservatory.

Jones, who at 108 years of age maintains a magnificent greenhouse. With the reputations of people like these behind the show, how could it

It didn't, of course. According to Arnold Linsman, president of the Greater New York Orchid Society and the driving force behind the show, "It has to be considered one of the major orchid events of last year. Orchid people who'd been around the world heaped praise on it. As an out-of-town grower put it: 'One New York amateur is worth all the professionals outside New York.' "

Linsman concurs; those amateurs—housewives, doctors, retirees—were utterly unfazed by the size of their undertaking. They had started late and were competing to attract orchid growers who had commitments to a dozen major shows across the country. Then they had to present the show on a completely professional level. That they succeeded, Linsman says, is testimony to the "New York can-do ethic" and the society's remarkable relationship with the Botanical Garden, many of whose choicest orchid plants have been donated by society members over the years.

Another key to success was Carlton B. Lees, the retiring vice-president of horticulture at the New York Botanical Garden and the man most instrumental in bringing about the reconstruction and restoration of the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory. Linsman says, "The Orchid Show was to be his swan song." When the show opened, the setting was spectacular; the newly refurbished, landmark conservatory gleamed like a New World version of the Crystal Palace. Every one of the thirty growers had a suitable exhibition area, attendance neared 9,000

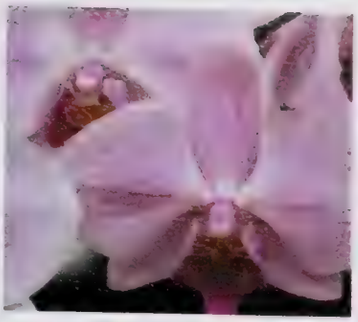
Orchids grow in almost every climatic zone. The four at right come from temperate regions.

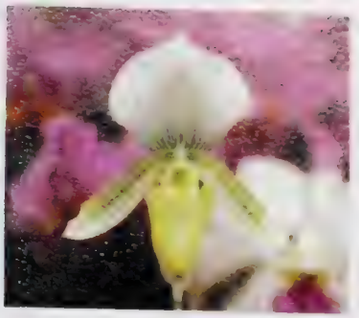
Upper left: The "Striped" *Phalaenopsis* epitomizes the "new look" in hybridizing.

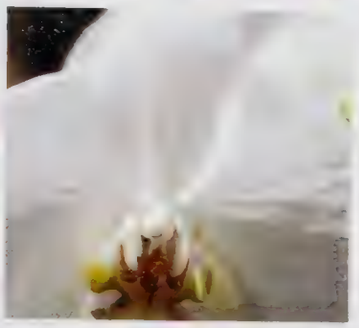
Upper right: The "Clair de Lune" is renowned for its exotic shape.

Lower left: "Frilled" *Cymbidiums* are long-lasting even when cut, which makes them popular for corsages.

Lower right: The dazzling *Phalaenopsis* "Moth Orchid" easily attracts pollinators, even at night.







A panoply of orchids grown by the famed centenarian Rodney Wilcox Jones.

in the show's four days, and commercial growers rang up $52,000 worth of plants in sales. Most of the nation's largest and longest-running shows don't do that well.

This month, between May 25 and May 29, the 1983 Greater New York Orchid Show will try to do even better. Thirty-six exhibitors in newly designed areas of the conservatory are scheduled to present displays of rare-species orchids as found in nature, as well as man-created hybrids. Either way, the exhibition promises to be spectacular.

And diverse. Orchids (Orchidaceae), the largest of all the flowering-plant families, are either land growing (terrestrials) or air growing (epiphytes). A smattering of generic botanical names includes *Cattleya*, *Dendrobium*, *Oncidium*, *Phalaenopsis*, *Vanda*, *Cymbidium*, and *Cypripedium*. These varieties and r variations on the original sp cies will be at the show in som form, for, as Arnold Linsm explains, "Orchids live to be pollinated." The results of considerable cross-pollinating are wonderful hybrids with sometimes outrageous names. Mate a "Mad Hatter" with a "Mad Lips," both of the *Phalaenopsis* genus, and [illegible] "Sunbonnet Sue." And what do you suppose the cross-pollinators are naming [illegible]

exotica on display, the orchid show will be a hit simply because orchid growing today is not a hobby for only the very rich, as it once was. Anyone willing to spend on the plants a little patience and a lot of tender loving care (plus provide an atmosphere of humidity) can become an orchidist. Affluence is not a prerequisite; some plants at auction can cost as little as two or three dollars. At the other end of the scale, a new, cold-resistant *Cattleya*-style orchid, announced recently by the plant geneticist Raymond Hardy, of Miami, is expected to fetch $500 or more at auction this spring; and $10,000 for a rare, beautiful plant is not unheard of. In economic terms, orchid growing compares favorably with stamp collecting, and the ranks of orchidists are growing rapidly. The American Orchid Society alone has almost tripled its membership since [illegible] and it does not include all members of local orchid societies.

Besides the growers' displays, the New York show will offer lectures on specific areas of orchid culture plus some highly scientific seminars. [illegible] Emmons says, "dress up the act." Thousands of visitors will feel that's unnecessary: the act is pretty classy already. —*Nancy Hoving*

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GEORGIA O'KEEFFE'S style is marked by a paring down of themes to their barest essentials, offering art that is clean, spare, and of a startling intensity. Even the large flower paintings which O'Keeffe did in the early years of her career have the same undeniable spareness. They show her predilection for defining the curves, the hollows, and the creases of a flower rather than its obvious prettiness. Also characteristic of her style is the use of uncluttered, three-dimensional forms which are defined in a few pure colors and appear to float in space. Indeed, color and rhythmic movement are essential elements in her work. Although she constantly pushes toward abstractions, nature as a source of inspiration is apparent in her renderings of flowers, bones, sky, and rocks as well as in her landscapes. She often achieves a quality of sensuousness that can be described as erotic, particularly in the flower depictions with their emphasis on curves and hollows. Characteristically, O'Keeffe shrugs off this claim as more imagined than real.

Unitled (Maine Study), 1922
Watercolor; 18 x 11 inches

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

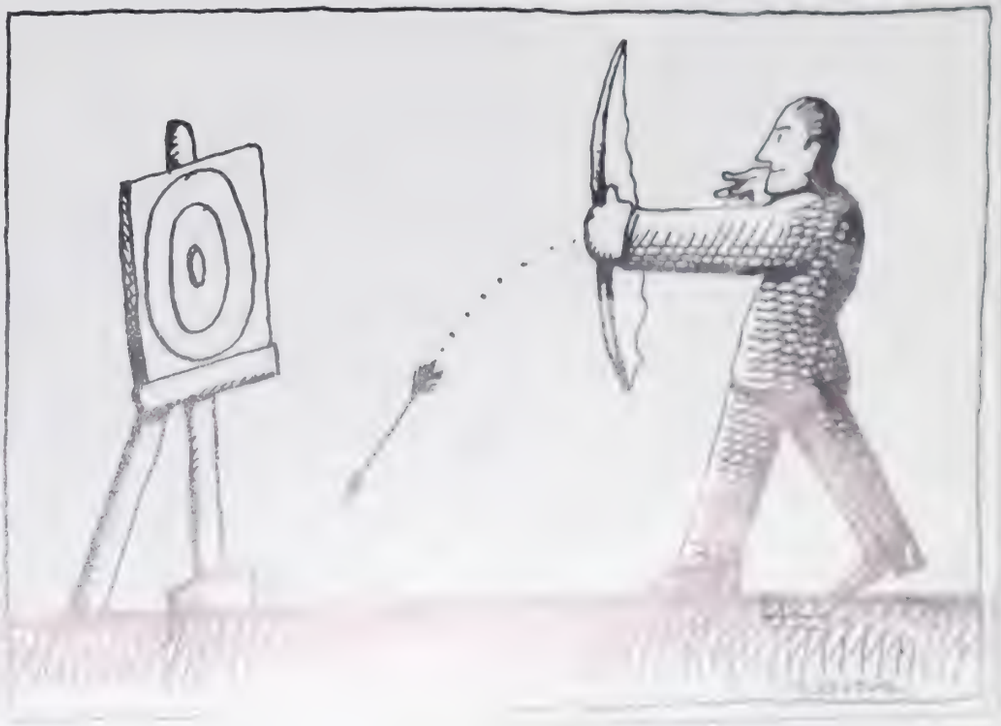
AIMING TO PLEASE

Whether we like it or not, the *New York Times* is still the nation's most important newspaper. That importance is magnified when it comes to art criticism, New York being the art capital of the world. During the years when Hilton Kramer was the chief art critic of the *New York Times* he used to make my blood boil. I couldn't stand his stern style, his arch ideological treatises, his attacks on "blockbuster" shows, his resentment toward innovations in museums. But I read every word that he wrote. One week I'd be grinding my teeth in anger; another, I'd wait, fearfully, for a blast; the next, I'd have to admit he knew his stuff. Hilton Kramer was the star who gave stature to the newspaper's arts section.

There are no stars in that section of the *Times* these days. There seems to be no leadership, little energy, no voice that can make you angry, fearful, fascinated, or elated. A lot of fire, authority, and honesty has been lost. It's as if a policy of serenity and a perpetual smile had been adopted in place of solid criticism. I think a major institution like the *New York Times* owes us more, a lot more.

Criticism, when it does its proper job, lends us a sense of perspective. Art criticism in particular serves a further function, for it deals with an area that tends to frighten most people, or at least makes them feel a little insecure. We are brought up to revere art but not always to understand it. Good criticism—criticism presented without pretense or jargon—makes art accessible. The critic becomes an illuminator, performs a service, and my quarrel with the *Times* is that it is not fulfilling that function. Verbal tutti-frutti or press-release confections (which is what we've been getting a lot of in recent months) are not criticism.

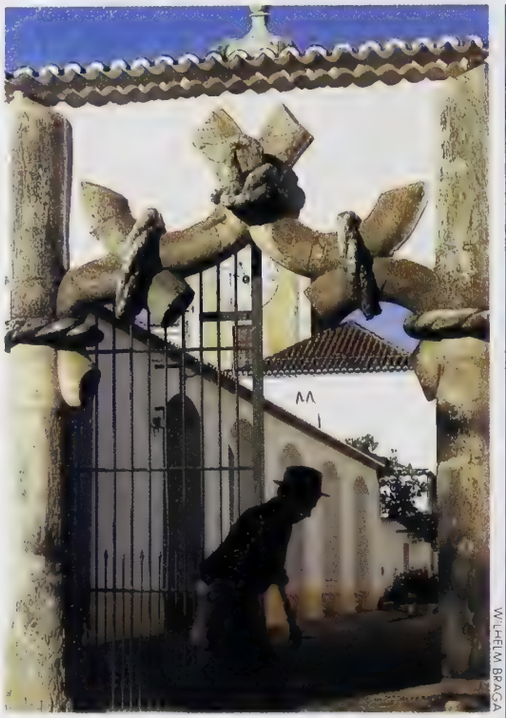
Another institution that is shirking its duty in much the same way is the Whitney Museum of American Art. Not long before this writing, the museum opened its sixty-second biennial-annual show. In the past, this survey, which presents a spectrum of the best of current American art, has often been superb, displaying works that truly are fresh—such as Deborah Butterfield's sculpture in the 1979 show. But what's in the 1983 biennial is mainly crypto-political and neoexpressionist works: you know—big, grim canvases, graffiti, and crockery. It's the same stale, fast-food diet the art galleries have been offering us for the past few years. Is that the best the Whitney's curators could find as they prowled about the lofts and studios of America? I doubt it. In fact, I think that the Whitney, like the *Times*, has fallen into the cotton-candy syndrome: they have stopped being critical. They are both letting us down. I expect a certain ruthlessness in art criticism, a ruthlessness that comes partly from being well versed in the subject and partly from having standards. Who has the guts to say that a dismaying amount of the art we are seeing today does not really measure up? The best art critic meeting a tight deadline is, in my opinion, Robert Hughes, of *Time* magazine. He is flashy, forthright, opinionated, and intemperate. In describing the Vatican show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for instance, he writes that the exhibition "sets out to drench the visitor in lulling, disconnected experiences" in which "everything looks as though it were for sale." That's what we need—critics who call a spade a spade.



PORTUGAL AS A POWER

In its ongoing series of exhibitions honoring member countries, the Council of Europe has turned its eye on Portugal this season to commemorate the age of discovery. The Portuguese maritime expeditions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries flooded Europe with bullion, spices, and exotic wares. They made Portugal one of the richest and most prominent of Western nations and caused an envious Francis I of France to dub their King Manuel I "the spice peddler." Manuel's official title was more worthy of a king whose reign marked the zenith of the golden age: "Lord of conquest, navigation, and commerce of India, Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia."

The influx of riches which transformed this destitute little kingdom into a powerful empire caused a flowering of Renaissance culture on formerly barren medieval soil. King Manuel invested large sums in monasteries, palaces, and churches and called in regiments of foreign artists to aid in the decorations. The paintings of the period are usually tinged with Flemish and Italian influences, but the Portuguese did develop a style of architectural decoration that was authentically their own. They stamped their monuments with symbols of the seafaring exploits that had brought them their wealth; they twined stone ropes around turrets and archways and splashed shell and seaweed motifs over walls.



WILHELM BRAGA

Seventeenth-century "knot gate" entrance to the palace square in Vila Viçosa.

The Council of Europe's exhibition, entitled "Portuguese Discoveries and Renaissance Europe," opened last month in Lisbon for an extended run into the fall. It consists mainly of some 1,800 artistic and cultural objects from around the world exhibited in distinctively Portuguese settings, most of which are masterpieces in themselves. The Casa dos Bicos (House of Points) has unusual, diamond-shaped stones jutting from its sixteenth-century façade. Here portraits, personal belongings, costumes, and furniture will be shown to portray daily life in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Jeronimos Monastery, a spare building with Gothic trim, was constructed as a tribute to courageous navigators and was funded by the booty from their expeditions. Here the visitor may examine documents, armor, and other relics of exploration which purport to show the "interrelations between Portugal and other regions of the world." Besides this, the exhibition will include three other displays, as well as theater and music festivals featuring works of the sixteenth century. Portugal's golden age is returning, if only for a summer. *For information in the U.S., call the Portuguese Tourist Office at (212) 354-4403; in Portugal, call (1) 60-93-39.—Rose Kernochan*

"THE WOMAN COMES FIRST"

Very few fashion designers manage to create a look that is simultaneously topical and timeless. George Stavropoulos, the man who has draped us in chiffon in Greek style, is one of them, perhaps because he doesn't hold trendy ideas about women and fashion. He follows, instead, a few simple "truths." "My clothes are for the woman who is a woman. She is not a child. She is not a boy. Women *want* to look frail and fragile. If they are not, my clothes will create the illusion that they are."

Stavropoulos himself is somewhat illusive—successful, cosmopolitan, disciplined, gentle, and unpretentious. He works by a rigid philosophy that he has relied on since he left a successful fashion business in Greece and came to New York, twenty-two years ago. "I came to this country for the love of my wife [a New Jerseyite working in the American embassy in Athens, eager to return home]. I didn't know anybody, didn't know the American mentality. But I knew I was good. Everybody told me I'd never have success here because American women would not wear clothes that were too feminine. But I was not discouraged. There is no such thing as 'too feminine.' There are a lot of phonies in this business, but if you're a real person and stick to your own style, sooner or later you hit the top."

And that he did, after two years of starving. Henri Bendel and Bonwit Teller discovered him, and their windows sud-

PETER TENZER W+HEELER PICTURES

To demonstrate his methods for *Connoisseur*, Stavropoulos sketched out a new design (left, actual size) and then cut and draped the creation in an elegant contrast of chiffons.

Father's Day gifts from an elegant era:
(A) Edwardian silver mounted cut glass decanter, Birmingham, circa 1910, $400; (B) Gentleman's French silver 20-piece travelling set, Paris, circa 1925, $1,140; (C) American sterling silver flask, Tiffany & Co., New York, 1854, $720; (D) Victorian silver calling card case, London, 1879, $160; (E) Victorian silver vesta case, Chester, 1895, $112; (F) American bronze wolfhead cigar cutter, circa 1930, $330; (G) American sterling silver travelling corkscrew, Gorham Mfg. Co., Providence, R.I., circa 1930, $188; (H) Victorian silverplated inkstand, circa 1875, $400.

Fortunoff, the source

If you're inter

denly exploded with Stavropoulos designs. Soon he was dressing the likes of Maria Callas and Lady Bird Johnson, who four years ago, at a party in Stavropoulos's honor, wore a dress he designed for her in the early 1960s. "Everyone said to her, 'Oh my God, where did you get that beautiful dress?' It is still in style."

Stavropoulos is one of the few American designers who still make their own originals. He sketches constantly on tiny pieces of paper in a manner that only he seems to be able to decipher. "People find it hard to believe that I cut and drape every dress in my collection from these little sketches. Most designers here don't know how to do it. They make a professional sketch and give it to a draper."

He acknowledges a debt to Coco Chanel, who gave him a piece of advice in 1950 that has influenced his style ever since. " 'Listen to me, you little Greek,' she told me, 'a woman has to live in her clothes. I'm a little girl but I like my lovers to be tall. When I want to stretch up to hug him, if your dress pulls me down, then the hell with your dress!'

"Like Chanel, I have complete control of my designs from beginning to end. I have to know what kind of life my client has. The dress has to follow her skin, help her to be herself. If you don't feel comfortable, you don't look beautiful. The dress is a frame, not the picture. You should see the woman first, not the dress.

"Women have not changed. Just because they want more out of life does not mean they have to lose their femininity. I have had a lot of success designing for such women as Evangeline Carey, who is a very strong and tough business lady. But in the night, she is the most fragile and feminine little thing. My dresses are sexy without being vulgar. Without showing anything, they show everything. Every man wants to see a woman dressed like that, and that's the truth. That is the secret to my success."

Actually the secret lies in his confident self-sufficiency. "When I do something wrong, I am the only one hurt; and I know that for my business to stay a success, tomorrow I have to do something better. I compete only with myself every season. No one has to speak for me. Years ago when I was still struggling, I told my assistant, Dorothy, 'I'm the best.' I knew I couldn't depend on anyone else to say it for me then. Two years later people were saying, 'You know, I heard that Stavropoulos is the best.' Of course, they don't remember who said it!" —*Joyce Froliche*

FEWER TWEEDS, FEWER PEARLS

London—The 215th Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, to August 28, 1983, and other picks for the season.

What, never been to the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition? Well you should go, for something very curious has been happening to this hallowed institution of the London summer. Or, rather, something very peculiar has been happening around it. The point of the Summer Exhibition used to be to get the art establishment and the country set all dressed up to meet each other: the unspeakable in pursuit of the unviewable, as a wag once put it. Each of the eighty-odd members of the Royal Academy has the right to show as many as six works; most of the rest are chosen by a committee of academicians from an enormous open entry, professional and amateur, but mostly of decidedly conservative tendencies. The selections are hung in the academy's sizable and very grand galleries, off Piccadilly, and thither come the ladies in tweeds and pearls and the gentlemen with bowler hats and rolled umbrellas.

To select paintings for the Summer Exhibition, academicians review hundreds of entries.

That, anyway, is the traditional picture. But times have changed, and the academy has changed with them, if only a little. In a brave attempt to look modern, they have been luring in the occasional abstract artist (usually not very good, since the good ones would hardly dream of looking in the academy's direction), but the main emphasis is still fairly and squarely on the representational and the recognizable, with an occasional problem picture meant to raise questions like "What's happening in it?" rather than simply "What is it?" Tweeds and pearls have thinned out in the last few years, and the average crowd at the academy is more likely to consist of secretaries and shop assistants on their lunch hour than of scions of the aristocracy—and, recently, more and more bright young things, students, and even artists.

Why? Not because the academy's efforts to drag itself into the twentieth century have been markedly successful, but because the twentieth century itself has changed direction. Academic painters who have been working away for decades in a minutely realistic style have suddenly come to look like the latest thing and are admired by young photorealists. (Witness the recent triumph of the ninety-year-old Meredith Frampton at the Tate Gallery.) By last year or the year before, looking round the familiar scene at the academy, one could suddenly see fresh possibilities: take this or that painter out of his dowdy context, find just the right New York gallery for him, and you could have a new star on your hands. This year's exhibition is likely to be yet another demonstration of the old adage that if you just sit where you are, the world comes back around to you, and what seemed the oldest of the old becomes the newest of the new.

Elsewhere in the London art world most of the major galleries are declining gracefully into the summer lull. But there is still, of course, some point in putting on a bit of a show for the millions of summer visitors. The Victoria and Albert Museum has put on a memorial exhibition of the work of Oliver Messel, a leading set designer from the thirties to the fifties and, as the popular press likes to point out, a "kinsman" to the queen—that is, he was her sister's ex-husband's uncle. As

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with the academic painters, so with Messel: what looked pretty at first, and then seemed a bit foolish and faded ten years ago, now comes up again fresh and graceful and atmospheric.

Meanwhile, the National Gallery weighs in with "Carpets in Paintings" (until July 24), a companion piece to the Hayward's grand show "Eastern Carpets in the Western World." And for the slightly more adventurous, the Whitechapel Art Gallery can be recommended for its prodigal-son exhibition of the superrealist Malcolm Morley's work since 1965 (from June 22 to August 21). *—John Russell Taylor*

LEONARDO MEETS LICHTENSTEIN—THROUGH LEVI

Although he is only forty-five, the artist Josef Levi is at least partly an old master. He has spent the past eight years in a classic apprenticeship, meticulously copying the works of the great painters, from Titian to Picasso. The results—eight paintings and over a dozen drawings—can be seen at the O. K. Harris gallery, in New York, this month. They represent, he says, "a personal way to comment on what painting is all about."

Mind you, Levi does not hesitate to make his comments verbally, too: "I can do anything—landscapes, portraits. The only interest I have, though, is in using things that move me. I'm drawn to Cézanne's apple more than to an ordinary apple." He discovered that yen in 1980. "I was an abstract painter of fruit, and the basic result was 'Well, I can draw fruit, so what?' I needed variety, to move beyond being technically able." He moved on to portraiture. Levi likes to mix the flat abstractions of modern painters with the illusions of three-dimensional space of the old masters. He has combined Vermeer's wife with Matisse's wife, for example, faithfully copying the originals (to a scale of his own choosing) on one canvas. Picasso and Rogier van der Weyden, Warhol and van Dongen, Lichtenstein and Leonardo: although their visions are totally different, Levi combines them in a way that accentuates their affinities.

"No one ever tried my concept," he explains proudly. "Picasso imitated the old masters but never tried this. It has its complications—the wrong choices or the wrong scale would fail. It's a game with me. A Picasso, for example, is abstract and a Rogier van der Weyden is so-called real, yet there's always a question of which is more real. The contrast gives more emphasis to each idea of the artist."

To the viewer, the conjunctions are as accessible as strawberries and cream. While the paintings are not exactly profound,

Still life with unfinished Matisse, Levi, and Vermeer. Which of them seems more real?

Levi says he derives great benefits from the artists whose styles he emulates. "I know all about the ideas of the painters from what has been written—what Renoir's concepts were and what those of a Flemish painter of the fifteenth century were. My concept developed on the simple desire to combine what painting has been. When I'm painting line by line, I become something else. I become everybody I paint. The final product is the result of intuition." *—Joyce Pendola*

GOOD AND HOLY KING EQUAL TO HEAVEN

Tai shan is the Mount Olympus of China, the most sacred of sacred mountains in the East, towering more than 8,000 feet over the plain of the Yellow River in the northeastern province of Shan dong. A famous soaring staircase rises to the peak amid shrines and temples dedicated to this "great giver of life," the president of creation. When I went to make the climb recently with a party of friends, we took the overnight train from Beijing to Tai an, at the foot of Tai shan. When we arrived the mountain was still hidden in darkness as we found a minibus to take us into the foothills. Joggers appeared in the headlights, all running down the mountain: a local substitute for Tai Ji Quan?

The last flight of stairway to the summit

We finally stopped in a muddy parking place, near the first of many small snack and souvenir shops. The path wound steeply through the trees to the foot of the granite stairway to the summit. These immense steps are spaced too closely for Westerners, and only one lady with "lily" feet was able to climb without having to watch every step.

An unceasing stream of bearers carrying heavy loads, balanced on flat wooden poles on their shoulders, climbed toward the construction site of a new hotel near the top. Pavilions stand at each side of the path, offering shady courtyards under pine trees to tempt climbers to stop and rest. As the sun came up, we understood the scale and steepness of the mountain above us. No wonder the ancient emperors worshiped the mountain god as "Good and Holy King Equal to Heaven" and promoted officials who dared to climb it.

We stopped for breakfast in the shade, with a small bird in a cage beside us and

bonsai along the walls of the courtyard. The Chinese word for bonsai means "landscape in a pot." The wider vistas below and above us were starting to open up, and we could see for the first time the town spread out far below; above, the diminishing perspective of ascending steps. We continued, with more frequent stops, as the short-spaced steps took their toll on our stamina. Heavily laden men and boys overtook us, and we discovered that they had to deliver two loads a day to the top of the mountain. At last we realized that the steepest flight of stairs above us was the last. We went to eat at the converted temple just below the summit, where we also spent the night. Every guest is issued a heavy, navy blue overcoat, so that just before dawn the steps are crowded with dark figures on their way upward to see the sun rise over the surrounding mountains. To see the dawn from the summit of Mount Tai is said to confer immortality. The view as the sun comes up, lighting the peaks of the surrounding mountains, the foothills with the town below, and finally the huge expanse of the flood plain of the Yellow River, the sorrow of China, is a view that remains graven in the mind's eye for always.

The dark crowds slowly dispersed. We ate breakfast almost in silence, visited the Buddha in the summit temple, watched gold leaf being meticulously applied to a twenty-foot carving of calligraphy, and packed our few belongings. On the way down we stopped to watch a waterfall, to talk to resting climbers, to look in a souvenir shop and be amazed to see the Venus de Milo and Bugs Bunny for sale side by side, and to enjoy the brilliant colors of the season. —*Philippa Fraser*

(WARNING: SEXUALLY EXPLICIT)

If you look carefully, very carefully, at the full-page ads for the Literary Guild, you will notice that they are selling dirty books. A recent ad shows the covers of twenty-seven books being offered to initiates at a dollar each, with a dozen words describing them. Five of them bear the addition, in the tiniest print legible and in parentheses, "(Warning: Sexually Explicit)."

Most of the guild's offerings in this instance could offend no one. You can get *E.T.* or *The Legal Guide for the Family* for your dollar, and those who might be offended by Richard Nixon's *Leaders* can save their buck for Asimov's *Foundation's Edge.* The five accompanied by the (Warning: Sexually Explicit) include the top choice, the "Guild Exclusive," Judith Krantz's *Mistral's Daughter;* Patricia Raley's *Making Love;* and Helen Gurley Brown's *Having It All.* There is also *The Valley of Horses,* a "stone age love story" by the author of *The Clan of the Cave Bear.*

We called the Literary Guild to ask why they issue these caveats, and why so timidly, and were told, "We have no comment on that." The woman sounded bright, cheerful, and most unhelpful. We wondered why some books bore a warning and others didn't. Harold Robbins's *Spellbinder* has no warning. Has Harold lost his touch? The book reportedly describes how "beautiful disciples tempt a TV preacher," which sounds explicit enough. If the guild is really into selling dirty books, it ought to push a bit harder: the soft sell, in tiny print, is not going to help much. And if it is not selling dirty books, why the warning? *Making Love* is described as "a frank, modern guide to getting maximum enjoyment from your sex life," which, we would think, would be quite enough to put anyone off, even without the (Warning). And why the parentheses, and why no comment? Unless the guild is bowing to pressure from the Moral Majority, the club evidently is trying to be literary, lubricious, and mysterious, all at the same time.

CHOICE AUCTIONS

It's hard to avoid a sense of anticlimax now that May has come and gone. It was almost too hectic, the last two weeks in particular—one megawatt bash of brilliance after another, then the "Britain Salutes New York" extravaganza, the endless press previews, the parties, receptions, and openings. At exhibitions and sales, you began seeing the same people growing a little paler, the shadows and circles a little darker (the wallets a little thinner?), as the month wore down. A soberer June addresses itself to different and wider audiences—a number of really quite good offerings, some with fascinating stories, as we move toward the tail end of this curious, roller-coaster season.

New York—Phillips, June 1, Americana, and June 21, 1983, fine silver, objets de vertu, and Russian works of art. After last month's collectibles marathon it's back to the real world at Phillips. The Americana sale on June 1 features a pretty New Hampshire lady's secretary, ca. 1790. Previously purchased from Sack in 1964 for $8,000, it should better the $15,000 to $20,000 estimate. Also notable: a letter from George Washington to his secretary of war, James McHenry, rare for, among other reasons, its attempted if clumsy humor (estimated at $5,000 to $6,000).

Easily the most extravagant single lot anywhere this month is the fine Russian silver-gilt and niello flatware service for twenty-four (Moscow, 1880, shown above) in the June 21 sale (estimate: $12,000 to $15,000). This thanks to another solid effort by Christopher Hartop, who has really begun to put his department on the proverbial map.

New York—Sotheby Parke Bernet, June 2, 1983, American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, and June

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23, Judaica. The American-paintings sale should manage to step out from under the shadow of last month's Impressionist binge. Two very different but important works top the list: Charles Sheeler's *Classic*

Landscape (1931), above, a masterpiece from his greatest period, estimated at a potentially record $750,000 to $900,000; and *Coast of Maine, Mount Desert* (1851), below, by Frederick Church. The latter,

when purchased in the thirties by a relative of the present owner, actually bore Winslow Homer's signature. A recent cleaning revealed instead a hitherto-unknown Church. It is estimated at $200,000 to $300,000. It is interesting to consider that an equivalent Homer could realize more than $1 million!

The Story of the Month Award, though, goes to George Snyder's coup for the Judaica sale: a previously unsuspected double-sided papyrus dictated by Moses Maimonides, a sort of rabbinical Aquinas of the twelfth century who reconstructed Aristotle, Plato, et al. in the context of medieval Jewish thought. Maimonides' sage words were virtually never recorded by his disciples, who heeded his admonition not to copy him. This letter to an Egyptian rabbi was probably discovered and removed during the 1890s from the *genizah* (storage place) of the central synagogue in Old Cairo. The estimate of $70,000 to $90,000 is admittedly a guesstimate. The last even vaguely similar offering—a somewhat lengthier manuscript, rarer for being in Maimonides' own shaky hand (he seems to have suffered from Parkinson's disease)—was sold at Zurich in 1975 for $1 million.

London—Sotheby's, June 16–17, 1983, old-master, modern, and decorative prints. An outstanding selection indeed: Dürer, Cranach, Altdorfer, Rembrandt, and such moderns as Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, and Lautrec. There is a complete set of the *Flight Into Egypt* by Tiepolo, and a single volume from 1540 containing Dürer's three major woodcut series: *Apocalypse* (1498), *The Life of the Virgin,* and *The Great Passion* (both 1510), estimated in excess of £100,000.

New York—William Doyle Galleries, June 8, 1983, nineteenth-century furniture, paintings, and decoration. These

endless processions of Louis the Whatever bronze-mounted furniture and furnishings have almost become Doyle's signature (where does he continually find it all?). Arguably the most interesting lot is the marvelous glass vase pictured above, by another Louis altogether, inscribed "Louis C. Tiffany, Inc. favrile, special exhibit, 4357 N" (estimated at $6,000 to $9,000). Can anyone give me a clue as to the exhibition reference?

New York—Christie's, June 10, 1983, the third annual sporting-paintings sale. This sale will be a welcome diversion for the smart set attending the Belmont Stakes, the third jewel in the Triple Crown. All the right sort of pictures from all the right artists: Alken, Herring, Marshall, Munnings, Pollard, Stubbs, and Troye, among others. A personal favorite: Ben Marshall's *Ipswell Lass* (1805), estimated at $80,000 to $120,000. At prices like these, this genre is obviously the ap-

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propriate art form for the sport of kings (who may be the only people still able to afford it). —*James R. Lyons*

CHARLES AS ALWAYS

Ray Charles is an alchemist of popular song, able to transform the most mindless tune into high and utterly distinctive art. His new album, *Wish You Were Here Tonight* (Columbia #FC 38293), attests to his powers. Charles has produced more than sixty albums over the past three decades—twenty-odd are still in print—and there is evidence of his genius on every

CHUCK FISHMAN/CONTACT

one. There have been relative failures, of course. Some years back he issued an album on which he unaccountably chose to render every song in falsetto.

He was born in Albany, Georgia, in 1930 and bred in the blues and gospel traditions: everything he sings is illuminated by their special melancholy and joy. He is blind, and he was born black and poor, and the emotional resonance of those facts may be heard in his music. But they do not explain its power. He is an artist, always in charge, not just involuntarily registering in song whatever feelings he happens to be experiencing at the moment. After all, we do not require of Olivier that he actually lust after his mother or really be willing to swap a kingdom for a horse every evening at eight; only that he make us believe he is doing so.

Charles's earliest recordings, raw and thriving, set the standard followed by a thousand lesser rhythm-and-blues performers since. "I ain't narrow in my tastes," he has said, and the range of songs he has made his own over the years is certainly astonishing. He has managed to breathe life into the weariest Tin Pan Alley favorites—"By the Light of the Silvery Moon," "You Are My Sunshine," even "My Bonny Lies over the Ocean." His exquisite version of "Georgia on My Mind" has become his native state's official song. He has also made familiar Broadway melodies, such as "Some Enchanted Evening" and "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning,"

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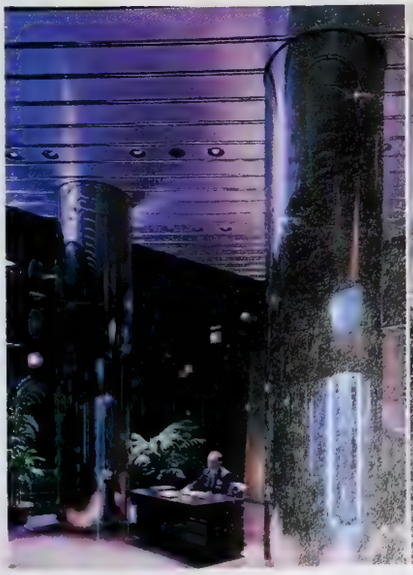

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Scène de café, composition cubiste,
painted bottle, signed, height 12 in., 30.5 cms, painted circa 1943

provenance :
Lou Cosyn, Brussels
Mme Lakowski, Brussels
Sothebys, London June 29th 1978
to be included in the Magritte Catalogue raisoné, being prepared by David Sylvester.

other works by

MATTA - BELLMER - PICABIA - PAALEN
FREDDIE - MAN RAY - BRAUNER
DOMINGUEZ - TANGUY - CARRINGTON

British Surrealists, Czechoslovakian Surrealists

sermadiras

Lyrics from "You Feel Good All Over," by S. Throckmorton © 1978 Cross Keys Pub. Co. Inc.

seem vivid and fresh. And (with the British singer Cleo Laine) he has recorded the songs from *Porgy and Bess* (RCA CPL 2-1831), infusing that lovely score with the vigor and energy it deserves but rarely gets.

He was among the first to understand the affinities between the black musical tradition and the other enduring school of southern music, country and western. His latest album explores that connection further, using some pretty ordinary material:

Honey, you feel good all over.
Each part is so easy to touch.
Oh, you feel good all over.
That's why I need you so much.

Not exactly Cole Porter. And as if to compound the challenge, a vapid background chorus has been assembled smooth, emotionless, profoundly white. He is not fazed. In less than five minutes his rough, anguished, infinitely flexible voice finds fifty ways to alter the beat, shift the melody, insinuate new meanings into the words. Ray Charles moans, laughs, growls, keens, shudders—and triumphs once again. —Geoffrey C. Ward

GROSVENOR HOUSE IS BACK

"Let's get business cracking, and let's make it controversial," says Charles Lee, president of the British Antique Dealers Association, referring to this month's rebirth of the Grosvenor House Antiques Fair. One cannot guarantee the state of the market, but the event will be controversial as it returns after a four-year absence in a bid to reassert its traditional status as being the "world's most prestigious antiques fair." It now finds itself in competition with the Burlington House Fair, which was established three years ago when the forty-four-year connection between the trade and Grosvenor House was severed by a union dispute.

Now the dealers are suffering from a sort of Balkanic division of loyalties. A number of the top dealers who show at Burlington House feel that London cannot support two major antiques fairs and have refused to show at Grosvenor House. "They annoy me," intones Charles Lee. "We need a June platform, and they owe it to the trade to be there."

A special committee of the British Antique Dealers Association will make sure the antiques are up to standard. If they are not, the pieces will be removed from the show. This year Charles Lee has also made the association a strong official presence on the organizing committee, and

Vintage antiques at the Grosvenor House Fair: a George III satinwood commode and Romney's adoring likeness of Lady Hamilton.

has struck a deal that it will receive £10,000 for its services. He was approached by the owners of the Grosvenor House Hotel, Trusthouse Forte, to reestablish the fair, and went ahead with little hesitation. "It wasn't a difficult decision, but it has lost me a lot of friends."

Despite the initial acrimony, 250 dealers competed for the eighty-five available stands. The lineup includes Norman Adams, Asprey, Odile Cavendish, Garrard, and Spink, and they will display an estimated £60 million worth of goods.

According to reports, the dealers are still charging up and down the country looking for magnificent pieces for their stands, and between June 10 and 18 they will be under the chandeliers at Grosvenor House, ready to show their best.

The social arrangements are receiving more attention than ever before. There will be gala banquets, an official opening by Princess Anne, and other glamorous events intended to restore the fair's cachet as "one of the most important highlights of the season," on a par with Henley, Ascot, and Wimbledon. The organization is slick, right down to the choice of colors for stand carpets, but is guided by the dealers themselves. "We're all terribly superior, you know," says Mr. Lee, "and we don't want to look too commercial. We want the same old atmosphere, just brought up-to-date." —Lady Spooner

In summer, the Wasatch Mountains are with wild roses (left) and grass-of-Par

GRASSES ON PARNASSUS

In the winter of 1830 a fur trader named William Wolfskill found himself trapped in the awesome snows of the Wasatch Mountains of what is now Utah. He survived, but it was a sobering experience. "In the whole range of human view," he remembered, "nothing could be discerned the least degree encouraging, but only mountains piled on mountains, covered with cheerless snow. . . . It was a cheerless prospect and calculated to cause

emotions by no means agreeable to the stoutest heart."

He should have waited a few weeks. In the spring, the warming sun brings the slopes and basins, the hanging valleys and glaciated canyons of the Wasatch National Forest alive with color. There is no spectacle quite like it anywhere else. The startling yellow of the glacier lily hints at what's to come as it chases the melting snow fields up the slopes. Perhaps the most spectacular profusion of wildflowers may be seen in the Albion Basin, a glacier-scoured bowl at the top of Little Cottonwood Canyon. Here, between June and August, at altitudes of from 7,000 to 10,000 feet, scores of varieties of wildflowers take their colorful turn.

In an hour's walk in June you will see shooting stars, little red elephants, leatherbells (also called sugar cups), and whole thickets of roses—Woods rose, nootka rose, and wild rose, perhaps the "eglantine" in Chaucer and Shakespeare.

At midseason, the alpine meadows are blanketed with color—paintbrush, figwort, lupine, bluebells, and flax. At least two species, monkshood and trapper's tea, are beautiful but deadly poisonous. And according to witches' lore, pennyroyal wards off the evil eye; mountain pennyroyal, or coyote mint, repels mosquitos if you crush it against your skin.

On the high, wet, shady ground you can watch red-tailed hawks and golden eagles glide above the lakes and streams of Little Cottonwood, or search for one of the most delicate of all the mountain wildflowers, the grass-of-Parnassus, named by the ancient physician Dioscorides after the Greek mountain and its muses. The blooming season ends in August in a blaze of glory—coppery goldeneye and waist-high fields of crimson fireweed.

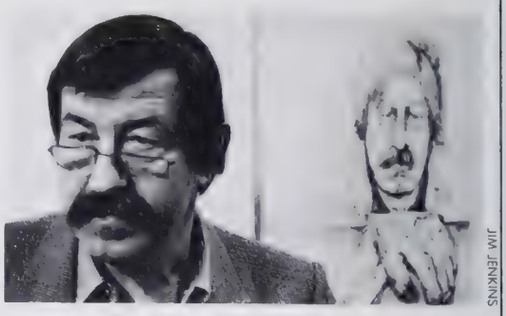
How to get there: Take Route 89 south out of Salt Lake City toward the Wasatch Front. Turn left on Route 210 (about thirteen miles south of the city) toward Little Cottonwood Canyon and the town of Alta, where the local folks will direct you to the Albion Basin. —*Diane Raines Keim*

THE VISUAL GÜNTER GRASS

Günter Grass is best known for his novels, such as *The Tin Drum* and *The Flounder*, and he has been a prime candidate for the Nobel Prize for literature for some years. But few people outside a small circle of admirers are aware that he is also a graphic artist. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich will be publishing his *Drawings and Words 1954–1977* this fall. At a recent showing of his lithographs and etchings at the Weyhe Gallery, in New York, he enlightened us about his unusual dual predilection.

"There is no separation between the writer and artist," he explained. "You see in my drawings the images that you can read in my books." Those images—an eclectic assortment of fish, eels, nuns, phallic mushrooms, sand, and sea—are drawn from his Catholic background on the Baltic and strongly influenced by "a long tradition of German drawing of Albrecht Dürer, George Grosz, and Beckmann. You have first the white page; with ink, it can take on many dimensions."

Much of his work illustrates his fascination with the tensions between natural and man-made forms. His *Das Schwein und sein Leder* (The Pig and Its Leather), for example, juxtaposes an old shoe with a pig's head. One of the new etchings series, entitled *Homage to a Glove,* dedicates seven etchings to a single crumpled glove.



JIM JENKINS

Günter Grass with a self-portrait from his recent *Homage to a Glove* etchings.

His rationale: "I vacation in Denmark on a Baltic island and once I found this glove on a beach. The next year it was still there. I couldn't miss it."

Grass began his career as a sculptor after studying at the Düsseldorf Academy of Art, but drawing is the art most dear to him, even more so than literature. "I am always drawing, regardless of what else I am doing. Even if I gave up everything and went to live on a desert island, there would still be drawings to be done."

—*Jerome James Gordon*

THE COLOGNE PRESCRIPTION

Some say that the most enticing Gallic scents in the world actually come from that most German town of Cologne. An early-morning stroller on the Hohestrasse will confront this paradox upon hearing a carillon belling out "La Marseillaise." Each morning at Number 4711 Glockengasse, home of the famous eau de cologne, the day's musical program begins at 8:00 with the French national anthem. Every hour the bells ring and the clockwork figures emerge to a different melody (usually German folk songs, but the day ends with the famous lullaby by Brahms). Still, the French connection comes first.

This is only historical justice. The world's leading cologne maker was named by an anonymous French corporal during the 1794 occupation, when he was ordered to number all the houses in the city. The formula for the scent may have been French, too. The Mülhens family, which owns 4711, claims that its formula came from an émigré Carthusian friar. And it is thanks to the French, too, that the

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Mülhens family decided to change their marketing strategy for the brew. In the eighteenth century, customers bought their flacons in order to cure what ailed them—by drinking the stuff. When the French decided to require that all medicinal potions bear a label listing the contents, the Mülhens family protected their formula by selling it for external use only. The French occupying army crowded into the store to buy the nonmedicine. The fact that the coach station was opposite may have helped business, too.

These days, the still privately owned 4711 company is headed by Ferdinand Mülhens, the sixth generation of his family to make cologne. At the firm's Gothic-revival house under the bells, rebuilt in 1964 from the original plans, there are only a shop and a mini-museum, with tapestries and monthly exhibitions devoted to native history and art. The cologne itself—and all the other perfume and cosmetic products 4711 makes—are produced in a modern, aquamarine-colored tile building on the outskirts of town. Its perfumes include Tosca, Jean Charles de Castelbajac, and Inspiré, but the star is still the original 4711.

The formula for the scent is a Carthusian secret, but you can easily discern the citrus and rosemary and lavender.

What is its secret formula? At 4711 they won't say, but a company spokesman confirmed what my nose discovered: citrus fruits, rosemary, lavender. An eau de cologne is not, strictly speaking, the same thing as a perfume, since it contains only a maximum of 5 percent of essential oils, compared to around 20 percent for perfume. Most of the rest is alcohol—which makes cologne lighter and more refreshing. The company won't confirm that its product is purely "vegetarian," but the scent certainly doesn't betray the ambergris and civet that give classic perfumes their staying power. A man can use 4711 as an aftershave, and fifteen minutes later only an air of freshness will remain; a lady can douse herself with the product and wear a full-bodied perfume at the same time. For all the bells ringing and clockwork figurines that commemorate its Carthusian secret, its strongest selling point is its discretion. —*Vivian Lewis*

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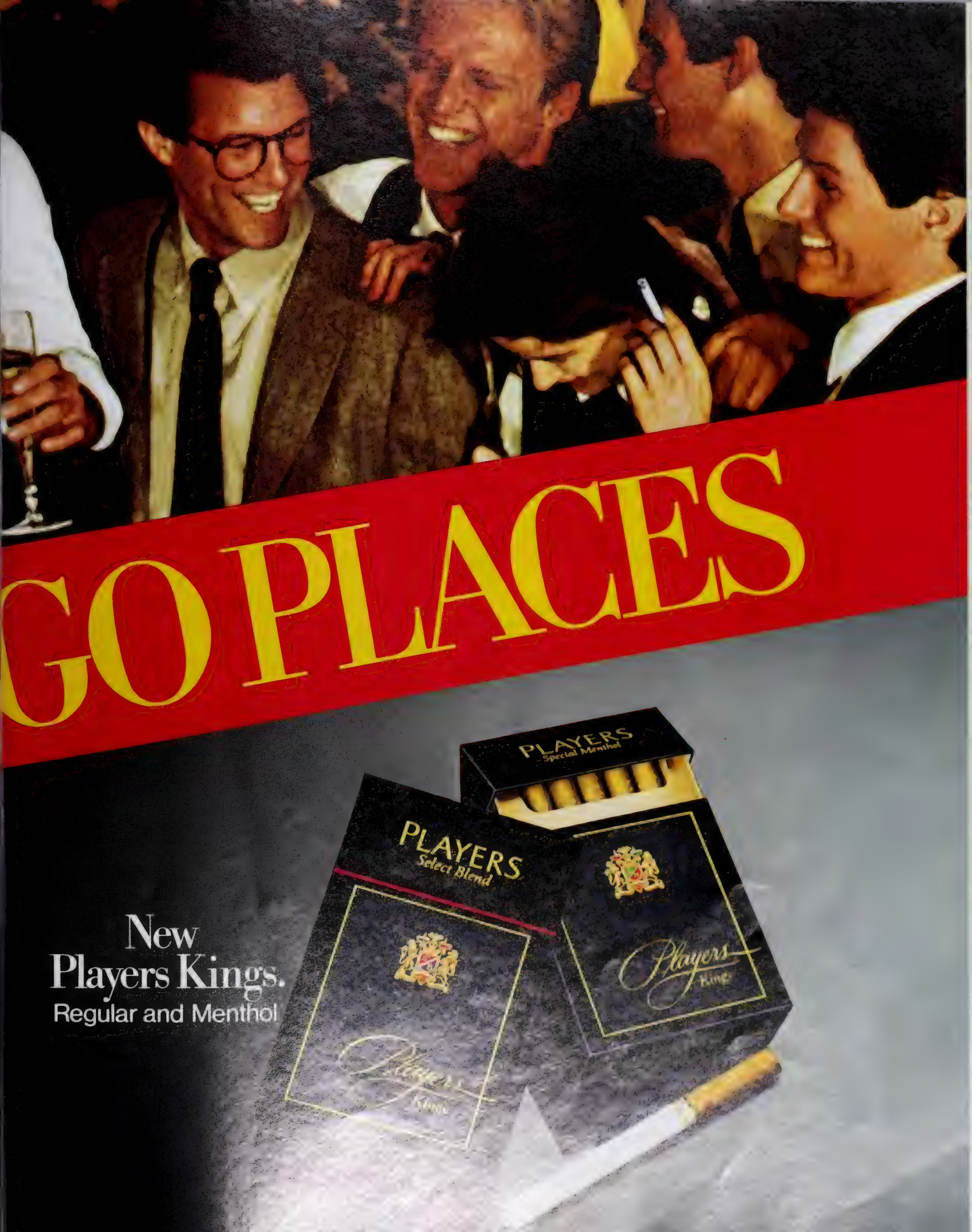
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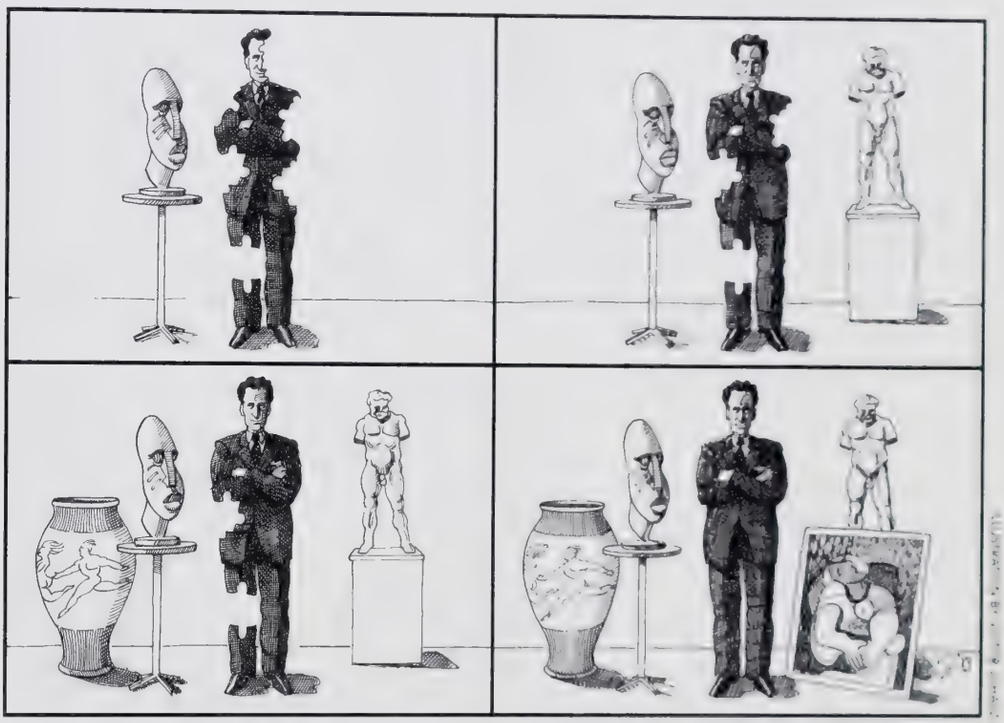
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COLLECTING

A distinguished psychoanalyst speculates about why we collect—postage stamps, fine French furniture, vintage cars—and comes up with illuminating conclusions.

By Anthony Storr



Collecting is such a commonplace activity that we seldom stop to examine it. It generally begins in childhood, with postage stamps or seashells or matchboxes, or any one of a hundred objects that can be amassed, classified, gloated over, and displayed. When I was a small boy, many of us collected cigarette cards, a genre that, regrettably, has disappeared. These cards would have pictures of cricketers or steamships or railway engines or military uniforms. On the back was printed a good deal of instructive information. The object of this form of collecting was to acquire a "complete set"; and to this end one compared one's collection with those of others, hoping that duplication might be eliminated and missing items substituted by means of judicious swapping.

Although people who collect paintings can never hope to acquire all the works of a particular master even if they wished to do so, collectors of etchings sometimes display the "complete set" mentality. It is possible, at a price, to buy all sixteen of the *Carceri d'Invenzione Nuove* of Piranesi (at the London dealer Colnaghi, in 1968, they could be had for £4,000); and it is easy to sympathize with the frustrations that an imaginary collector would suffer if one of the set were for some reason unobtainable.

Like all psychological phenomena which we habitually take for granted, the drive toward completeness is hard to explain. Why does the fact that one of a series is missing leave one unsatisfied and restless? There is, perhaps, an analogy with music. Take any simple melody, like a hymn tune, play it or hum it, and stop on the penultimate note. The urge to complete it is almost irresistible. The traditional key system evolved in Western music demands a return to the home base of the tonic if the listener is to feel satisfied, and a failure to effect this return leaves him tense and fretful. There is a story of a young composer (some say Mozart) who felt compelled to get out of bed and run to the piano to resolve a chord of the dominant seventh which someone had left hanging in midair. A melody is a series of notes that, in sequence, make a meaningful pattern with a defined beginning, middle, and end. It is a form of ordering experience, and it brings satisfaction because men have a powerful drive toward making coherent patterns and respond positively to the successful ordering of experience by others.

Acquiring sets of objects, be they cigarette cards or etchings, is one expression of the human need for order. The other day I met a distinguished entomologist. As a small boy he had begun by collecting stamps and coins. Then his interest turned to beetles. He became so expert at collecting and classifying beetles that he was lecturing on the subject to professional

accurately is the begin-

make order out of chaos, to comprehend, to predict, and finally to master what had previously seemed beyond control.

There are people whose desire for completeness, control, and order is so exaggerated as to be neurotic, although no one can say at exactly what point that pejorative term becomes appropriate. Scholars are commonly of obsessional personality, and need to be meticulously exact if they are to fulfill their function. They are collectors of facts, and it would be inappropriate to call them neurotic, although some become so because their reluctance to commit themselves or face the criticism of other scholars prevents them from putting pen to paper. But we are all familiar with the obsessional housewife, who will not allow a single speck of dust, and whose living room can hardly be lived in because everything has been assigned a proper place, from which one cannot move it without arousing her anxiety. Freud described the personalities of those who are

noteworthy for a regular combination of three characteristics. "They are especially

Dr. Anthony Storr is the author of The Dynamics of Creation *(1972),* Jung *(1973), and* The Art of Psychotherapy *(1979)*

EDMUND ENGELMAN

As a collector, Freud was governed more by compulsion than by aesthetics.

Why does the fact that one of a series is missing leave us feeling restless and unsatisfied?

orderly, parsimonious, and *obstinate*."

When collecting becomes a compulsion that dominates the life of the individual, it is often associated with miserliness. The late J. Paul Getty, who was a notable collector, is said to have kept a pay phone in his house for the use of his guests. Freud himself, who said that if he were to become neurotic the form of his neurosis would be obsessional, was in fact a compulsive collector. His physician, Max Schur, recorded that Freud referred to his collecting as an addiction second only to his addiction to nicotine. Freud's passion was for antique statuettes: Greek and Egyptian at first, later supplemented with Oriental antiquities. During his long summer vacation, he would add to his collection, and even when he was still poor he could not resist pieces that were really beyond his means.

Freud was said to have a deep appreciation of sculpture. His paper "The Moses of Michelangelo" is certainly a tribute to his power of close observation. But the photographs of his apartment taken by Edmund Engelman just before Freud finally left Vienna to escape the Nazis, in 1938, demonstrate that Freud was governed more by his compulsion to collect than by any consideration of aesthetics. His statuettes have their places on shelves and in glass cases, but they overflow onto bookshelves and writing tables and are so closely crowded on Freud's desk that appreciation of the lines of any individual piece is quite out of the question. It is the same with his pictures. They are hung so close to one another that it is difficult to consider each separately. The accumulation of objects in this fashion may interfere with aesthetic appreciation but does subserve the acquisition of knowledge. Freud was well-read in ancient history and archaeology and liked to follow the progress of excavations. He sometimes compared psychoanalysis to an archaeological dig, stripping off layer after layer until he reached the foundation of the neurosis he was investigating.

Freud's collection was for his personal pleasure, not to impress others. Many of his pieces served the function of reminding him of places he had visited; of the warm Italian sun, perhaps especially of Rome, the city with which he had a lifelong love affair. Other collectors are more flamboyant and are clearly concerned to astonish people with their magnificence. In nature it is the male who is generally equipped with the brightest colors or the most impressive attributes, like manes, and who displays these in order to attract the female. In some species, collecting forms part of this sexual display. The bowerbird clears an area for his courting and decorates this in elaborate fashion, collecting fresh leaves, shells, feathers, stones, and any other brightly colored objects that may be around, arranging and rearranging them with dedicated concern. It is his way of demonstrating his skill and the superior charms of his bower to any female he wishes to attract. Since most of the great collectors of the past were men, it is tempting to interpret their passionate rivalries with one another as ritual contests for male dominance. But since wealth became available to women, they too have shown a passion for acquisition, as the collections of Arabella Huntington, Isabella Stewart Gardner, Helena Rubinstein, and many others demonstrate.

Collecting works of art can also be a way of persuading contemporaries that in spite of coming from humble origins and having little education, a man can prove he possesses good taste and aesthetic sensibility. Many of the millionaire collectors in the United States at the turn of the century, like Frick and Widener, had plebeian pasts and little exposure to culture of any sort. They naturally hired advisers to tell them what to buy, but even collectors who came from well-to-do families, like Morgan and Mellon, depended on dealers, usually Joseph Duveen, to tell them what pictures men in their position ought to own. As S. N. Behrman remarks in his splendidly funny book *Duveen*, "Duveen was not selling merely low upkeep, social distinction, and watermarks: he was selling immortality." He did so very successfully. It was Duveen who, in 1913, chose the architects for Frick's house in New York, and there to this day one of the most attractive collections of pictures in the world is beautifully displayed.

I would not rate as true collectors those who snap up objects at low prices, hoping to sell at a profit later on. Although collectors may justly be proud of themselves when they find bargains in unlikely places, buying in order to sell again is being a dealer rather than a collector. Tastes change during the course of a lifetime, and collectors may tire of some things they possess and wish to dispose of them; but this is not their original intention. The passionate collector seems almost to fall in love with certain objects and, by coming to possess them, makes them into an intimate part of himself. Indeed, collecting of this kind can be a voyage of self-discovery.

As a psychiatrist, I am in the habit of asking each new patient I see what music he listens to, what books he reads, what

JACK MENDENHALL

Garden Table Setting, 1983. Oil on canvas, 40 × 46 in.

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pictures appeal to him. I find that the answers I am given often reveal more about the person than a conventional psychiatric history does. It is rather like entering the person's home. The objects with which we surround ourselves, like the clothes we wear, reveal our inner natures as well as our social origins; and although most of us are not rich enough to buy the pictures we would like to live with, those we return to in galleries can tell us a good deal about ourselves.

One of the pictures I would most like to own is the Rembrandt self-portrait that hangs in Kenwood House, on Hampstead Heath in London. The painter is wearing a kind of white turban and holding his palette and brushes. In the background are two mysterious circles. What is it that so appeals to me, and what does my preference tell me about myself?

Rembrandt was no beauty and makes no attempt to conceal the fact. He stands before us as he is, uncompromising, foursquare to the world. He gives the impression of having known suffering and of having surmounted it, of facing the world with courage and complete sincerity. Rembrandt appeals to me because his portraits, whether of himself or of others, seem so penetrating. He reaches the inner core of his subjects, just as I try to reach the inner core of my patients. It is natural enough that this great psychologist should capture my interest: we are engaged in the same quest from different standpoints. But there is more to it than that. Rembrandt represents for me an aspiration, something I would like to be but shall never quite attain: the courage to be myself without any equivocation. What he represents, therefore, is an unrealized potential.

Professionals will no doubt scoff at this kind of appreciation, which, they will rightly affirm, is concerned with the content of the picture rather than with its status as a work of art. I shall be accused of falling into the same error as Freud, who concentrated his attention entirely upon those aspects of a picture or piece of sculpture that lend themselves to psychoanalytic interpretation, and who had nothing whatever to say about form.

But what I have to say applies equally to abstract paintings, which Freud's approach precludes him from discussing. It is true that a work of art exists in its own right as an aesthetic object, and that experts can perhaps tell us how the painter has achieved the effect that moves us, by means of contrast, balance, dissonance, or harmony. But if a collector is bewitched by a particular painting, there must be a subjective reason why he prefers this painting to others, and this is as much a legitimate object of study as the aesthetics of the picture.

It is extraordinary that human beings project so much of themselves into the inanimate objects that surround them.

Psychotherapists, especially those who have been influenced by Jung, often encourage their patients to try and objectify their states of mind by painting them. Naturally enough, such paintings are seldom of aesthetic value: the gifts of the artist are not widely bestowed. But this exercise often has a valuable effect upon the patient. Through painting, he reorganizes and integrates his inner experience and no longer feels at the mercy of chaos. When we contemplate the creation of others, we experience, vicariously, something of the same order. Great artists, although we cannot emulate them directly, are demonstrating that even our deepest and most powerful emotions can be expressed and ordered; and when a particular work gives us so intense a thrill that we feel we must possess it, we can be sure that in some way or other it reflects our own inner world.

It is actually extraordinary that human beings project so much of themselves into the inanimate objects that surround them. We are territorial creatures, and, like the bowerbird, we decorate our nests and make them extensions of ourselves. When we are removed from the environment that we have embellished, we feel diminished, as anyone knows who has had to exchange his home for the bareness of a hospital room. It is as if we needed the pictures and other objects we collect to act as mirrors, reflecting ourselves to ourselves, and thus affirming our identities. Collecting has many motives, some of which are far from admirable. But collectors who eschew ostentation and accumulation for its own sake, and simply seek out what they love, are engaged in a process of self-discovery and self-affirmation that is characteristically human and should not be dismissed as trivial.□

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SOTHEBY'S

DOWNSTAIRS, UPSTAIRS

An insider's view of S. J. Phillips,
the London dealer in rare and opulent bibelots.

By Edward Lucie-Smith

A visit to the S. J. Phillips gallery, opposite Sotheby's in London's New Bond Street, usually brings astonishment. Not long ago I sat in the gallery's spacious back room. On the Georgian library table in front of me were two objects. One was a diamond brooch that had once belonged to Catherine the Great and was later part of the Russian crown jewels. The other was a hardstone snuffbox decorated with diamonds from the collection of Catherine's contemporary Frederick the Great. Had my visit been a few days earlier, there would have been a second Frederick the Great snuffbox for me to see, out of the twenty-four thought to exist. S. J. Phillips had paid a record price for the second box at a Christie's sale in Geneva—and almost immediately sold it again.

Martin Norton, the genial head of the firm, has an immense appetite for such adventures. S. J. Phillips's unceasing quest for "the very finest silver and the very finest antique jewelry from many countries," according to David Coombs, editor of the London-based magazine *Antique Collector*, has made it "second to none in the world in that business. The gallery is absolutely superb." Most informed collectors agree—even the royal family: S. J. Phillips was appointed antiques dealer to the late Queen Mary and, more recently, to the Queen Mother.

The firm remains very much a family affair. It was founded in 1869 by Martin Norton's grandfather, at 113 New Bond Street, and it moved to its present premises, at Number 139, in 1966. Martin works with his sons Nicolas and Jonathan and his nephew Francis. "I'm so lucky to have the boys," he says, surveying his kingdom. "It means I never have to retire. I can do less while the boys do more." He himself has been with the firm since 1929, after six months at the Central School of Arts and Crafts learning the techniques of jewelry and silversmithing, and another few months at the Courtauld Institute, England's premier school of art history. Martin and his brother left in order to take over the family firm.

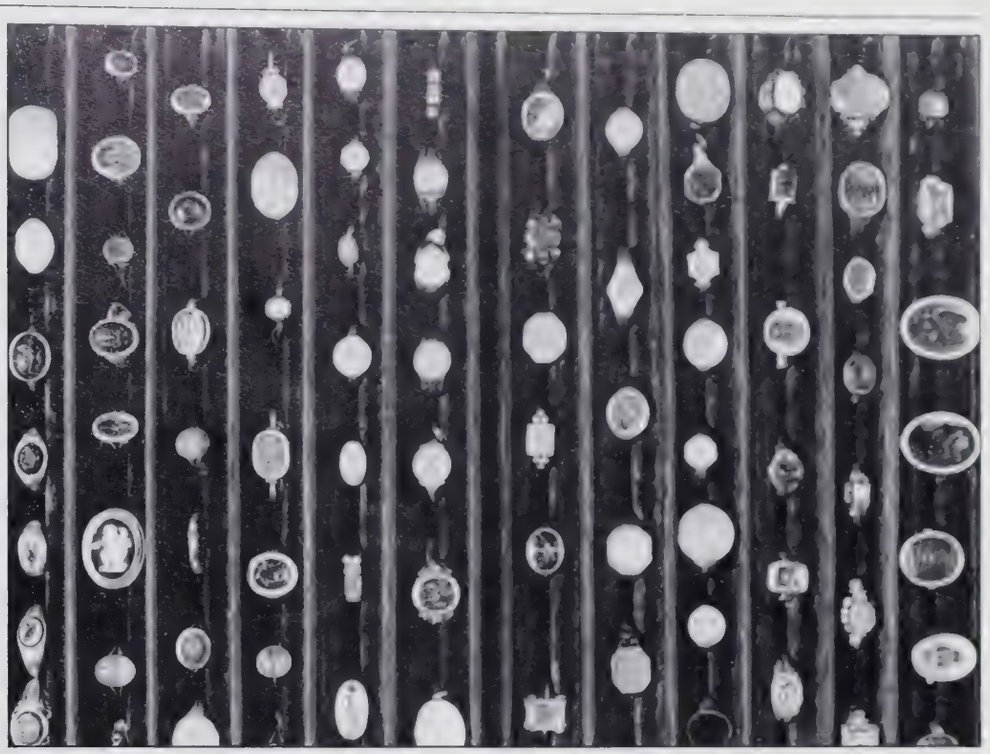
PHOTOGRAPH BY IAN YEOMANS

Martin Norton, with his sons Jonathan and Nicolas, surrounded by treasures in what they disarmingly call their "shop."

Although the gallery's letterhead proclaims, "Silversmith, Jewels, Antique Plate, Bijouterie," it is nonetheless surprisingly difficult to specify what S. J. Phillips actually deals in. "Anything we take a fancy to," says Martin Norton, which usually means something both opulent and rare. Among the bibelots you can expect to find there are the finest English and foreign silver, snuffboxes (for which they have a particular passion), Renaissance objects of art, and jewelry, both modern and, especially, antique. (They claim to have the biggest stock of antique jewelry in the world.)

The public part of the shop consists of two very large rooms lined with showcases full of glittering objects. Martin

Edward Lucie-Smith, the noted English art historian, recently published his fifty-eighth book.



Part of the Harari collection of antique rings and engraved stones.

Norton generally sits at a table somewhere in the middle—chatting, joking, consulting with his sons, his nephew, and their salesmen—affably controlling his empire. On some days the place is a hive of activity; on other days it is quiet. But the welcome is always courteously informal. "People expect to come in here as a social call," Martin Norton says. "Of course, if they find something, it's nice." He prefers private customers who shop chiefly for enjoyment. He is strongly against collecting for investment purposes. For him, collecting is not about money or knowledge (though both are useful); it is about instinctive reactions, and above all, about pleasure. He applies the same criteria when he himself is the buyer. "You have to make up your mind instantly, and not be swayed by other people's opinions."

The inner sanctum at S. J. Phillips is the firm's dining room, tucked away in the basement of the shop. Here Martin Norton holds court every weekday lunchtime. To be invited to lunch is an accolade, and a still greater honor is to be asked to say what you would like to eat. A recurring feature is particularly good smoked salmon, perhaps washed down with Gewürztraminer and followed by a fine roast of veal. One never quite knows whom one will meet at table: a well-known Milanese dealer in gems, maybe ("This is the man for rubies," says Martin, introducing him), or someone quite unconnected with the antiques trade.

The talk at lunch flows across all sorts of subjects and is occasionally interrupted by messages from upstairs. An Indian dealer would like to see Martin when lunch is over; or someone is offering an object over the counter. If the piece sounds interesting it is brought down. Martin hands it round to the boys. "How much do you think?" he says, using shop code. "ABFG?" "No, ABCG," says Nicolas or Francis. "Yes, you're right. Offer him no more than that." Sometimes, too, Martin Norton will ask that a recent purchase be brought in

the guests to admire. These can be exotic indeed. On one occasion it was a *zarf*—a holder for a coffee cup—entirely covered in diamonds, which had belonged to the last sultan of Turkey.

Martin Norton finds it difficult to isolate his personal preferences. Does he prefer antique jewelry to modern? "It's hard to say. You see something old and you're enthusiastic. Then someone comes in with a fine-colored diamond, or a sapphire, and you have to respond to the wonderful color, the fact that it's a wonder of nature." Significantly, when asked to single out the one deal that most excited him, he reaches back to 1935. "We bought the Burdett-Coutts jewelry collection. There were three sapphire and diamond brooches which had very probably belonged to the French crown jewels. The biggest sapphire, a fine Kashmir, was approximately 130 carats." Why does he remember the occasion? The same stone arrived back at the gallery in recent years.

This story prompts a comparison between dealing in the 1930s and dealing now. "It's not the same, whatever people say. During the slump it was hard to sell anything, even the really good things. Now it's hard to keep anything good—it's the average things you can't sell."

[illegible] transactions are [illegible] the case at S. J. [illegible]

more than it does a temple of high finance or even of culture. Martin Norton isn't the kind of dealer who disguises himself as a museum official. Quality frankly excites him—he responds to exquisite craftsmanship a bit like a child offered ice cream. S. J. Phillips has recently handled two famous collections of antique rings and engraved stones: the Harari and Ionides collections. The Ionides collection was shown to me still in its original case. Martin was soliciting reactions. "Which do you think is the finer—this or that?" *This* was a superb Etruscan gem, probably cut by a Greek artist from Ionia for an Etruscan patron. *That* was a sapphire the size of an English shilling, with an intaglio head of Poseidon on it which may be the work of Alexander the Great's personal engraver. My preference was for the sapphire. Martin Norton immediately started to argue—partly for the fun of it, partly as a way of eliciting information, settling things in his own mind.

Martin Norton studies not only the objects he deals in but the nature of his customers as well. He is a kind man, but little escapes him: "You'd be surprised how many men come in here and buy good things for their wives, but much better things for their girl friends," he says almost gleefully. Above all, he gives the impression that he is having tremendous fun—playing a game, exercising a skill, and always enjoying himself. Occasionally he takes a holiday, but he is always reluctant to go away. He doesn't want to miss the excitement. Someone may be offering ice cream. □

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HER MAJESTY'S STAMPS

PHILATELY ON A REGAL SCALE

BY STEPHEN FAY

The finest stamp collection in the world is housed in a ground-floor room in a private residence to which a visitor is led by a uniformed footman. It is furnished with a desk, a table, bookcases, and chairs, but there is no sign of stamps. These are hidden away, in hundreds of red, blue, and green leather-bound volumes and loose in filing cabinets. The owner of this collection is Queen Elizabeth II, and the room is one of over 600 in Buckingham Palace.

The keeper of the royal philatelic collection is John Marriott, a retired schoolmaster, who treats questions from a philatelic innocent with a mixture of amused tolerance and authority. He himself has been collecting since he was a boy, but his long experience of philately—as stamp collecting came to be called when it became respectable—has not diluted his boyish enthusiasm.

My first question to him was clearly one he had heard often and grown weary of. No, John Marriott does not know how many stamps are in the royal collection, and, no, he would certainly not hazard a guess about its worth. Much of it is unique, and since it is not for sale it is priceless. Where, then, I asked, with such unquantifiable riches around him, would he begin in describing it?

Marriott replied that he sometimes began with two stamps from the former British colony of Mauritius, a volcanic island in the Indian Ocean. One of the two stamps, he tells me, was a favorite of King George V, whose heartfelt passion for philately created the collection, and it is John Marriott's favorite too: an 1847 Twopence Blue

Holed up in Buckingham Palace, John Marriott cherishes the unique and priceless stamp collection.

"Post Office" Mauritius, unused.

It was printed only seven years after the first postage stamps, bearing the head of the young Queen Victoria, were issued, in 1840. They were known as the Penny Black and the Twopence Blue. Since they were the first postage stamps in existence, the British did not think it necessary to mention the name of the country of origin; they still don't.

By 1847 Mauritius had decided to adopt the mother country's postal system, with rates of one penny per ounce for letters delivered within the limits of the capital, and twopence per half ounce for those outside town. Eager to mail invitations to a ball, the governor's wife was the first to use stamps. A local engraver, having been commissioned to make two dies closely approximating the design of the Penny Black, engraved "Mauritius" on the right side, but on the left, where "Post Paid" should have appeared, made the mistake of engraving "Post Office." The one-penny stamp was printed in orange red, the twopence in blue; a thousand were engraved before the improperly designed die was changed. Because only twenty-six survived, they are two of philately's prized rarities—even more precious if unused.

By January 1904, Prince George, the eldest surviving son of King Edward VII, had been an ardent stamp collector for fifteen years, and when an agent reported that a superb unused specimen of the Twopence Blue was to be auctioned, the prince, far from rash by nature, told him to bid freely. He paid the highest price yet for a single stamp: £1,450. If it were to come on the market today, it could be worth £240,000.

Stephen Fay writes for the Sunday Times *of London. His most recent book is* Beyond Greed.

*The monarch can accept or reject any stamp design containing his likeness. George V (*rex et imperator*) approved a 1916 issue from the West Indian colony of Montserrat.*

As stamp collectors, British monarchs have a special advantage: their faces appear on many of the stamps in the collection, and a king or queen may accept or reject any design containing the royal portrait. Original designs of British colonial and commonwealth stamps are often returned to the monarch—a sound method for building an unparalleled collection.

The collection gained much through the use of this unique privilege. Most early collectors were schoolboys, and emphasis was on quantity and colors; the value of rarity was to come only later. By 1862—twenty-two years after the first stamp was issued—there were enough collectors to justify publication of a stamp catalogue, and the hobby attracted some of Queen Victoria's children.

It is not certain which of them began a collection, but because he later became honorary president of London's Philatelic Society, the most likely candidate is the queen's second son, the duke of Edinburgh. Whoever it was, the government stamp printers were asked to provide him with specially printed specimens of the famous Penny Blacks.

When opening the first London Philatelic Exhibition, in 1890, the duke of Edinburgh spoke of his nephew, then a young naval lieutenant: "Today Prince George of Wales starts—nay, probably has started—from Chatham in HMS *Thrush*, to the command of which he has been appointed. He is also a stamp collector, and I hope that he will return with a goodly number of additions from North America and the West Indies."

And indeed Prince George did. The duke of Edinburgh's collection later went to his nephew. Four stamps can be positively identified from it: a Hong Kong ninety-six-cent yellow brown, a New Zealand one-shilling imperforate, a St. Christopher one-penny lilac rose, and a

A shade of difference in a stamp's color can make a big difference in its value. Collectors use color guides, like this one, to help make such determinations.

Two of the rarest stamps known to philately the Twopence Blue and, affixed to an envelope, the Penny Black, both printed in Mauritius in 1847, with "Post Office" instead of "Post Paid" on the left.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFFREY SHAKERLEY

Right: A faintly Oriental Queen Victoria on a Hong Kong issue, one of four stamps from the duke of Edinburgh's original collection, begun in the 1860s.

Sierra Leone sixpence imperforate.

Prince George's passion did not moderate as he matured. When he was being tutored in constitutional history by a Mr. Tanner, his biographer, Harold Nicolson, notes, "It must be admitted that the visits of Mr. Tanner to York House are recorded with less frequency than those of Mr. Tilleard, the philatelist." By the time he married, in 1893, the prince was an ardent member of the Philatelic Society, which made the royal couple a wedding present of a collection of 1,500 varieties of stamps.

When his father became king, in 1901, Prince George was made prince of Wales, an event celebrated on a Canada sixpence. Until 1906 he included stamps from the whole world in his albums, but then he decided to specialize in unused British Empire stamps. Thus the special character of the collection was firmly established, and so it remains.

The prince became George V in 1910. With a philatelist as king, it was no longer possible to dismiss stamps as a schoolboy's pursuit. Between 1906 and 1936, when he died, he devoted two hours, three afternoons a week, to work on his collection, concentrating on filling the gaps. Among his acquisitions were twenty-three important collections, and when the great Henry (brother of Joseph) Duveen collection was broken up, the king had first pick, with the offer of preferential prices.

At his death, the king's collection of British Empire stamps was virtually complete—except for the British Guiana 1856 one-cent black on magenta, a unique example that an American bought for £7,343, and certain gaps in the issues from Ceylon and the Canadian Atlantic provinces. The royal collection does, however, include a New Brunswick 1860 five cents, displaying the head not of Queen Victoria but of the province's postmaster general, Charles Connell, who had decided to commemorate himself. The queen was not in the least amused, and Connell's vanity cost him his job. A few New Brunswick Connells reached the market and became collector's items.

A block of four of the original Penny Blacks, issued in 1840 and, below it, a Penny Black specially printed for the duke of Edinburgh's collection twenty-five years later.

The king, like all philatelists, was very serious about the rules of the game. He disapproved royally when he discovered that one of his early purchases, a Bahamas one-penny imperforate, had been cleaned—a nicety that true collectors abhor. He even found himself accused of a greater crime: having broken up a large block of celebrated threepence New South Wales stamps known as Sydney Views. But he was not the guilty party. The block, from the Duveen collection, had been cut up by a dealer because it was creased. The king bought the largest remaining part of the sheet, a block of nine. More modest unused blocks of four were his greatest delight as a collector, a preference that set a fashion among others.

The king was an able philatelist, knowledgeable about design and production as well as rarity, though the historian of the royal collection wrote that he "would not have judged himself an expert." This sounds like modesty on a majestic scale, but unlike most collectors, the king had the assistance of his own philatelist, the keeper of the royal stamps. During most of his reign this was Sir Edward Bacon, whose frequent winter colds prompted the king to present him with a new coat, complete with fur lining and astrakhan collar. Between them, they used the monarchy's unique wealth and authority to compile in 325 red-leather-bound volumes the finest single collection of stamps in the world.

With the accession of his son, George VI, in 1936, the color of the leather bindings changed to blue. In 1938 Sir John Wilson succeeded Sir Edward Bacon as keeper and remained for thirty-one years. His monumental book *The Royal Philatelic Collection* was

A block of Twopence Blues, issued in the year of the young queen's marriage, 1840.

On a watercolor sketch of the Britannia de-

A pair of triangular stamps from the Cape of Good Hope, 1861. The one-penny stamp should be red instead of blue.

completed shortly before the king's death in 1952. The new king, like his father, inspected the design and received color proofs of all new stamps; his collection of British and colonial stamp proofs was even more extensive than his father's. During the Munich crisis and again for the duration of the Second World War, the collection was removed from Buckingham Palace to a safer place.

The war produced one curiosity of more than philatelic interest. In January 1940, when the Anglo-French alliance against Hitler still held, a letter to the *Times* suggested that this unity ought to be commemorated by a stamp. Within days the French minister of posts had written to the British postmaster general commending the idea. The king, when approached, proposed a dual portrait of himself and the French president. On June 13, 1940, he approved the design, but by that time France was being overrun by German armies, and nine days later the joint stamp became one small victim of Marshal Pétain's surrender to Germany. The original prints of the stamp that never was survive in one of the blue-bound volumes of the royal collection.

The glamorous additions in those postwar years often came through luck rather than philatelic skill. There is, for instance, a block of four Jamaica 1953 one pounds that exists in no other collection (except for a single specimen kept in the British Library). Having received royal approval, this stamp was printed and the specimen block of four sent to the palace. Then the Jamaican post office withdrew it. This raises the philosophical question of whether a stamp that has never been used to mail a letter is still a stamp.

When John Marriott took over, in 1969, he found that although the George VI British and Commonwealth collection was complete, few of the stamps had been mounted in albums; none of the Queen Elizabeth II collection was mounted. (Wilson had concentrated on Victorian stamps. "He thought stamps ended in about 1890," says Marriott.) The task of mounting all these stamps would be not merely daunting but impossible. So, Marriott specializes. He has brought up-to-date the collections from Jamaica, St. Lucia, St. Helena, and British Guiana, for example, and has begun to toy with countries like Fiji, Cyprus, and the Solomon Islands. "The problem is that even the stamps issued between 1952 and 1969 would need 1,500 volumes, and you would need about double that for stamps from 1969 to 1982." Such stamps as have been mounted during the queen's reign are in green leather.

The British post office has greatly increased the number of new issues. Scarcely a month passes without the appearance of a stamp to commemorate something or other. This may be entertaining for the bill-paying and letter-writing public, but these stamps have less appeal to the collector than the rarities of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—unless they contain an error. Modern gravure printing cannot match the work of the skilled engravers it has displaced.

Though it is an unusual privilege to visit the palace collection, the queen and her keeper are not miserly about sharing it. One of John Marriott's most important functions is to draw on the collection in preparing the opening display of the Royal Philatelic Society every September. But imposing as the royal collection is, it seems unlikely that modern royal philatelists have so much simple fun as some of their subjects do. One of the best-known British collectors has this explanation: "The Queen won't swap." Possibly, of course, because there is so little missing from her own collection. □

Original prints of a stamp never issued: a design to commemorate the French-British alliance against Hitler in 1940.

The New Brunswick postmaster general who featured himself instead of the queen on this stamp lost his job.

A VEGETABLE KINGDOM

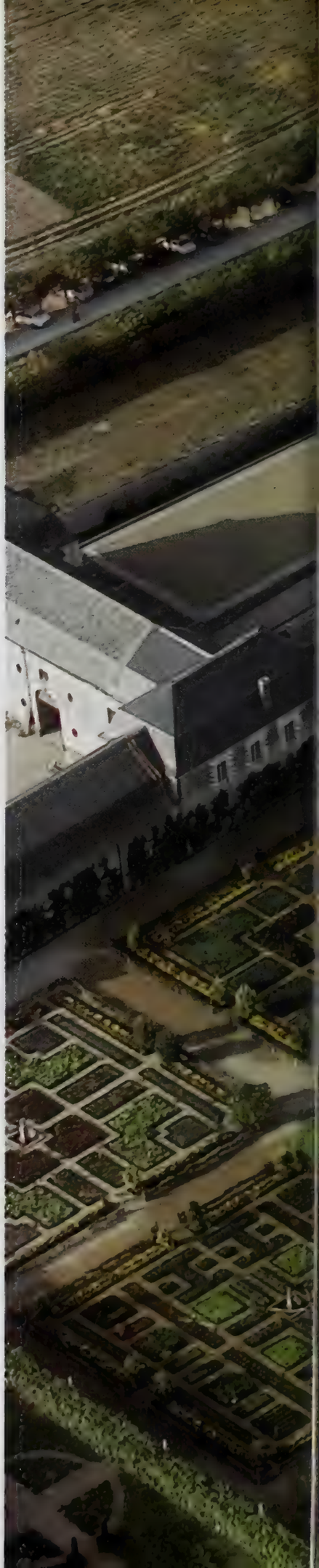
AT THE CHATEAU OF VILLANDRY A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GARDEN OF MAGICAL ENCHANTMENT HAS BEEN RE-CREATED

BY CHARLES LOCKWOOD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN BUDNIK

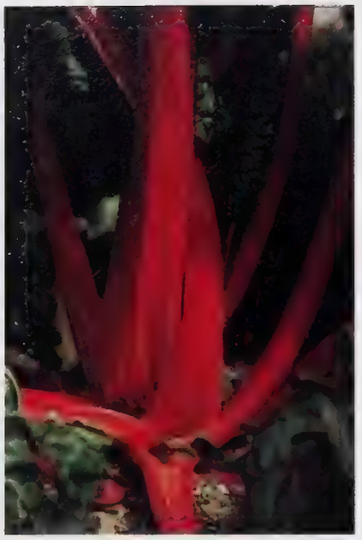
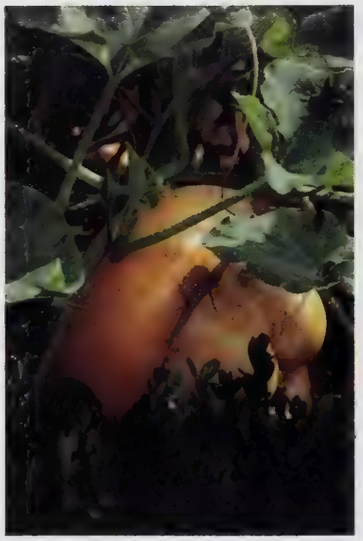
As châteaux of the Loire valley go, Villandry, on the left bank of the Cher River, ten miles west of Tours, is run-of-the-mill, neither the oldest, the grandest, nor the heaviest-laden with history. And yet it is one of the greatest drawing cards in this tourist-haunted region, less for the sake of its fine French Renaissance architecture than for its leeks and cabbages and lettuces and beets. They do not grow like yours or mine. Instead they are planted, along with other delicious vegetables and fruits—squash, sorrel, mustard, and spinach; rhubarb, strawberries, apples, and pears—in severely formal beds, within borders of box, cosseted, groomed, almost burnished, it would seem, to an ideal perfection transcending the homely order of the vegetable kingdom.

This is the only Renaissance-style garden in France, and Villandry the only sixteenth-century château to be visible in the sort of setting originally intended for it. In Italy, where the Renaissance garden first abolished the confining walls of the small medieval garden in which vegetables and medicinal herbs were cultivated, many examples still thrive—at the Villas Medici, d'Este, Lante, Aldobrandini, Orsini (Bomarzo), and others—with their profusion of fountains, terraces, and commanding views declaring man's new ordering of nature.

In France, during the sixteenth century, the Italian model was eagerly copied. King Charles VIII brought the great garden designer Pacello de Mercogliano to create Renaissance gardens for him at home; Louis XII and François I, inspired by what they saw during their military campaigns in Italy, brought in more designers and craftsmen. Later, in the seventeenth century, the formal French gardens, serenely symmetrical and totally controlled, designed by André Le Nôtre, and still visible at Vaux, Courances, and Versailles, put the seal of French taste on the exuberant Italian inspiration, clarifying it to a matchlessly elegant essence.



Villandry, dominated by the nine squares of the potager; *bottom right, the pleasure garden; adjoining the château, the garden of love.*

The sixteenth-century French Renaissance gardens, however, survived only on paper until Villandry was re-created, at the beginning of the twentieth century. The château and its grounds represent the dream of a family that has made Villandry its life work through three generations. Dr. Joachim Carvallo, who bought the great estate in 1906, first restored both house and gardens; now his grandson, Robert Carvallo, has reaffirmed the original vision in terms of the financial realities of the late twentieth century.

Château Villandry was built in the 1530s by Jean Le Breton, who served as François I's ambassador to Italy and secretary of state, finding time to supervise construction of the king's vast palace at Chambord. To create Villandry—then known as Colombière—Le Breton razed a medieval fortress except for its castellated keep, and on a stone platform in the moat erected a three-story château around three sides of a paved courtyard. With its arcades on the ground floor of the forward wings, its mullioned windows set between richly carved pilasters, and its ornamented dormer windows in the steep slate roof, Villandry is a striking example of the French Renaissance style. By its disdain for perfect symmetry, it avoids visual monotony. The two forward wings are not quite the same length and meet the central block at slightly obtuse angles. Even the windows of the middle block are not aligned exactly on center; shadows fall on the façade in pleasantly varied patterns.

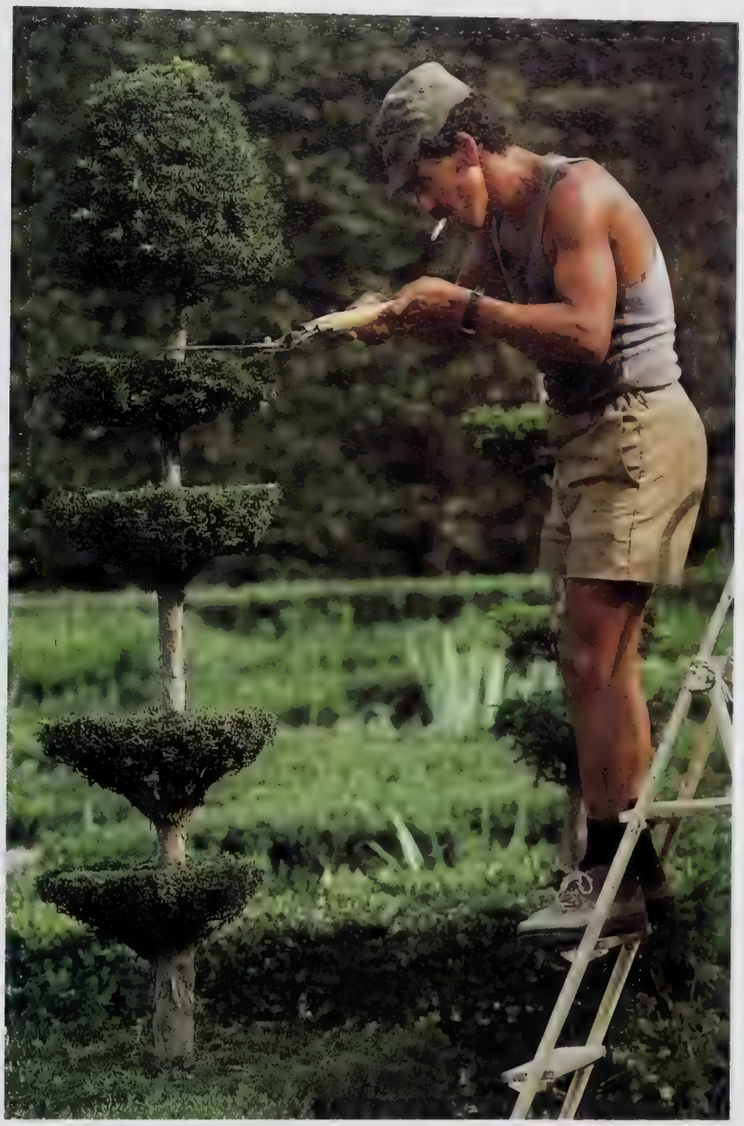
Taking advantage of the stream-fed valley between the château and the village of Villandry, Le Breton laid out Renaissance-style gardens on three different levels: at the foot of the hill he placed the *jardin potager,* or vegetable garden; above it, the ornamental gardens; on the topmost ground, behind the château, a lake to collect stream water before it flowed into the moat and irrigation system on its way to the Cher.

From the beginning, Villandry's gardens, especially the *jardin potager,* were well known. In a letter to the pope written in 1570, the cardinal of Aragon spoke of having seen "finer salad vegetables" during a visit to Villandry than in the papal gardens at Rome. But nearly two centuries later, in 1754, when the marquis de Castellane acquired Villandry, the Renaissance château and gardens both looked grotesquely old-fashioned. Modernizing the estate to meet prevailing tastes, the marquis gave the house a neoclassic façade and plowed under the Renaissance gardens in order to plant an English-inspired "natural" landscape.

In this condition, the estate was bought by Dr. Carvallo, a Spanish-born physician from Paris, and his American wife, Ann Coleman, a Bryn Mawr graduate and Pennsylvania steel heiress, who had met her husband when she came to France to study medicine. Villandry altered their lives. As they learned about the smothered Renaissance architecture and the buried gardens, they began to dream of restoring the estate to its original appearance. Working with a hundred men at a time, Carvallo removed the additions and filled the empty moat. In the twelve-acre grounds, he unearthed Le Breton's stairways and terraces, as well as the outlines of some of the planting beds.

But his efforts to restore the gardens to what they had been in the sixteenth century got no further than this, because the original plans were lost. Without these records, it could never be known, for instance, what kinds of shrubs and flowers had grown where. Using the excavated stairways and terraces as an authentic framework, Carvallo constructed the gardens in a typical Renaissance manner, taking his designs from J. Androuet du Cerceau's *Les Plus Excellents Bastiments de France,* published in 1576. Cerceau was gardener to François I, and his book was illustrated with plans of Renaissance gardens throughout France—though not Villandry. When Joachim Carvallo died, in 1936, and his son François began managing the estate, the grounds were much as they appear today.

Charles Lockwood is the author of Dream Palaces, *as well as four other books on architecture and history.*



Now, as in the sixteenth century, the pièce de résistance is the *potager,* where the cultivation of the common cabbage is an art form. Separated from the château by the canal-like moat and appropriately located on the same level as the original kitchen and outbuildings, the vegetable garden measures exactly 110 yards on each side and is divided into nine identical squares, each one arranged around a small central fountain where the gardeners used to dip their watering cans before the sprinkler system was installed. Each square is surrounded by a knee-high trellis to which apple and pear trees, relentlessly pruned, have been espaliered. Each is laid out in a different pattern of nine-inch box hedges filled in with a multicolored tapestry of vegetables. In some, the beds form a checkerboard; in others, frets or symmetrically placed rectangles and L shapes. Cabbages and Solaise leeks are blue green; there is the red of certain cabbages and lettuces, the purple of spinach beets; sorrel and chives are bright green, Poitou leeks and summer lettuce, yellow.

"Because we use only manure and compost as fertilizer, we rotate the geometric patterns so that the same combinations of vegetables don't appear in the same square for three years," says Robert Carvallo, an unassuming, earnest man of about forty-five, who grew up at Villandry but now lives with his family in a smaller, sixteenth-century house near Chinon. He is a thoughtful, practical, unpretentious man, and nothing escapes his notice as he strides around the terraces, making mental notes about things to be done. His passion for the gardens seems almost boundless as he dashes up ramps to show visitors a better view or reaches down to pick up an anomalous piece of litter without breaking his stride or pausing in midsentence.

"Although we use a computer to plan these changes in the *potager,* my wife, Marguerite, prefers to figure them out herself. Actually, she is the one who makes Villandry function. She's here every day, while I work at a bank in Paris during the week." Marguerite Carvallo, a spirited, dark-haired woman, has plenty to keep her occupied in the *potager* alone. Every year in mid-March the four gardeners plant out 30,000 seedlings that have been raised in the greenhouses. Between June 15 and 25, they harvest this spring crop and plant 40,000 summer vegetables. These are more colorful than the spring plants and generally last until mid-November, because the garden is protected on the north and west by the château and its outbuildings.

Along the stone wall at the southern end of the *potager,* four stairways lead up about six feet from this first level to a second tier of terraces, the pleasure garden. Here, intricately arranged boxwood hedges reflect the Renaissance fascination with symbolism. In the three squares at the top of the stairways, the three-foot hedges of boxwood represent various musical themes. In parterres on the same level, lying on the other side of the moat, the box is trimmed in Basque, Languedoc, and Maltese crosses, with solid monochrome plantings of tulips, dahlias, or forget-me-nots filling the spaces in between.

The large square adjacent to the main floor of the château is divided into four parterres, each representing a different kind of love—in Tragic Love the box is cut like daggers and swords and surrounded by blood red flowers; Adulterous Love is symbolized by love letters, butterflies, and fans, outlined in box and filled with yellow flowers; in Passionate Love, the box is [illegible] broken hearts, filled with solid fields of red flowers; Tender Love is represented [illegible] parated by the orange flames of affection.

Villandry has only four gardeners. clipping the 160 yew trees by hand in

During the hot glare of noonday these ornamental gardens can be examined in the pleasant shade of grapevine pergolas, which enclose the pleasure gardens on the terraces of the second tier, or in pleached alleys of clipped lime trees, forming leafy tunnels that follow the garden walks. For a better view of Villandry, one can climb the ramps, past the pond in the water garden on the third level, to the even higher tree-shaded terraces on a fourth level, cut into the wooded hillside behind the château. From the uppermost belvedere, visitors can see the whole estate and read the intricate patterns of the gardens, so difficult to comprehend when one is walking through them. At this height, it is possible to perceive the garden's overall design, with the stongly marked box enclosures around the nine vegetable beds, the broad gravel paths, the glitter of water, and the subtle play of color. It is even possible to grasp the fact that the lime-tree promenade is over a mile long, and that if all the little boxwood hedges were run end to end they would stretch on for a distance of more than eighteen miles.

Villandry has not always looked so good from the hillside terraces. "When my father, François, died, in 1972," says Carvallo, "the situation had become quite terrible. He was not a businessman. He cut back on the maintenance, and the gardens looked ragged. I thought about selling Villandry but realized I couldn't. It would have been like selling a member of my family or part of myself."

Robert Carvallo had fallen under Villandry's spell, but unlike his grandfather, he has no vast family fortune to draw on. Instead, he and his wife have devised a gradual repair program to be financed out of the admission receipts. "Today it's not enough just to love a place like this as my father did," Carvallo says. "Now you have to make it pay for itself as well. So, we opened Villandry every day of the year from sunrise to sunset without even closing for lunch. We couldn't afford to miss a single visitor, because we had thirty-six lost years to make up."

Although the Carvallos were at first apprehensive, their plan is working. In 1971, the year before they started managing the estate, 60,000 visitors toured Villandry. Ten years later, in 1981, the attendance figure had risen to over 200,000. Now they can afford to do more than just maintain and repair the gardens. In 1982 a herb garden was planted and new slate roofs installed on the outbuildings. Last June they spent 200,000 francs (about $40,000) to replace 34 yards of decaying concrete balustrades put in by Joachim Carvallo in 1910. They have another 240 yards to go.

"On weekends, when I'm home from Paris," Robert Carvallo says, "I often climb to the belvedere near sunset, because that's the best time of the day to see the gardens. But it really takes an entire year for some someone to know Villandry completely—that is, to watch the vegetables grow from tiny points of color to their full size, or to see all the different flowers we set out among the hedges in the ornamental gardens over the season. Probably my favorite time of the year is late August or early September, when the summer vegetable crop is full-grown and the roses are blooming. But then again, there is something that deeply pleases me about the winter, especially after a snowfall. If I get here early in the morning, before visitors have made too many footprints in the pathways, all I can see is the green box hedges poking out of the pristine blanket of snow."

The strict patterns visible in a bird's-eye view are lost track of as a visitor wanders through the seductive mazes of the potager.

FORTUNY

The high drama of timeless fashions

Mariano Fortuny (1871–1949) tried to live the life of an artist, not a fashion designer. At his home in Venice he painted, sculpted, designed for the stage, and created lush, decorative fabrics. But he earned his greatest éclat for the classic gowns he made with his own hands and sold throughout his life.

"Because of the simplicity of his designs," says the fashion designer Bill Blass, "his dresses are truly ageless." Moreover, his designs changed little from year to year. And because Fortuny would never explain or document his techniques for dyeing and pleating silk, his clothes cannot be duplicated today. Those that remain are treasured collector's items.

His earliest clothing designs were for dancers' costumes, and all his dresses were meant to emphasize the female body in movement. "They shimmer as the body moves," explains the noted fashion authority Eleanor Lambert, originator of the Coty Awards and author of the syndicated column "She." "He brought real drama to fashion. Fortuny's dresses were definitely fantasy wear."

To capture the electric theatricality of the master's vibrant designs, *Connoisseur* asked dancers from the New York City Ballet to pose in Fortuny originals. The photographs on the following pages are eloquent testimony to the Fortuny mystique.

Arrival or departure? Carole Divet wearing a Delphos of mousseline de soie, bordered with printed gilt, trimmed with Venetian glass beads, its sleeves laced with silk cords.

BY HIMILCE NOVAS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY HEISLER

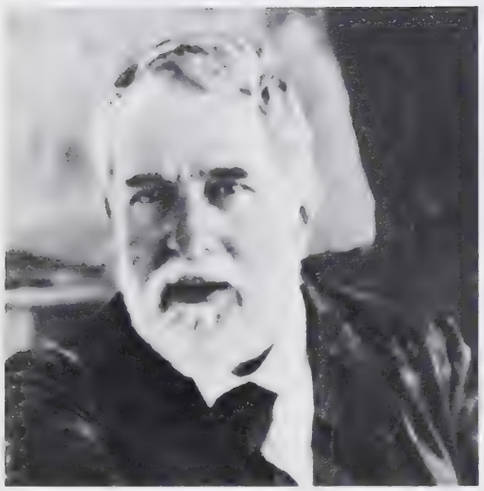
Tangoing in a sleeveless Delphos trimmed with Venetian glass beads and, worn over it, a tunic printed with a gilded foliate pattern: Lourdes Lopez and her partner, Kipling Houston.

A dying swan? Antonia Franceschi (right) wearing a pink Peplos, its tunic weighted with Venetian glass beads.

An extraordinary Delphos with V neck, draped sleeves, and corded belt, and over it a stenciled velvet chlamys fastened with Venetian glass beads, buoyantly worn by Lourdes Lopez.

Parting in style: a sleeveless Peplos is worn by Carole Divet, its tunic weighted with glass beads. The coat of velvet is printed with a gilt Renaissance pattern, its padded edging with silver.

THE MASTER OF ANTIFASHION



Mariano Fortuny y Madrazo, 1871–1949.

Fortuny never dreamed of being remembered as a fashion designer. Rather, he dreamed of fluid forms, of the beauty of classical antiquity, and of draping the female body, set free from mandatory corsets, as though it were a rare and precious objet d'art.

He saw himself as a Renaissance man. He painted; he sculpted; he designed stage sets for plays and operas; he created textiles. For him, art was a religion, and dance was one of the most compelling goddesses in his private pantheon. It was perhaps this special reverence for dancers that led him to become one of the world's most remarkable fashion designers.

Mariano Fortuny y Madrazo was born in Granada, Spain, in 1871. His father, a painter, died when Mariano was three, but the family had money, and his mother moved Mariano and his sister first to Paris, then, in 1889, to Venice. Fortuny lived there the rest of his life, amidst Venetian paintings and classical sculptures that were to influence his creations in later years.

He also drew inspiration from the neoclassical tradition of Victorian painters like Albert Moore and Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, as well as from the great Italian masters Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Paolo Veronese, and others.

Himilce Novas, the former editor in chief of Officiel/USA *magazine, writes on fashion and art.*

Because his dress designs grew out of classical models and never changed, Fortuny created fashion that was antifashion from 1906 until his death, in 1949. His Isadorables (dresses inspired by his favorite dancer and client, Isadora Duncan, and her troupe of young pupils) and his exquisitely pleated silk-satin dress, the Delphos, spoke out against the businesslike practicality of designs by Chanel and the fitted styles of Balenciaga.

Fortuny's earliest clothing design was a large rectangular veil to be worn by dancers onstage, which adorned the body without dressing it. The idea behind this creation was to liberate a woman by allowing her to move as freely as "a dancer in flight."

The idea of liberating women's dress was not new, but Fortuny was apparently influenced by some of the avant-garde philosophies of his time. The reformers of dress at the turn of the century argued that women's clothes should be both functional and "hygienic," which meant not only clean but unrestricting as well. Yet few designers of the times, with the exception of Fortuny and Poiret, ever really upheld their cause. Poiret turned the reformers' ideas into fashion that changed from year to year. Fortuny championed the reforms not because he was "modern," but because he loved the simplicity of classical Greek designs and the allure of the female silhouette.

Yet he loved fabric even more. As an artist, he was fascinated by the texture and look of silk, and he invented a device

Fortuny's studio on the first floor of the Palazzo Orfei, in Venice.

for pleating that transformed the fabric and made it stronger. He patented this invention in 1909 but took to his grave the secret of how to use it. He mixed rich, brilliant dyes and dipped imported Oriental silk with his own hands, time and time again, before pleating. The result of his revolution in lines and fabrics was called the Delphos, a dress so distinctive that even today designers like Mary McFadden and others produce designs that seem to echo it in myriad ways.

The Delphos undulated horizontally and changed in color according to light and movement. It was suspended from the shoulders and clung to the body. Other designers made the waist a gown's focal point, not the shoulders, and used fabric to conceal the body rather than reveal it.

Fortuny's Delphos was pure simplicity. It was sewn in a cylindrical shape with holes for the head and arms. The original, which first appeared in 1907, had batwing sleeves, but later Fortuny added short and long sleeves, and even a few sleeveless designs. The Delphos had a wide bateau neck and a cord that allowed the wearer to adjust it to the shoulder. An optional silk belt, printed with geometric or other decorations, usually went with it. All dresses reached to the floor; Fortuny preferred that they cover the feet. The overblouse was always sewn to the Delphos and was made of the same silk and color. The ends of the dress were irregular, and the borders were finished with a series of small Venetian glass beads in different colors. The dresses were stored by being first rolled lengthwise, twisted tightly from both ends into a ball, and then placed in a tiny box that preserved their pleats and their shape. Dancers—from Isadora Duncan to Martha Graham—have reportedly worn the same Fortunys for generations.

Dancers were not the only women to wear Fortunys. Bluestockings, society ladies, and lovers of art and fashion who could afford the equivalent of $125 in those days took the Delphos to heart when entertaining at home. (The dresses were never meant to be worn in public.) Today, Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper, Tina Chow, Eleanor Lambert, and many other fashionable women still wear and treasure their Fortunys. Some have been sold at auction. Sotheby's reports that a December 1981 sale brought $3,325 for one Delphos.

By every standard of fashion design, Mariano Fortuny was unique. "He was more an artist than a designer," says the fashion designer Oscar de la Renta. He was, in the end, a couturier malgré lui, boundlessly in love with art and [illegible] male silhouette.□

TRUDE FLEISCHMANN

Virginia Traini de Alonso: "Mariano's dresses were like a perfume one wore."

A connoisseur of Fortunys

Young, beautiful, rich Ginetta Traini Huck was honeymooning in Venice when she acquired her first Fortuny gown, in 1921. It was an aqua Delphos. When she tried it on, she recalls, "I cried with joy, 'How marvelous!' " A short time later she bought another in "old gold," and over the years, another and another, until she had a collection of ten pleated-silk dresses and five velvet coats. "Mariano's dresses were like a perfume one wore," she remembers, "like my own skin. They were a part of me."

Fortuny, she says, told her that she was his only client who understood which [illegible]ory to wear with the Delphos: ancient chokers and earrings from her native Dalmatia. "Some of the ladies—especially the [illegible]es—wore pearls with their Fortunys, but that was all wrong," she maintains. "You cannot wear pearls with a Fortuny. [illegible] rounded only for slim figures. "You must be like a Greek statue, because you can't wear anything under it—I wore only a little silk triangle." She also deplores the current fashion of wearing Fortunys with bare feet. "Those dresses were longer than your body. You were supposed to look like a statue. You wore high sandals with them—Ferragamo made them for me."

Now eighty-two and a painter, she is known as Virginia Traini de Alonso and lives in Manhattan with her five remaining Fortuny dresses and three coats, all in perfect condition. Fortunys, she believes, are classics—but they are not for everyone. "They were only for very rich women," Mrs. Alonso says. "You had to have the right house, your car and driver, a throw of sable and chinchilla. They are not something to wear to make breakfast for your husband." —*Patricia Lynden*

FORTUNY'S OTHER SECRET

Countess Gozzi knows the secret of Fortuny fabrics, but she won't tell

PIERGIORGIO SCARLANDIS/BLACK STAR

Elsie McNeill, Countess Gozzi, unrolls a bolt of the printed Fortuny cotton fabrics she continues to manufacture. The dresses ceased to be made after 1952.

BY REGINA NADELSON

"The countess's boat is here for you, Madame," the page boy announces.

The scene is midsummer magic: Venice, the sun going down behind the Salute, across the Grand Canal from the Gritti Palace Hotel, once a doge's palace, where I have slept in a splendid room whose windows are swathed in many yards of creamy Fortuny fabric. With its special, subtle luster, it is probably the loveliest fabric on earth, and—for a while more, anyway—it is being produced on the Giudecca at the Fortuny factory, run by the elderly, American-born Countess Elsie McNeill Lee Gozzi. She has been running it since the death of Mariano Fortuny, in 1949.

I have, in fact, come to Venice to meet the countess. Or, rather, to court her. She is, it is said, an ambitious and haughty woman, reluctant to see the press. It was she who, single-handed, saved Fortuny's work from oblivion, who indeed made his fabric the most exalted yard goods on earth, though Mariano Fortuny is probably best remembered for his pleated-silk gowns.

"The countess's boat is waiting," the voice gently repeats. I saunter out onto the terrace, trying for nonchalance, and descend into the motor launch, noting that an American flag flies at the bow, the Italian red, white, and green tricolor at the stern. The fat chauffeur revs up the engine. A few minutes later, Venice recedes and we arrive at the Giudecca. The black iron gates of the Fortuny compound open. I walk into a self-contained village set amid corridors of rose trees, magnolia-scented walks, a profusion of marguerites, old statues, and arbors, all carefully cultivated in the best "careless" manner of a fine English garden. At its edge is a rustic summer pavilion, and waiting there, her little whippet, Nicky, fretting beside her, is Countess Gozzi.

Now the widow of Count Alvise Gozzi, she is tall and slim, almost spare, with fashionably coiffed gray hair, and she wears a simple, printed silk shift, a string of pearls, and a cardigan over her shoulders. Her face is handsome and angular; it has a lot of what is called "character." There is resolute dignity to the posture, which, along with the suggestion of great force of will, gives her the "presence" she is known for. She is also quite alluring, whatever her age: seventy-four, eighty-four, no one knows for sure. Nico Passante, the general manager of the Gritti and one of Venice's most experienced people watchers, calls her "a very sexy woman."

Regina Nadelson is a free-lance writer specializing in design and travel.

Raised in a genteel household in North Carolina, Gozzi began her career as a New York decorator in the twenties, when she was still Elsie McNeill. At that time, interior design meant a little arranging, a little selling, a little shopping, and a lot of socializing, which hardly prepared her for the events in 1949, when she found herself with a barely operating factory in a foreign country that was still trying to recover from the war. "The roof leaked, the gutters were rotted," she recalls, "and there was almost no stock." Fortuny, whose business associate she had become, had died without a successor waiting to run the company, and his widow begged Gozzi (who would herself soon be widowed by her first husband, Humphrey Lee) to take over. She did so, and she was, as it turned out, more than equal to the task; she modernized the decaying factory, preserved the quality of the Fortuny fabric, and made the business as prosperous and esteemed as it had ever been during Mariano Fortuny's lifetime.

It required a kind of defiant audacity for this young woman to take on such a job. That is perhaps why some people find her obdurate, imperious, and recalcitrant, just as others find her intriguing, charming, and hospitable. What really haunts people is that no one knows who will take over Fortuny after she dies, for she is its sole owner.

Gozzi is absolutely in charge; she zealously protects the secret of the processes for dyeing and printing fabric that Mariano Fortuny worked out more than half a century ago. As she leads the way from the gardens through the corridors of the factory—but not into its inner sanctum; no outsider is ever admitted there—one realizes that much more is at stake than a few techniques or this factory or her New York shop. Fortuny has a vast and passionately devoted clientele, ranging from Queen Beatrix, of the Netherlands, to Philip Johnson and Greta Garbo. Countess Gozzi is keeper of the Fortuny myth and perpetuator of the notion of art made available by the yard. She alone knows how to make those radiant cotton prints, with their rich nuances of color and shading, which give them the look of silk or brocade.

After visiting the factory we go into her *palazzina,* next door, with its honey-colored floors, and climb the spiral staircase to a pretty drawing room full of fine English furniture, yellow Fortuny fabric, and yellow roses in a glass bowl. The nigh

Right: A sumptuous Fortuny sil[k] stamped in silver, from the Mu[seum]

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MORRIS

watchman hovers near at hand, waiting to be useful. ("He barely lets me go to the bathroom alone," the countess whispers.) Her servants adore her; she knows how to treat them.

There we talk before dinner, and Gozzi tells me how she worked to make a success of the Fortuny business, how she worked twelve hours a day mixing the paints herself, and how she restaffed and restocked the factory. She traveled to and from America to drum up business and at the same time began to assemble a collection of Fortuny's other work—paintings, drawings, furniture, the dresses (only a few were made after his death)—which made possible the spate of exhibitions during the Fortuny revival of the late seventies. Today the factory keeps in production at any given time about fifty of Mariano Fortuny's five thousand designs.

Later we motor back to Venice and disembark. A bunch of Americans who have recently met her at a party (she goes everywhere—balls, parties, auctions—and puts in a full working day the next day) rush over to her. She greets them with a charm that is ever so slightly haughty.

At Harry's Bar, that Venetian institution where everyone goes to see what everyone else is doing in a city devoted to gossip, she is ushered ceremoniously to the best table: her table. A bottle of Dom Pérignon appears. "The only sensible drink," she notes, "if one's to do a full day's work, don't you agree, dear?" She places constant emphasis on work and has a puritanical passion for it: work is business, work is pleasure, work is what makes Fortuny—and Gozzi—run.

Paradoxically, this woman, who is a very *grande dame,* seems eager to chat, to relax just a little. It is as if she has been put too long on a pedestal, and though she has come to like the position, might possibly like to get down from it once in a while. She is, after all, an American. She reminisces about her father, whom she adored and who gave her two pieces of sound advice: "Never work for anyone with less money than you; and always take note of really beautiful things with an extra dimension."

"My mother was nearly fifty when I was born and I hardly knew her," she says, "but my father took me everywhere—to Europe, on the Orient Express, in fact, the real one." She has been on the new Orient-Express, owned by James Sherwood, who also owns the Cipriani, a ho-

Left: Silk velvets printed with motifs that are based on traditional Renaissance and Oriental designs, from the Museo Fortuny.

tel on the Giudecca whose rooms are furnished with, naturally, Fortuny.

The conversation turns to London and Claridge's, where she stays; to New York, where she keeps an apartment, and the music and friends she misses there; then, with wicked humor, to whether Englishmen or Italians make better lovers (Englishmen). Finally, there arises the touchy question of a successor.

"It's terribly difficult to find anyone to carry on. People say to me, 'I want to come to work to add to my knowledge,' not 'I want to work very, very hard.' It's all very discouraging," she says and leaves it at that. The subject is clearly closed.

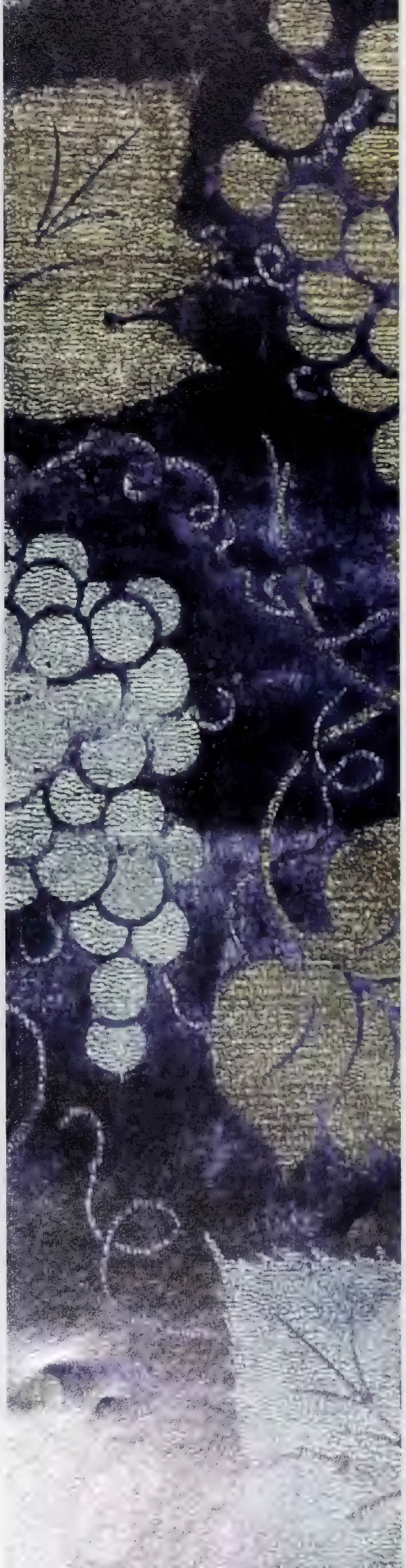
It does seem odd that no arrangements have been made to carry on the business. Gozzi is, after all, not an artist but a competent businesswoman who has dedicated virtually all of her adult life to Fortuny's success. Perhaps there lies the reason. She nurtured the business, fed it, raised it. Maybe she would rather see it disappear than risk letting it go wrong.

Guillermo de Osma, the author of the standard biography, *Mariano Fortuny: His Life and Work* (Rizzoli), feels a new person would be "too far from the source. Because the materials are works of art, transmittal of the talent to create them just is not possible. It worked with her because she was close to Fortuny, but you can never really re-create an artist's work. I don't find it sad that it may all go with her."

Meanwhile, much of the fashionable world is willing to wait six months for delivery, if necessary, and worries whether the next order may be the last. That it does so is a testament not just to the beauty of the fabric but also to Gozzi's shrewd business sense. Like Fortuny's life, hers is part hard work, part theater, and part salesmanship. She claims she hates publicity, and, as is often noted, Fortuny never advertises. But even that is part of her keen, subtle public-relations sense—the sort the British royal family knows all about.

Gozzi has added to Mariano Fortuny's unique yard goods her own sumptuous aura: the private garden, motor launch, Dom Pérignon, aristocratic manners, bursts of wit and merriment. When people buy Fortuny, for the price of the fabric they get a piece of the legend.

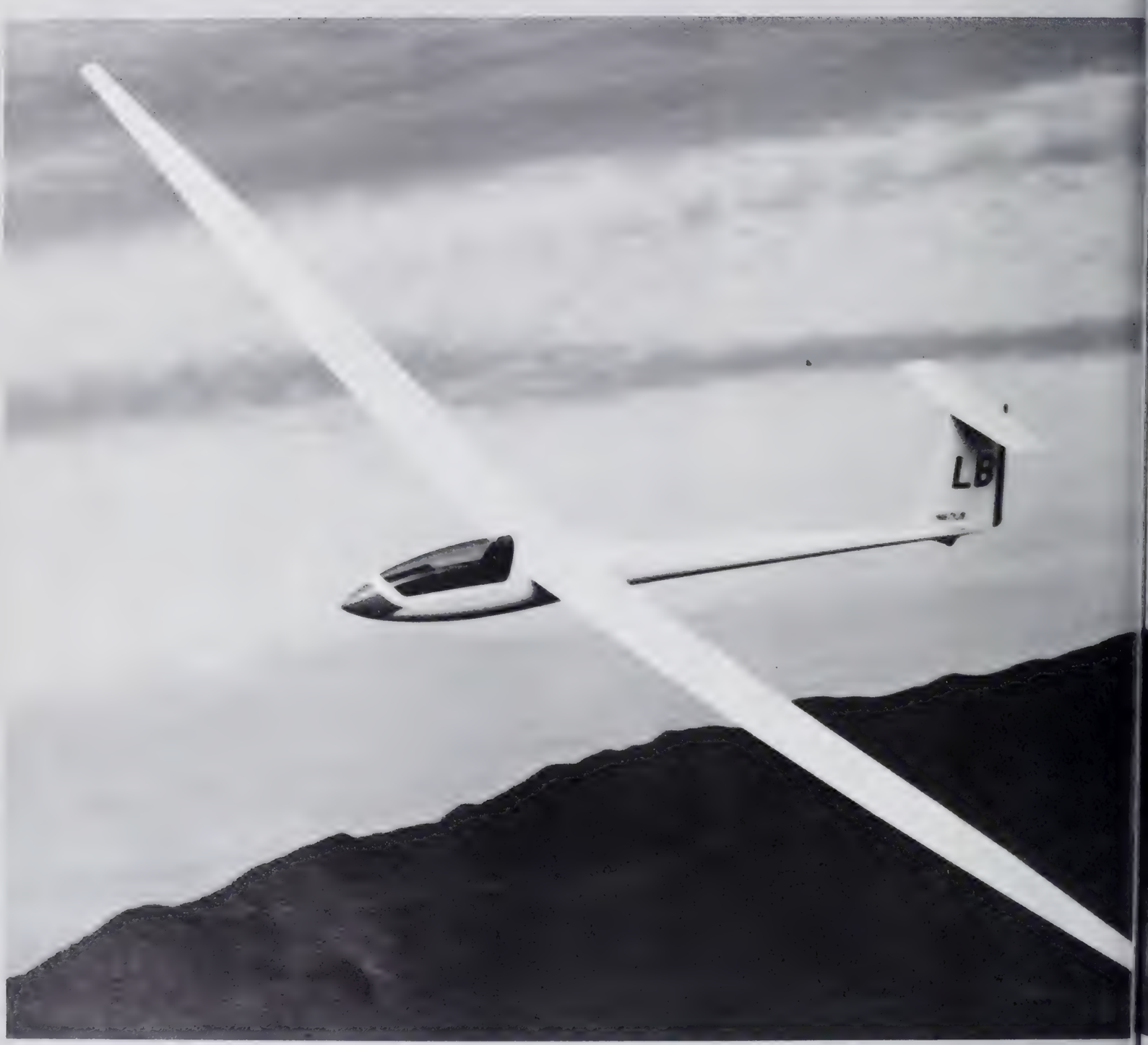
"You know," says the countess, finishing her wine, "I really wasn't going to see you at all." Why then did she, I ask? "Well," she says, grinning, "I decided that, after all, you had a job to do, too."



Right: Printed silk velvets like these possible to make after the midthirti

THE SEARCH FOR PERFECTION CAN TAKE SINGULAR ROUTES—SOMETIMES 50,000 FEET UP, IN THE ULTIMATE SAILPLANE

BY PETER GARRISON/PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN



WHEN THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

"It used to be that most of the good ships were competitive with each other. Now, if you don't have one of these, you might as well not even show up. A poor pilot in one of these will always beat an expert in anything else. It's a shame, really."

Al Leffler, a tall, thin, laconic man of fifty-two whose Ventura, California, company, Navigation Services, Inc., provides offshore locating services for oil-exploration ships, is speaking about a white sailplane that rests on the wet grass a few yards away. It is one of only ten of its kind in the United States—there are thirty or forty others in the world—and it belongs to him. His words betray an ambivalence when he talks about his Nimbus 3, an almost guilty feeling that the airplane is too good.

The Nimbus 3 is an airplane of uncanny beauty, but it's hard for the eye to take it in. You have to get close to it to appreciate the [illegible] precision of its seams and joints and the almost optical smoothness of its surfaces; but you have to walk a little distance away to absorb the breathtaking length of its bladelike wing, more than eighty feet from tip to tip and on the average only two feet wide and less than four inches thick. At the front of its slender, tubular fuselage a sleek pod expands to accommodate, in a spartan cockpit, the pilot, who lies supine in order to minimize his frontal area. There is not a bump, not a ripple to disturb the orderly slide of air from nose to tail. The history of aviation's efforts to come to terms with the resistance of air seems to have ended here.

Sailplanes like this are the most romantic meeting places in the love affair between pilots and the sky. Soaring has its technologically inclined adherents, but it is really the most spiritual kind of flying;

Since 1896, motorless flying devices have evolved from the oversized kite, right, to the invincible Nimbus 3, made of graphite with a wingspan of eighty feet.

After almost twenty-five years in competition soaring, Al Leffler is awed by the powers of his Nimbus 3. Its ability to convert altitude into distance is thought to reach the aerodynamic limit.

it reaches the brain by way of the heart. Competition soaring, on the other hand, is increasingly scientific. Once a test of a pilot's intuition about the air and his ship, it has now come to involve calculations so abstruse that they are commonly entrusted to onboard computers.

Competition soaring is a sport whose practitioners are few because the equipment it requires is so costly. A complete rig like Leffler's, with trailer, instrumentation, and miscellaneous support equipment, costs $60,000. Leffler is a dedicated competition pilot: he had no choice but to buy the best equipment.

Design improvements increased the capabilities of the airplanes in a smooth, steady progression until about three years ago, when a new material called graphite fiber came into use. Its physical properties were so far superior to those of the glass fibers then in use that the sailplanes made of graphite—there are only two basic models at present—rendered all other models uncompetitive. An entire generation of giants fell at once.

To grasp the significance of the introduction of graphite—chemically, much the same stuff as coal, diamonds, and pencil lead—one must understand a little about what makes sailplanes perform. Built to stay aloft without an engine, making use of air currents to gain altitude, soaring planes were first developed in Germany after World War I, because the Treaty of Versailles forbade the manufacture of powered airplanes. As the efficiency of sailplanes grew, what was born of necessity became a sport, and the competitive tasks were repeatedly redefined. First, the aim was to go the longest distance from the starting point; then, to be the first to a stated goal. Eventually the ships were good enough to stay up all day long and to go so far that recovering them for the next day's event became a major inconvenience. Today's competitions are defined by speed around a closed course, usually several hundred miles in length.

Sailplanes stay aloft by spending more time in rising air, called "lift," than in still or descending air, called "sink." Getting around a closed course requires finding lift, climbing in it, and then gliding through sink as far as one dares before hunting for new lift. The ability to convert altitude into distance is measured by the term "*L* over *D*"—the ratio of lift to drag. An L/D of 30 means that, in still air, the ship can glide thirty feet forward for every foot it sinks. Twenty years ago, 30 was a highly respectable L/D. Ten years ago, 40 was still a magic number. Five years ago, people talked about 50 as only slightly more reachable than Shangri-La. The Nimbus 3 has an L/D of 60.

There is a limit. No one knows for sure what it is, but the general feeling is that there isn't much farther to go.

Two elements influence L/D. One is the "cleanness" of the sailplane's aerodynamic shape and surface; the other is the span of the wings. All the best fiberglass sailplanes are already as clean as they can be while still accommodating the pilot. But even with an infinite wingspan, L/D's much higher than 60 are unattainable, so long as the pilot must be a full-sized human being as opposed to a microcomputer chip.

The three major classes in soaring competition are determined by wingspan: standard, fifteen-meter, and "open" class. In open class the wingspan is limited only by structural considerations, and with the materials in normal use—aluminum or glass fiber—what limited spans was wing flexibility. A too-limber wing doesn't hold its aerodynamic shape well under flight loads, and, worse, it can flop to excess in flight.

Then came graphite. Created by burning delicate synthetic fibers in an oxygen-free atmosphere and woven into a cloth resembling black fiberglass, it was one-fifth as flexible as glass and stronger than high-tensile alloy steel. It cost about $100 a pound; but in the rarefied atmosphere of world-class competition soaring, cost doesn't matter. The two major German sailplane manufacturers seized upon the material and built "superships" of nearly twenty-five-meter span. Schempp-Hirth's Nimbus 3 and Schleicher's AS-W22 today compete head to head. The differences between them are virtually impossible to measure, but some who have tested both say the Nimbus 3 is just ever so slightly the better. Since their introduction, in 1981, the two ships have not merely dominated open-class competition; they have monopolized it.

Al Leffler ordered his Nimbus 3 in the beginning of 1981 and received it in July 1982. Hardly having flown it and not yet having installed its panel instrumentation, he took it to the national championships, near Dallas, in the first week of August. He sat in the back of his motor home assembling his instrument panel while his wife drove. He himself was national champion in 1976 and now placed fifth in a field of five Nimbus 3's and two AS-W22's; the capabilities of the ships were, in his opinion, "indistinguishable."

Leffler's soaring career has spanned almost twenty-five years. He and a friend bought their first sailplane in 1960 and rebuilt it; it was sufficiently changed that they dubbed it a "Leffler-McFarland LM-1." He participated, with only moderate success, in regional competitions, in that ship and in its successor, an Australian-built Boomerang. Late in 1969 he bought his first German fiberglass ship—despite many private American efforts, the best ships come from Europe—and for the first time placed in the top ten in national competition. He owned the Schempp-Hirth Open Class Cirrus only briefly. But he found himself outclassed again. "I would wait until something really did good, and then I ordered it. But by the time I got it, there was something better." In 1975 he bought a Nimbus 2. The ante was going up, and the value of the German mark with it: the Cirrus had cost $8,000; the Nimbus 2 was $22,000.

Leffler was now deeply immersed in soaring, flying 75 to 150 hours a year, traveling as far away as Australia for competitions, spending two weeks at the nationals and two weekends at the annual regional contest. In addition to his national championship, in 1976, he won six out of eight western regionals between 1975 and 1982. He was a top contender. And then, in the beginning of the eighties, the graphite superships came along.

When Leffler talks about his Nimbus 3, one senses a mixture of pride and regret—the feeling one often is aware of in people who possess, in a certain category that they love, the best in the world. It's a sense of being at the end of a road, of having no worlds left to conquer. But surely, you say, technological improvements don't simply stop overnight. There's always the unexpected. Couldn't a sailplane built of boron fibers—even stronger, stiffer, and much more costly than graphite—be still better?

You're not sure if it's just the idea of what such a thing would cost, or that he thinks the Nimbus 3 is too undemocratic an extravagance already; but Al Leffler's answer comes quickly: "I hope not."□

The cockpit is a sleek pod designed to leave only enough room for a prone pilot, so that the airflow over the plane is unhindered.

Peter Garrison, who writes frequently about aviation, prefers to fly planes with engines.

Some great collections are built by art advisers, others by learned connoisseurs. Belle Linsky just bought what she likes.

THE NATURAL

BY GARY GRAFFMAN/PHOTOGRAPHS BY SETH JOEL

On the main floor of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, just off one of those cathedral-like galleries filled with medieval furniture and tapestries, lies a dimly lit vestibule. To the south, a little-used staircase leads up to twentieth-century paintings. Straight ahead is a wide door, as blank as an emergency exit except for a prison-cell grating across an opening well above eye level, a disproportionately small doorknob, and a heavy Sargent lock. What awaits beyond? At the moment, nothing—just an unused storage area spacious enough to accommodate a good-size family with all its earthly possessions. But by June 1984 the vast, gloomy, empty space will be completely transformed into a series of seven intimate rooms. It is here that the extraordinary collection of Jack and Belle Linsky—over 500 exquisite objects of European decorative art, sculpture, and painting—will be housed. The now-forgotten corner of the Met will become one of its splendors.

The Linsky collection consists mainly of small, finely wrought, precious objects—Renaissance bronzes and opulent jewelry; goldsmith work and ornately mounted cups; priceless French furniture; Italian, French, German, Dutch, and Flemish paintings; and over two hundred eighteenth-century porcelain figurines from the most famous western European studios, as well as the rarest porcelains of Russian and Danish manufacture. The works are of such high quality that their value is put conservatively at $60 million. Indeed, Philippe de Montebello, the Metropolitan Museum's director, could barely restrain his glee when the gift was announced, last March. "We've known and coveted the collection for at least twenty years," he said triumphantly. It is "one of those grand collections people don't aspire to now. The level is superb, and it includes many consummate masterpieces."

The works of art were amassed by the New York couple over a thirty-five-year period. To pay for each piece, they dipped into their earnings from Swingline, Inc., the stapler and staple manufacturing company that the Linskys founded as Parrot Speed Fastener in 1925 and sold in 1970 for a reputed $210 million.

What makes the collection even more astonishing, notes William Rieder, associate curator of the Met's Department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts, is its range. The Linskys had the "sensitivity and taste to collect brilliantly" in every area of European art, he says, especially admiring Belle Linsky's ability to select the finest example of whatever she chose. "She has a 'natural' eye," Rieder explains. "It's so much above the average level of people who collect and spend all their days reading and studying and consulting endlessly with experts. The Linskys didn't do any of that. They just went out, saw things they liked, and said, 'Right! We'll buy it!'

"And what I find is so wonderful is that they did it not for any extraneous reasons, but because they really loved those objects. They weren't trying to show off, they weren't trying to establish themselves socially—they entertained very little; she was raising a family; and during the day they went to what she calls 'our stationery business' and made staples. They just loved [illegible] the pieces [illegible]

[illegible] Linsky, tiny and vivacious at

Gary Graffman, a renowned concert pianist and art enthusiast, wrote "The Man with the Last Word," in the October 1982 issue of Connoisseur.

sumptuous although now somewhat denuded apartment, a few blocks south of the museum. Arms akimbo, she surveys the desolation, her expression one of despair. Vitrines stand half-emptied; walls are bereft of pictures. Mrs. Linsky seems a bit dejected as she prowls restlessly through her home. "You're seeing this place in a terrible state," she apologizes, anxiously patting the waves of her white hair. Then she lets out a heartfelt wail. "The good things—the Met has all the good things! They didn't leave me anything!" She points to an empty wall. "This is out at the Met now—the earliest signed and dated Boucher known—and the mate to it is in the Stockholm museum, and the drawing is in the Louvre. And it is beautiful."

Even if Belle Linsky feels that her place is empty, she deeply desires to have "everything perfect" at the museum to honor her late husband, who died in 1980. She mourns him deeply—they were married for fifty-five years—and seems near tears when she speaks of him. "We were very close, we did everything together . . . and this is the place that's going to bear his name. So I want it to be something really beautiful," she says tenderly. "He deserves that." She shakes her head and briskly resumes the tour of remaining art objects. "So here's the Jan Steen that they're getting. This is a real beauty, wouldn't you say?"

She brightens up as she enters a bedroom. The objects still in place would, in any other home, constitute a major collection. "Now you'll see the most beautiful desk in the world! (There I go again with the superlatives!)" She points to a table with mahogany and kingwood marquetry, made around 1750 for Madame de Pompadour by the famed *ébéniste* Jean-François Oeben. "Is it the most beautiful table you've ever seen? I got it at an auction. There were two." She lowers her voice. "J. Paul Getty couldn't afford this one." She whispers, "He bought the lesser one, the poor thing." Full voice: "And the poor stationer bought this one!"

Circling the table, she marches onward through the apartment's fourteen rooms and many corridors, pointing out several Cranachs, a Hals, a Holbein, a Master of Frankfurt that "the Met is mad for," a couple of Brueghels, a Sassetta, a famous Crivelli Madonna (the center of an altarpiece of which the museum has, in its permanent collection, two wings), a large and vibrant still life by the eighteenth-century Spaniard Luis Meléndez, the earliest dated work by Rubens, an intricately inlaid commode by the German cabinetmaker David Roentgen, and the renowned, lavish ormolu and tortoiseshell commode by André Charles Boulle, the most celebrated of Louis XIV's furniture makers, which William Rieder describes simply as "one of the most important pieces of furniture . . . in the world."

Finally she settles down in a cozy sitting room, where a group of Russian porcelain figurines, soon to depart, still nestle in a glass-fronted cabinet. The figurines made in St. Petersburg during the 1770s and a little later, representing peasants, artists, and tradesmen, exude a distinctly Russian flavor. Large, rather flatly painted areas of exotic colors—green violets, bluish grays, and neutral tints depicting furs and leathers—combine with rather heavyset shapes.

The Linskys acquired their Russian porcelains in Paris "from a White Russian we met there in the forties right after the war, who took a liking to us and sold us, from his personal collec-

Belle Linsky among her treasures: she sits on a Louis XVI giltwood canapé by Sené under two paintings by Boucher.

A tiny Rubens, only 8 by 5½ inches: Portrait of a Man, Possibly an Architect or Geographer.

tion, one piece a year. Every year, just one piece—that was all we could get." The man's name was Popov. A Popov porcelain factory existed in Russia during the early nineteenth century; so, as usual, the Linskys had found the best source. "When I visited Russia a few years ago," Mrs. Linsky recalls, "I was invited to go to the warehouses of the museums. But they didn't have any eighteenth-century porcelain there. Of course not," she grins. "I have it!"

Although the Linskys began to make regular business trips to Paris, where they had a factory at just about the time when they met Popov, soon after the war, "we didn't really buy art at that time, yet," she explains. "The buying actually started here in New York." As it is for most working people, Saturday was shopping day for the Linskys. "We had to do our collecting on the run," she recalls. "Because if you were in the stationery business, well, there's no business in which you have to work harder. And we worked together. We were partners. We did everything together. And we had very little time."

Madison Avenue was a favorite haunt. "We'd take a walk and go into an auction room or a dealer and just walk around here and there, not looking for anything in particular." One Saturday, "I think it was in the early fifties, but I have a terrible head for dates," Mrs. Linsky spotted a Fabergé cigarette box. "It was $400, and I wanted it. I was a smoker then," she explains. "But Jack said—he was always looking for 'something better,' and if he was going to buy me a present it had to be the best—he said, 'Let's look around a bit more.' So we looked. And we walked into the Hammer Gallery on Fifth Avenue (that was before he became probably one of the richest men in the world, Armand Hammer, a brilliant man!), and they had a better box. We paid $1,100. That was a lot for those days, but it was for me, you know, so Jack said it had to be the best. I still have it." The acquisition of the cigarette box started the Linskys on a quest for Fabergé objects, which were not in vogue at the time, and before long their agglomeration of eggs, snuffboxes, flowers, and animals became "the second-greatest—next to the English queen's." The neophyte collectors were embarrassed, however, when their friend the late James Rorimer, director of the Met from 1955 to 1966, belittled their turn-of-the-century trinkets as a waste of money and of their collecting energies. They promptly sold most of the pieces. Shortly thereafter, the Fabergé revival began and, to Mrs. Linsky's fury, the same museum whose director had recently scorned her bibelots sponsored an exhibition in which many of the newly fashionable (and newly ex-Linsky) pieces were featured. Stung, Mrs. Linsky vowed, "Never again will I ask for or listen to any expert's advice!"

And she never did. "I bought on my own, from then on," she says. "And I don't even know what mistakes I made. Not many, if any. It's amazing. I just had a feeling. I don't understand how I come by it. Oh, I took courses at Columbia University—world history, how Europe developed, all about the wars—but never any art history. I just found the subject a bore." She grins. "I guess we were *action* people.

"Who cares, if you have this picture?" she continues. "Do you care what year it was painted, who bought it, who owned it, who owned it afterwards? Would you want to read about that? I don't care

Cleverly converting from table to desk, a table à transformations *made by Oeben and Lacroix for Madame de Pompadour.*

"Is this the most beautiful table you've ever seen? I got it at an auction. There were two. [Lowered voice] Getty couldn't afford this one. He bought the lesser one, the poor thing. [Full voice] And the poor stationer bought this one!"

Both Linskys were born in Russia. These Russian porcelains, made ca. 1780–90, are especially dear to Belle Linsky's heart.

about provenance. No, not even if I'm dealing with something that costs a lot of money. I've never had any interest from the monetary point of view. And no, we never upgraded our things, either. We loved them all."

While a remarkable eye and instinctive taste may be requisites for building a great collection, Mrs. Linsky does not minimize the value of her ability—and willingness—to outbid virtually any competitor, either private or institutional. "I paid good prices; I always paid," she maintains. "When I wanted something, I wouldn't give up." She is fond of recalling her victory over John Walker, former director of the National Gallery, in Washington, in acquiring at auction a small painting, *The Marriage at Cana,* by the late-fifteenth-century Flemish painter Juan de Flandes. "They already had one de Flandes at the National Gallery," she says, "and they tried to hang it, but it looked like nothing because it was so small. So when they saw that there were two more at this auction, they decided that three of them hanging together would be good. So Walker gets appraisals from the auctioneers, he gets appraisals from dealers, he doubles the amount, he goes to the directors, he's given the money to bid. And, yes, the first one he bought—the one I wouldn't buy. Of course, when mine came up, there was no stopping me, and I paid . . . I can't tell you. But he didn't get it—and that's his greatest disappointment. He wrote in his autobiography [*Self-Portrait with Donors*], 'I had a false sense of security, for I did not know that Mrs. Jack Linsky . . . a most discerning collector, had decided that she wanted [it]. . . . No one could have outbid Mrs. Linsky.' " She smiles a Mona Lisa smile.

The very scope of the collection, encompassing as it does such diverse facets

"When I visited Russia a few years ago, I was invited to go to the warehouses of the museums. But they didn't have any eighteenth-century porcelain there. Of course not. I have it!"

of European decorative art, makes it even more remarkable that two "working people" without advisers or scouts could have the time to seek out so many treasures. "It is surprising that they accomplished as much as they did," says Clare Le Corbeiller, another associate curator of European sculpture and decorative arts at the Metropolitan. "I think, to some extent, preselection comes into it, which is to say, once you're known as a discriminating, alert collector, you don't waste an awful lot of time. You're offered good things to begin with, and you don't have to wade through a lot of trash. And I think they were very frank about their likes and responses." Mrs. Linsky corroborates with a practical footnote: "Sure, when good things would come in, dealers would get in touch with us. Because they knew Jack Linsky would pay right away. He had a mania never to owe money. So they'd call Jack first."

A doorbell rings. Mrs. Linsky calls out, "Yes, Stephanie, who is it?" Muffled sounds, scrapes, and thumps. Stephanie's voice: "The people to take the pictures." Mrs. Linsky jumps bolt upright, flattening herself in front of a Virgin and Child by Joos van Cleve as if Bolshevik soldiers are marching down her hall. "They're not taking this!" she declares pugnaciously. "I'm living here! Nothing out of this room!" The tramp of feet becomes louder. Mrs. Linsky dashes off to do battle, single-handedly, with the intruders. She soon returns, laughing. "It was just the photographer who came to *take* the pictures, not take the pictures *away*!" She plops down with a sigh. "Sure, they'd like every-

A bronze bust, with gilt and silver, after a Bernini model—just over seven inches high, small enough for a coat pocket.

"That is very interesting. It's a fragment. But I can't think of the name... quattrocento? Don't ask me. You know I don't know anything. I really don't! All I know is, buy with love. Just like when you choose a husband. You better pick with love."

thing. But, you know, I have to keep some things."

Mrs. Linsky acknowledges that life will be simpler with fewer possessions. Antique furniture and works of art in New York apartments require constant attention. Humidifiers have to be attended to daily, objects dusted, drapes drawn against the sun, security systems checked. "I used to come home from work bone weary and I'd think of all the things I still had to do and I'd say, 'Belle Linsky, you must be crazy.' "

Although the Linskys had been pursued for years by museum directors eager to relieve them of their artistic burden, it was not until after Jack Linsky's death that Mrs. Linsky began to give serious consideration to this hitherto unmentionable subject. Clearly, the family was not prepared to undertake extensive curatorial duties: her two daughters, with children—even grandchildren—had busy lives of their own. So it was logical that the collection would thrive best in an institution with the means to care for it. A lengthy struggle, in which the Fine Arts Museum, in Boston, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Getty Museum, in Malibu, the Israel Museum, the Frick Collection, and the Metropolitan were prime competitors, ensued. The Metropolitan won partly because Mrs. Linsky decided that it could best maintain and display the collection, partly because "I love this city; we lived here in peace and comfort and happiness and made a success with whatever little business we did have, and I think I owe it something," and partly because "Douglas Dillon didn't dawdle."

Douglas Dillon, chairman of the Metropolitan Museum's board of t[illegible]

A rock-crystal cup made in Prague 1620–30. An earlier owner was [illegible] Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey.

persuaded Mrs. Linsky that the collection would be exhibited in close consultation with her—she was elected an honorary museum trustee—and further guaranteed that it would be kept together forever. This stipulation has caused disappointment at the museum, for it prevents the Crivelli centerpiece from being reunited with the two wings that the Met already has. On the other hand, two large Peruginos, *John the Baptist* and *Saint Lucy,* were donated separately by the Jack and Belle Linsky Foundation to the museum and are already on display. Keith Christiansen, associate curator of the Met's European-paintings department, explains, "The size and subject of the Peruginos were really not in harmony with the rest of the Linsky collection. But the Crivelli sits perfectly at ease with the rest of her pictures, and so she preferred that it remain with her other things."

Belle Linsky spends almost half of every year at the Florida condominium she and her husband bought after their retirement. There, the change of scene is total. "In Florida, I have windows from ceiling to floor. The floor is white. The walls are white. You put an old picture there and it looks like death itself! You have to have . . ." She backtracks a bit. "I never was interested in earlier things—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Oriental—no, I never could warm up to them. And most nineteenth-century stuff I detest." Surprisingly, she adds, "But contemporary things, yes. They're of my time. And I feel modern art very [illegible]ngly." She explains that her husband "would never even let me look at a modern artist's work." But one day, [illegible]

peek?" The request was granted. "It was just the colors—brown and white. So I asked, 'What's that?' and they told me, 'Jackson Pollock—you've heard the name?' and it took my fancy. I went back to the gallery the second day, and then the third, and then"—she laughs—"I bought it. And I came home and said, 'Jack, we've bought a Jackson Pollock.' And he, who'd never said no to me, said 'Whaddya mean, *we*? *We* have not bought a Jackson Pollock. *You* have bought a Jackson Pollock. I don't buy that crazy stuff. I don't want 'em laughing at me. Let 'em laugh at you.' Well, you know, when the apartment was finished, when he saw it for the first time, with the Pollock on the wall, I didn't know what he'd do. But he took a look." Pause. Fond chuckle. "And, you know, it wasn't so terrible." She laughs. "And, you know, he loved it, afterwards." There followed a Franz Kline, a Hofmann, a Degas bronze dancer ("My patina is the best I've ever seen"), and a Picasso.

"And now I'm getting very tired," says Mrs. Linsky, who looks as fresh as she did two hours earlier. "I used to be a powerhouse, but now I can only cope for a certain number of hours." Her springy step on high-heeled pumps belies the complaint as she click-clicks lightly through one of the corridors doubling as painting galleries, stopping now and then to greet remaining favorites. She affects innocence as she views a small Sienese panel. "Yes, that is very interesting. It's a fragment. But I can't think of the name . . . quattrocento? Don't ask me. You know I don't know anything," she reiterates. "I really don't!" She looks affectionately at the treasures still surrounding her and says, softly, "All I know is, buy with love. Just like when you choose a husband. You better pick with love."□

THEIR OWN INSTANTS

A CANDID LOOK AT POLAROID'S COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS

BY KENNETH BAKER

While vacationing in New Mexico in 1944, Edwin Land took a snapshot of his three-year-old daughter. When she asked how long it would be until she could see the picture, the idea of instant photography was born in Land's mind. Why shouldn't a camera be made that would process a picture after taking it? The question intrigued him. With the research resources of Polaroid, the company Land had founded in 1937 to make polarizing lenses and filters (also his inventions), he set about making instant pictures a reality. Ten years later, the company announced the first "Land Camera," capable of producing (with Polaroid film) a sepia print in less than a minute. In that moment, Polaroid was on its way to becoming a billion-dollar corporation.

Ah, but Polaroid's success is not yet sweet. While amateurs continue to demand the quick gratifications promised by one-step photography, professionals still have their reservations. Hans Namuth, for example, has some good words for Polaroid, but not precisely those its promoters want to hear. He tells the story of how an SX-70 camera helped him accomplish his recent portrait series of American Indians in the highlands of Guatemala. "The Indians were very shy of my camera," he recalls, "as if it were going to cheat them out of something. But with Polaroids I broke the ice. When I took snapshots of them with the SX-70, to show them what I wanted to do, the gift of the photograph itself won them over. After that, they were willing to be posed before my view camera." Like many photographers, Namuth also uses the one-step camera as a tool for preparing studio work. With it, he can "rehearse" a shot and make adjustments before committing himself to making a large negative with a conventional camera. "Polaroid is here to stay as a studio aid," he says, "but not for finished work."

Another noted photographer, Joel Meyerowitz, agrees. "The SX-70 is handy, but it has some drawbacks. It tends to be 'charged' by the strobe; its color can be off. Basically, it's a snapshot medium."

To counter the criticism, the brainy executives at Polaroid have been taking steps to convert the rising young generation of artists and professional photographers to the use of its cameras and films. One of their

Edwin Land in 1940, already a pioneer of science.

BRETT WESTON

The organic pattern of the elm branches contrasts with the geometric striations of the greenhouse's glass panels. Detail and tonal refinement are extraordinary. (1966)

RUTH-MARION BARUCH

This group of birds, reminiscent of Cartier-Bresson's candid shots of people in the street, isn't a Polaroid but is in the Polaroid collection. (1957)

EDWIN LAND

One of the earliest Polaroid photographs in existence: a portrait of the photographer Ansel Adams. (1949)

OLIVIA PARKER

A well-known photographer makes poetic constructions out of natural materials, recorded with a large-format camera. (1980)

ANDY WARHOL

Self-portrait. The Polaroid camera offers the perfect medium to this inescapable presence. (Ca. 1979)

LUCIANO FRANCHI DE ALFARO III

Pin-pricked paper, naked flesh, and a feather contribute to this beautifully textured work. (1980)

efforts is the administering of two collections of instant photographs, the larger and older of which is in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was originally formed on Dr. Land's initiative and contains pictures dating back to the midfifties, with a large proportion of black-and-whites. (The other, more recent collection, which is housed in Offenbach, Germany, is composed of recent works, principally in color.

Actually, the collection got its start in the early days of instant photography. Believing that the future refinement of his invention depended on continuous experimentation and exchange of ideas, Dr. Land surrounded himself with fellow researchers and photographers, such as Ansel Adams and Clarence Kennedy. "I wasn't thinking about making a lot of money," he said recently. "You know, W. H. Auden once said about why he wrote that people think you do it to become famous, when really you do it for your friends. That was how it was with us in those days. We were just a group of friends who were trying things out."

Whenever Polaroid developed a new-model camera or a new film, Dr. Land would ask Adams or Kennedy or other notable photographers to try it out, test its limits. The best results of their efforts formed the germ of a collection that now numbers about 4,000 prints. The contents of the collection seem to be little known to people outside the corporation, except for curators of photography from museums and universities, though selections are regularly shown to the public at Polaroid's Clarence Kennedy Gallery, in Cambridge. In fact, any interested person can arrange, by appointment, to see any picture belonging to the collection that is not out on loan.

What Dr. Land did instinctively, the company now does officially. Every year, Polaroid invites photographers to submit portfolios for review. Sherry Lassiter, director of the Kennedy Gallery, and other interested persons within the corporation, consult and take a certain number of photographers under a one-year contract, giving them the use of Polaroid film and equipment with the understanding that Polaroid may buy what they produce at prices whose limits are fixed in advance. (The company gets to take one picture gratis, and it agrees to buy others that the accession committee chooses, for $100 per print.) At one time, nearly fifty photographers were working with Polaroid on this basis during a given year. Currently, owing to budget constraints, the number has declined to seventeen. Perhaps these figures suggest that corporate management is growing cool to the use of contractual agreements as an effective way to promote the use of one-step photography among professionals. (The company is even considering discontinuing this practice altogether.) Even so, the increasing exclusivity of the contracts makes the photographers involved feel especially privileged when they are chosen to work with Polaroid.

What kind of results is Polaroid getting? How high are the standards of its collection? Some photographs are amateurish; others come close to attaining Dr. Land's own definition of greatness: "The breathtaking competence of the great photographer is to cause the object of his choice to be revealed with symphonic grandeur, meticulous in detail, majestic in illumination." Take, for example, a black-and-white print from 1966 by Brett Weston, son of the late Edward Weston. This untitled picture shows the exterior of an immense, antique greenhouse under an overcast sky. A tracery of bare elm branches falls into the foreground from above, black against the white sky. The veinlike, organic pattern of the elm branches contrasts with the regular white striations of the greenhouse mullions behind. The detail and tonal refinement of the original print are remarkable. It is plain that their perfection is what the photographer wanted from his subject.

But precisely these qualities are inexorably altered when the picture is rephotographed for reproduction. Indeed, Weston's picture points up the significance an instant photograph may have by virtue of its uniqueness. With the exception of two Polaroid films, each print made with a Polaroid camera is unique because the process produces no reusable negative. Like any other picture, a Polaroid print can be rephotographed, but at a cost. In Weston's picture, for example, the play between black and white, between surface pattern and spatial depth, is so beautiful as to account immediately for the photograph's making. In reproduction, however, a loss of information occurs. The point of the image seems to be the contrast be

JOEL MEYEROWITZ

From the *Red Head* series, taken at a party for redheads thrown at the Danceteria. Between 600 and 800 redheads were on hand, of whom these are among the less startling. (1983)

SANDI FELLMAN

A Rebours #12, from a series of delicately controlled still lifes. (Ca. 1981)

tween the elm's unconstrained natural growth and the rigidity of a structure built to contain vegetation. The singularity of the images in the Polaroid collection is thus one of its most distinctive features. In a great many of the images, the uniqueness of the prints often heightens the eventual quality of the photographic act.

Because of the way it has been assembled, the Polaroid collection reflects clearly no individual's taste or critical perspective. Looking through the collection is an exercise in guessing the criteria by which various pictures were chosen for acquisition, and in gauging each image against many others. The lesson of the collection's contents is that there may be—despite Dr. Land's informed penchant for a certain use of black and white—no ultimate criteria according to which photographs can be ranked critically. The possibilities of photographic imagery are too vast. The relations between technical values and image content are just too variable to make hard-and-fast judgments possible.

Although the images in the Polaroid collection tend to be strong on formal qualities, many of the pictures can be appreciated in terms of other qualities. Every photograph records an act of choice. Thus, the first and in a sense the last question about any picture is why it was taken. Since the true answer may never be known, what matters is whether a picture suggests any interesting possibilities. Some pictures explain themselves readily, as does, for example an untitled work by Robert Kolbrener. In the foreground is the inverted word *STOP* painted in white on a swath of pavement, a road that seems to extend miles into the desolate desert background, completely empty of traffic. The stop sign is so incongruous in its setting that the picture looks almost like the result of a double exposure.

Many other works in the collection reveal themselves only slowly. A particularly fine example is a print by Ruth-Marion Baruch from the so-called library collection, the 200-odd images in the archive that are not Polaroids. The picture is reminiscent of Henri Cartier-Bresson's candid shots of people in the street, only here the subject is birds. The photographer caught in close-up a group of grackles on open ground acting characteristically alert and gregarious. At first the picture looks quite pedestrian, but if you look longer the nuances of likeness and difference among the birds become fascinating. The picture turns into a kind of sympathetic group portrait, as if the photographer's shooting the birds were an act as instinctive as their demeanor.

Color images taken with the SX-70 camera form a distinctive subcategory within the Polaroid collection. Since 1972, when the SX-70 system was first marketed, it has attracted many artists and photographers who had never been interested in instant photography before. The highly saturated colors the film yields are not necessarily true to life, but they can be visually seductive in themselves. Many recent acquisitions to the collection seem to have been chosen because they demonstrate the peculiar color qualities possible with Polaroid's films.

Another appeal of the SX-70 system is that the emulsion on the surface can be manipulated as the print is developing itself. Manipulated SX-70 prints form a small but distinctive part of the Polaroid collection. On consideration, this seems entirely appropriate, since altering the surface of a print is one way of calling attention to the uniqueness of the instant photograph.

Some of the least conventional images Polaroid owns are of this sort. A recent picture by John Schwartz entitled *Winter Storm* makes the point. Apparently, this picture started out as a rather ordinary shot of cars disappearing down a tree-lined highway. But Schwartz has tampered with the print surface so that the sky appears to be filled with falling snow, which collects on the trees and whitens the road. Only a very close look reveals that the car nearest the camera has not been altered in appearance, except having its taillights brightened with dots of red. It glints under a hazy sunlight that is to be seen nowhere else in the "finished" picture. The "winter storm" is apparently chemical in nature and quite unphotographic in any conventional sense. The picture may not be the result of a one-step process at all, for it raises the questions of how far in advance the photographer conceived the final form of the image, and how many tries it took him to get the result he wanted. The unanswerability of such questions becomes part of the picture's interest.

Unless one has experimented with SX-70 prints, it is hard to tell what exactly has

been done to the manipulated ones. But tampering with the emulsions has become a way of turning what might be very banal images into pleasing or meaningful ones. One photographer, Gary Pelkey, took a very straightforward shot of morning glories on the vine and altered the chemicals on the surface of the print to produce delicate, wavy bands of light that run vertically through the image. Apart from the gloss of its surface, the resulting photograph resembles a color woodcut. Another photographer, Cary Wasserman, introduced ripples into the surface of a picture of a funky street corner to produce an image suggesting a state of intoxication.

Beyond offering such possibilities, Polaroid has a promising new way of making technology a common tool among professionals. Its relatively new large-format cameras are winning such acceptance that twenty-by-twenty-four-inch color prints are among the recent acquisitions to the collection. Photographers with markedly different styles—Barbara Kasten, John Pfahl, Sandi Fellman, and William Wegman among them—have turned out impressive color images in a Boston studio that the corporation maintains especially for large-format color work. The reason for their fascination with the big Polaroid is not hard to understand. Most large prints made from conventional negatives suffer from the enlargement process. Enlargement is the step that the large-format Polaroid camera eliminates, so the colors and detail of the pictures it produces sometimes seem richer than those of direct vision.

Photographers who have used the big camera have very different things to say about it. Those who specialize in still-life subjects, such as Olivia Parker and Sandi Fellman, find that it enables them to realize their elaborate compositions with unprecedented control and range. Others are still skeptical. Joel Meyerowitz concedes that "it's magic." But he adds, "The restrictions are such that the subject has to be a contrivance, an indoor still life. Outdoors it has real limitations. One has to tangle with the elements. The twenty-by-twenty-four studio setup is just too cozy. I think it makes photographers passive. It has to be said," he adds, "that whatever the shortcomings of Polaroid's technology, the company does its best by photographers." He plans to shoot a circus with the large-format Polaroid camera later this year.

Photographers are generally grateful to Polaroid for the freedom they have to experiment with the equipment. Barbara Crane, who uses eight-by-ten Polaroid film for shooting in the street, contends that the speed of one-step photography has accelerated her professional growth tremendously. "I'd say I've grown three years' worth in the past year," she says, adding that her domestic life has profited as well from the countless hours of darkroom time she has been spared by Polaroid media. Gabrielle Keller complains of the difficulty of handling eight-by-ten Polaroid equipment in the field because of its sensitivity to temperature and the amount of refuse it generates—all those pieces of film paper—but she considers its color quality unsurpassed by anything but the costly dye-transfer process.

Just as Polaroid's technology continues to get mixed reviews, so must its collection be rated cautiously. Perhaps the biggest problem is that no personal vision or curatorial aim guides the growth of the collection. As a result, it can be faulted for much stilted imagery and for some that merely reflects photography's ongoing debt to conventions derived from painting: portrait, landscape, and still life. On the other hand, the Polaroid collection has a consistent strength. It comprises singular artifacts; the relationship between each print's visual content and its physical uniqueness gives the images an important historic overtone not found in the lesser pictures in other photographic archives. Moreover, this historic quality is something the large-format camera seems to amplify. To look through a stack of twenty-by-twenty-four-inch color Polaroids by such photographers as Luciano Franchi de Alfaro III and Rosamond Wolff Purcell is to apprehend history directly. These are not prints with reusable negatives behind them somewhere; they are the complete photographic artifact. This is not what Dr. Land was thinking about forty years ago, but it certainly is a logical development of his idea of instant imagery, and one that promises to lend coherence and focus to his company's almost systematically haphazard photographs collection.□

Kenneth Baker wrote about the Vatican show in the October 1982 issue of this magazine.

ROSAMOND WOLFF PURCELL

A sort of collage: a crumpled sheet of handwritten music paper against a starry background. (1980)

BARBARA KASTEN

Construct PC/4-B. One of a series of geometric constructs in primary colors, suggestive of the 1930s. (1981)

CHRIS ENOS

A marvelously sexy examination of a flower. (1980)

JOHN SCHWARTZ

Winter Storm. What seems to be snow was achieved by chemical fiddling with the print. (1981)

ZEN AND THE ART OF EATING

JAPANESE
TEMPLE FOOD
IS VEGETABLE COOKERY
AT ITS BEST

BY ROBERT FARRAR CAPON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENRO IZU

My wife and I had taken the train from the center of Tokyo to the outlying section of Musashi-Koganei. Since it was a warm spring Saturday, we decided to walk the half mile to the small Zen Buddhist temple, the Sankō-in, where we were to have lunch. Every day except Thursday, the temple was open to the public and, under the supervision of its abbess and vice-abbess, meals were served in the strictly vegetarian *shōjin* tradition. We'd been told, too, that the Sankō-in's cooking and service were nothing short of high art. We were on our way to taste and see.

The approach to the temple was unprepossessing. The district it occupied seemed once to have been a suburb but had long since been swallowed up by the metropolis. Passing a cluster of stores and rows of cheek-by-jowl private houses and multiple dwellings, we followed our guide into a street no wider than a driveway and then turned down an alley behind a pink stucco apartment building. Suddenly, the weathered wooden gates and the evergreen-bordered paths of the temple grounds stood before us, reminders of an alternative way of life.

Once inside the temple itself, we entered another world and a different kind of time. Our lunch—a three-hour, fifteen-dish exercise in cross-legged leisure—was served in a tatami room on whose shoji screens the afternoon sun cast the slowly changing shadows of the trees outside. A charcoal tea-ceremony brazier occupied the center of the floor, and a single cherry branch in blossom stood in an alcove. Here the emptiness of things expected a fullness from its occupants; good food and good talk were called forth by a simplicity that no roomful of furniture could ever match. For the first time in my life, I realized what it meant for a party to be "furnished with guests."

The food? Let me introduce you to it stage by stage. First, by way of welcome, a sweet bean pastry and a bowl of whisked *matcha* (powdered green tea) were placed on the black lacquer

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Robert Farrar Capon is an Episcopalian priest who writes frequently about theology and food. His most recent book, Capon on Cooking, *will be published this fall by Houghton Mifflin.*

trays before us. These, and all the dishes that followed, were graciously presented by either the women who cooked them or the vice-abbess herself. Lunch began with a small plate of assorted cooked vegetables, beautifully arranged and rotated as it was set down so that its "front" would face the diner: a slice of mashed yam in a nori (seaweed) roll, an "arrow feather" of burdock root, a slice of lotus-root tempura, a piece of simmered tofu, and three lightly cooked snow peas.

Next came *rōbai,* a deliciously nutty concoction of deep-fried wheat gluten softened in a soy-flavored stock and dressed with hot *karashi* (Japanese mustard). Slowly, elegantly, one dish followed another: a mock tofu made of sesame "milk" and a spinach nori roll that combined tastes from the gardens of both land and sea, along with accents of lemon soy; then an altogether remarkable steamed savory cup in which grated turnip, chopped rice, ginkgo nuts, *shiitake* mushrooms, carrot slices, fried water-chestnut balls, and thickened *konbu dashi* (kelp stock) were turned into a delicate, eggless custard and punctuated with an emphatic dot of *wasabi* (horseradish); then a starkly simple shredded-ginger tempura with mustard soy; then a surprisingly unsalty miso soup, bamboo rice, freshly vinegared turnips, and Chinese cabbage—and through it all, right up to the rice, sake, sake, sake.

The Sankō-in's cookery is derived from that of the Donke-in, its mother temple, in Kyoto. *Shōjin ryōri* (roughly, "purification cookery") is the name given to a culinary tradition that, in deference to the Buddhist custom of abstinence from all animal foods, is totally vegetarian. The elegance of this particular version of *shōjin* cooking, however, stems directly from a unique historical circumstance.

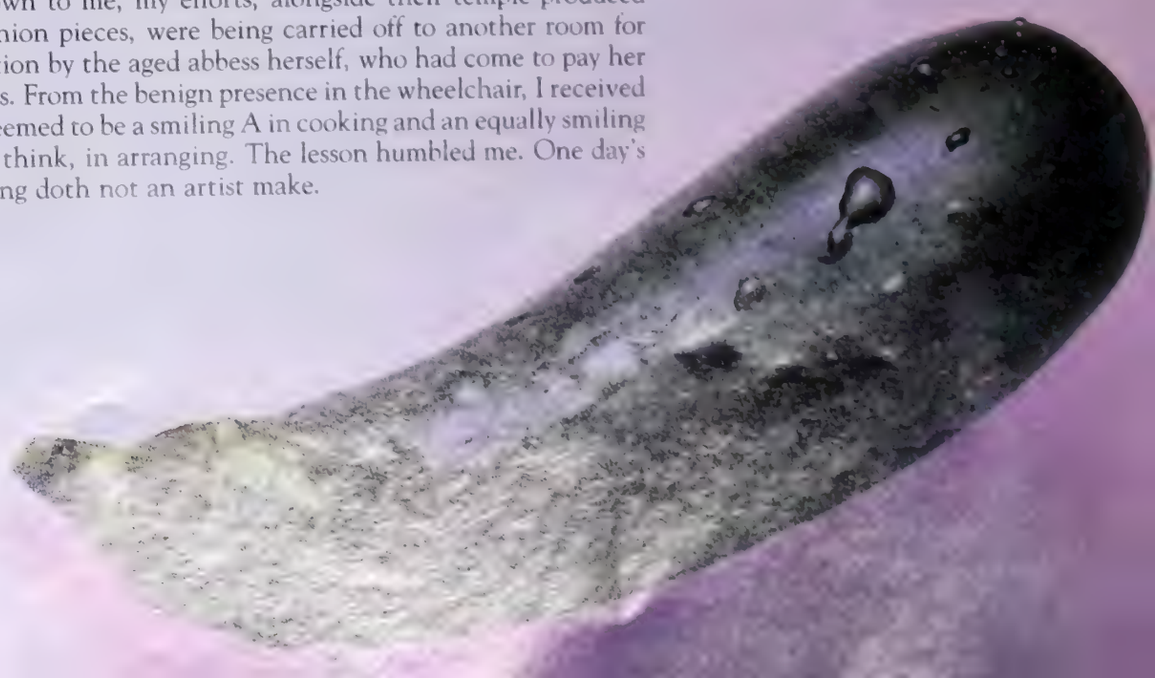
During the Muromachi and Momoyama periods (1336–1600), some of the always-numerous imperial children elected to enter the Donke-in or other Buddhist monasteries rather than vie for power with their various siblings; and during the Edo period (1600–1868), the temples were used by the shoguns as places of splendid but permanent confinement for royal scions whom they found inconvenient. The primary intention of the shogunate, of course, was to keep the political ambitions of the emperor hobbled: the prince-abbots and princess-abbesses thus created would not, as Buddhist monks and nuns, be available as pre-

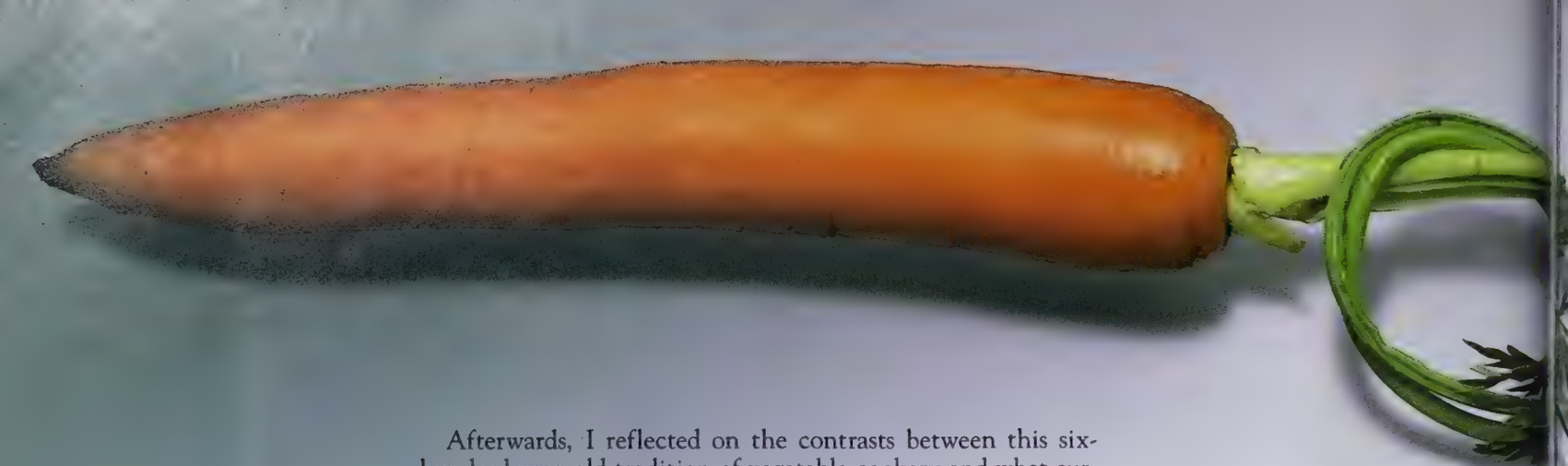
tenders to power. As a happy consequence of that policy—since the regal confinees were allowed to retain some of their non-political pretensions—the grandeur of imperial court cookery came to be grafted onto the simplicity of Buddhist dietary principles. The shoguns never gave it a moment's thought, but their legacy to vegetable cookery proved more enduring than their contributions to realpolitik.

The cuisine of the Sankō-in bears that out beautifully. It uses no meat, fish, eggs, or dairy products. And its seasonings can be listed on the fingers of two hands: water, sugar, salt, soy sauce, and sake, plus occasional admixtures of vinegar, *karashi*, *wasabi*, sesame seeds, and *sansho* (a pepperlike pod). But in its careful, often brilliantly creative regard for the unique flavors of the vegetables it uses—and above all in the gracefulness of its presentations—it is regal cookery indeed.

We returned the following Monday for a second meal, this time a feast of twenty out-of-season winter dishes specially prepared at the request of our guide. Our leg joints, now more limber, complained less than before; the three and a half hours of the meal went by without discomfort. On Thursday, then, came the crowning experience: while the temple was closed to the public, we were invited by the abbess to come to the kitchen and cook some temple dishes of our own choosing.

We arrived at eleven in the morning, only to find that the entire kitchen contingent—the vice-abbess and her four assistants—had been at work since eight preparing for us. Rashly, I had chosen some seventeen items of interest; unhesitatingly, they had readied ingredients for all seventeen. I prepared each one, usually in tandem with one or another of the women, doing not only all the peeling, slicing, chopping, and cooking but also the all-important arranging of the final presentation. Some of the dishes I even cooked twice, just to get a better feel for things. Unknown to me, my efforts, alongside their temple-produced companion pieces, were being carried off to another room for inspection by the aged abbess herself, who had come to pay her respects. From the benign presence in the wheelchair, I received what seemed to be a smiling A in cooking and an equally smiling C+, I think, in arranging. The lesson humbled me. One day's puttering doth not an artist make.



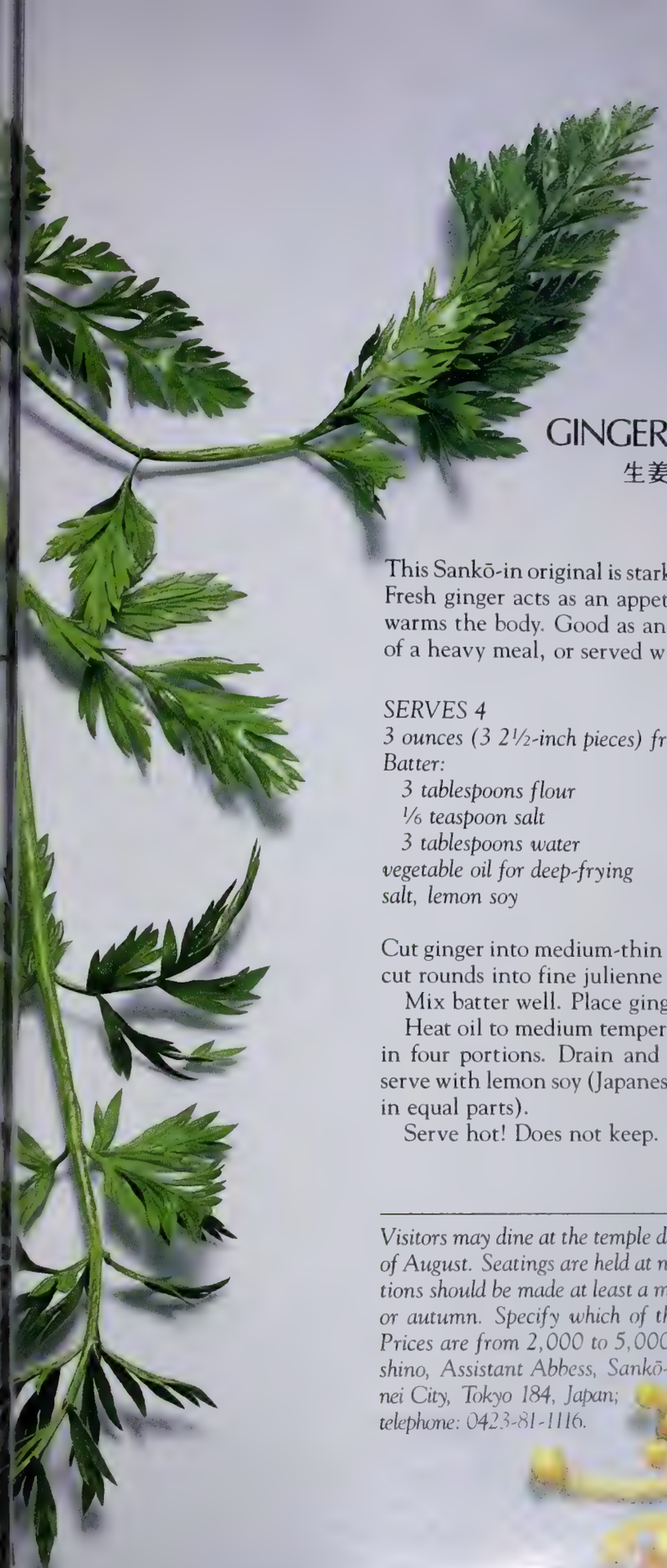


Afterwards, I reflected on the contrasts between this six-hundred-year-old tradition of vegetable cookery and what currently passes for vegetarian cooking here in the States. First, the tastes of this cuisine were light, elegant, subtle—*clean* probably says it best of all. Things tasted like themselves; they were enhanced by their seasonings, not drowned in them. No featureless gruels here, no omnium-gatherum casseroles, no unpardonable indulgences in all seven deadly spices at once. Second, this was a vegetarian kitchen that turned out works of loving art—studies, if you will, that satisfied the mind's need for delight as well as the body's cry for nourishment.

Third, and best of all, here were meatless dishes presented as the only thing they could ever properly be: food. American vegetarianism has tied itself hand and foot to negative principles, to spurious uplift, even to bogus spirituality. In the name of enlightenment, honest vegetable matter has been smothered under a blanket of metaphysical bad news: the "brown-rice diet," for example, is both unhealthful and boring. By contrast, in the *shōjin* cuisine the spirituality is such that it encourages rather than discourages a respect for the materialities involved in the preparation and service of food.

In the preface to her own book, *Good Food from a Japanese Temple,* the abbess explains, "One of the books that has stood me in particularly good stead in my own *shōjin* cookery is *Tenzo kyōkun,* by Dōgen, the founder of the Sōtō sect of Zen. Dōgen gives a simple summary of the difficult art of perfecting flavor as follows: 'When washing rice, focus attention on the washing and let no distraction enter.' He summarized this practice as *tōmai sanmai,* or 'rice-washing *samādhi* (contemplation).' I am convinced that this spiritual attitude toward cooking—being totally present to what you are doing and allowing no distractions—is valid anywhere in the world and that its application will bring any cooking to perfection."

It would be hard to find a better illustration of the way a sound spirituality, far from despising material things, actually makes them of supreme importance. In fact, our entire visit was, as every exposure to genuine art is, just such a lesson in the graces of nature. How nice to have been invited to take them so delightfully to heart and hand. □



GINGER TEMPURA

生姜の天ぷら

This Sankō-in original is starkly simple and startlingly delicious. Fresh ginger acts as an appetizer, freshens the palate, and also warms the body. Good as an hors d'oeuvre or between courses of a heavy meal, or served with, say, pumpkin tempura.

SERVES 4
3 ounces (3 2½-inch pieces) fresh ginger, peeled
Batter:
3 tablespoons flour
⅙ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons water
vegetable oil for deep-frying
salt, lemon soy

Cut ginger into medium-thin rounds across the fiber grain; then cut rounds into fine julienne strips.

Mix batter well. Place ginger in batter and toss to coat well.

Heat oil to medium temperature (340°F.) and deep-fry ginger in four portions. Drain and sprinkle with additional salt, or serve with lemon soy (Japanese soy sauce and lemon juice mixed in equal parts).

Serve hot! Does not keep.

Visitors may dine at the temple daily except Thursdays and the month of August. Seatings are held at noon and again at 2:00 P.M. Reservations should be made at least a month in advance, especially in spring or autumn. Specify which of the four available menus you prefer. Prices are from 2,000 to 5,000 yen ($9 to $20). Write: Koei Hoshino, Assistant Abbess, Sankō-in Temple, 3-1-36, Honcho, Koganei City, Tokyo 184, Japan; telephone: 0423-81-1116.

HOW TO DRINK VINTAGE WINE FOR NOTHING

Investing in cases of Bordeaux can produce handsome profits.

By Robin Duthy

Wine consumption in the United States has been creeping up at the rate of 4½ percent a year over the last decade, while consumption of hard liquor has been falling since it peaked in 1978. Even though most people new to wine drinking buy bottles from California vineyards—where production is steadily increasing—demand for fine French wines has been making vigorous strides.

The French rate their wines sky-high, and in doing so they are fully justified. Their vineyards have probably been tended more lovingly than any other land on earth, and in return they produce some of the wonders of the gastronomic world. Word of this has been spreading, and much to the fury of connoisseurs of red Bordeaux wines, prices for the leading twenty-one châteaux have risen 330 percent since 1975, giving a compound growth rate of 23 percent per annum. These drinkers would presumably not be so indignant if they realized that out of the profits made from investing in wine they could be paying for what they drink.

The French, who have a passion for classifying every kind of produce, from artichokes to oysters, dealt with the wines of Médoc in 1855. Sixty wines were given the rank of "great classified growth"—*grand cru classé*—and arranged in five sections known as first growths, second growths, and so on. Thereafter came several hundred so-called bourgeois growths, still good wines by any standard but lacking the distinction of the top sixty.

Today almost exactly the same vineyards are to be found in each class as in 1855. This demonstrates how near to impossible it is to upgrade the conditions nature has provided. Apart from the composition of the soil, the microclimate is vitally important to the culture of the vines. A wine buff's claim to know just where in a particular valley a wine has been produced need not be dismissed as affectation. The palate can be taught to discern little nuances of taste just as the eyes can be trained to look for the subtler points of a painting. Vines situated fifty yards from each other can produce wines fundamentally unlike. The soil and subsoil may be different, as well as the exposure to sun, wind, and rain.

Vines have been planted in nearly every corner of France in the hope of producing wines to match the great names of Bordeaux. Many regions are famous for different kinds of wine—Burgundy, Champagne, and Cognac, for instance—and drinkable wines can be produced in many areas. But, for all its mystique, wine is just one more agricultural commodity, and overproduction in France makes viticulture economically unattractive at present, unless, of course, it is possible to find that magic combination of soil and climate responsible for a wine that can be sold at premium prices. No such sites have been found for well over a hundred years.

There is no real danger of any vineyard coming into production that could compete with those that now produce the classic wines. Not only is the area of production effectively fixed; so, too, is the quantity of wine per acre that may be sold under its regional name.

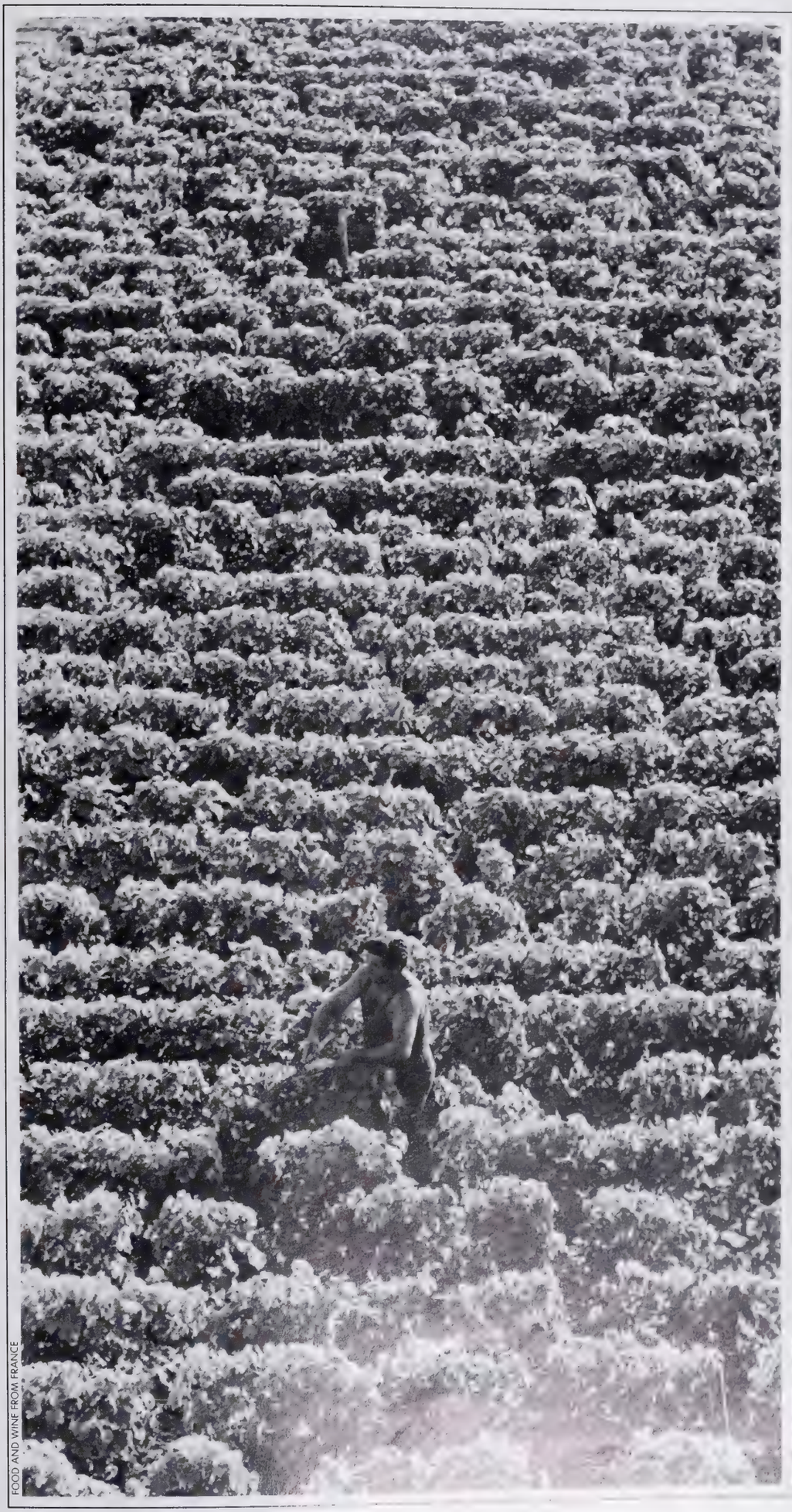
The complicated *Appellation Contrôlée* system allows an average of 2,250 bottles of wine per acre to be made in the Bordeaux area. This limit can be raised or lowered in years when both quality and quantity are exceptional. For the great classified growths, reputation is so important that in really poor years, such as 1963 and 1965, many growers will sell no wine at all under their own label, preferring to let it go under the title of *Bordeaux Supérieur*. The greatest vineyards of all are usually able to make a tolerably good wine even in the bad years, but their record as investments is dismal.

Although much has been written about

CHRISTIE'S

Rare bottles sold at Christie's in 1978 for £460, £3,300, £1,000, £1,000, and £560.

Robin Duthy is editor of the Alternative Investment Report.



FOOD AND WINE FROM FRANCE

speculation in wine, there has been only one occasion when the market rose and fell very sharply. To understand that complicated situation, one must start with the rivalry between two vineyards owned by Rothschild cousins. It had been simmering since 1855, when Château Mouton-Rothschild was classed as a second growth and Château Lafite a first. Nevertheless, it is Château Mouton-Rothschild that has all along been among the leaders in setting the price of Bordeaux wines.

In 1971, Baron Philippe de Rothschild, the present owner, tried unsuccessfully to stop the spiraling in wine prices by offering his previous year's vintage at an artificially low price. In 1972, he changed tactics, reckoning that by offering his second-growth wine at a higher price than the first-growth Château Lafite, and using the market's acceptance of this differential, he could prove the superiority of his own wine. The ploy was successful. Mouton-Rothschild was finally accorded first-growth status in 1973.

Because the price differentials between the classified growths had been established for well over a hundred years, it wasn't long before the vignerons of Bordeaux were claiming, "If Mouton-Rothschild is worth X, my wine must be worth at least Y," and soon the whole price structure of the wine market began to lift off. The bubble burst in 1973, when owners of the first growths tried to match the prices for their 1972 wines to the 1971s, even though they were inferior.

Prices in the auction rooms rose and fell sharply between 1972 and 1975, but since then the market has enjoyed a strong and steady growth.

Wine prices have risen for three main reasons, and they hold good for the future. First, fine wines become worth more as they begin to taste better. The improvement comes about because wine

In mellow autumn sunshine, the ripe grapes are harvested in a Bordeaux vineyard.

No land on earth has been tended more lovingly, and French vineyards produce some of the wonders of the gastronomic world.

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Baron Philippe de Rothschild inspecting the harvest at Château Mouton-Rothschild.

contains living organisms whose behavior will determine its life cycle. Just when a wine will reach its peak depends on how it has been made.

Even the greatest wines are now made to reach their peak within ten or fifteen years rather than the twenty or thirty required by the methods of vinification used in the 1950s. It is not that they are better for this, but that the costs of financing wine stocks, whether borne by growers, merchants, or consumers, are now so high that no one can afford to wait while the "long haul" wines creep toward maturity.

Though most fine wines tend to hold their peak for many years, the market does not discriminate between those that have reached it and those on their way. Both appreciate at about the same rate.

The second reason for expecting the prices for fine wine to continue their climb is that wine drinking is an expanding activity. Any novice who gets around to tasting a great vintage is unlikely to forget the experience and may reasonably be considered a potential buyer of fine wine.

Third, winegrowers, like others in the agriculture business, are exposed to inflation. Insofar as demand permits, they will continue to push for higher prices for each new vintage. This is bound to affect the price structure of the whole market, including that for earlier vintages. Existing wine stocks are therefore more or less direct beneficiaries of inflation.

For all these reasons the investment outlook for fine Bordeaux could hardly be better. It should be remembered, however, that one or two estates can have a disastrous vintage even when an outstanding year is enjoyed by Bordeaux wines in general. With that proviso, investors would do well to concentrate on the five first-growth and thirteen second-growth châteaux, and three exceptional châteaux outside the Médoc area: Château Cheval Blanc, Château Ausone, in Saint-Emilion, and Château Pétrus, in Pomerol. This last is the current glamour stock of the Bordeaux market. In 1981, a case of the 1961 vintage fetched a record $5,400.

The highest rates of growth are achieved by wines made in outstanding years. The 1961, 1966, and 1970 vintages have averaged 23 percent compound growth since 1975, while the indifferent 1967 and 1969 vintages averaged only 14 percent. More recent vintages with sound investment prospects are 1975, 1981, and even 1982. It is usually possible to buy these wines *en primeur*—while they are lying in casks in Bordeaux the year after they are made—although at this stage the final quality is not entirely predictable.

Some of the finest cellars built up in this century have been in the United States, but the want of a convenient means of selling has put a damper on the investment market. In London, Christie's have been holding wine auctions almost continuously for over two hundred years. Recently, they have branched out and now hold regular sales in Geneva, Amsterdam, Chicago, and Washington, D.C. Prices more or less conform to an international pattern, and opportunities for arbitrage are few. Just as traders in antiquities squatting in the dusty markets of the Middle East can be seen clutching the latest-price catalogues from Christie's antiquities auctions for reference, so the latest wine prices move quickly along the international grapevine.

So far, the energetic but mischievous propaganda of William L. McDevitt, of the Metropolitan Package Store Association, Inc., of New York, has successfully prevented Christie's from getting a license to hold an auction in New York. Whereas wine auctions have been held in London in harmony with the retail trade, McDevitt, supported in particular by two leading New York retailers, has been persuading the smaller liquor stores that their trade will be affected if auctions are held in New York.

Apart from highlighting the big profits investors have made, the publicity usually attending wine auctions tends to increase the turnover in wine. The more often a bottle is sold before being consumed, the more often a retailer makes his profit or an auctioneer his commission. In London it has become habitual for a customer to buy fine wines from a leading wine merchant and leave them in storage with him. Several years later, the customer will decide to take a profit on part of his holdings by selling at auction and with the proceeds will reinvest in younger stock from the same wine merchant.

There is no doubt that wine auctions

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in the United States are lively occasions (Christie's gave an annual performance in conjunction with Heublein for many years). As many as six or seven hundred people attend, many flying in for the day, and the atmosphere is one the retailers cannot hope to match. The opposition plainly stems more from envy than rational objection, but so high do feelings run that a recent Christie's auction in Washington was almost sabotaged when the company storing the wine for sale was pressured into withdrawing cooperation. The venue had to be switched to Chicago at the very last minute.

A Washington paper sarcastically congratulated the local wine trade with a headline: GREAT, YOU'VE DONE IT, referring to its success in driving away several hundred hotel reservations and countless restaurant customers, and denying the people of Washington the chance to buy something from the cellar of a famous local restaurant that was included in the sale.

Several charges have also been leveled at Christie's. These include the allegation that they were seeking an exclusive right to hold auctions; that they had offered to represent trade stock as private; and that their activities in London had forced many wine merchants out of business. The New York legislature is unlikely to be impressed by such demonstrably false arguments, and it is only a matter of time before good sense prevails.

So receptive are New Yorkers to new investment concepts that prices for fine wines could well accelerate for a time if auctions began to be held. The rapid growth rate posted by the best Bordeaux already makes it an excellent investment proposition. But the appearance in New York of an efficient two-way market, in which the in-and-out dealing costs amount to little over 20 percent, might well commend itself to a new wave of investors. Although it may be a year or so before such a market comes into being, astute investors will anticipate its arrival.

Within the overall upward trend for Bordeaux prices, there is usually a seasonal dip in the early months of the year, largely in reaction to the Christmas and New Year's festivities. Apart from timing, knowledgeable wine investors use various tactics. A case of six magnums tends to fetch quite a bit more at auction than twelve ordinary-size bottles of the same wine, mainly because wine is thought to mature better in the larger bottle. Many investors therefore buy magnums in the first place. Besides, investors tempted to consume part of their holdings will give more thought to drawing the cork of a $400 magnum than of a $200 bottle. Those considering buying wine to drink should bear in mind that half bottles tend to sell at auction for up to 30 percent less than the equivalent rate for ordinary bottles.

Market forces also dictate that when the price of a wine reaches the level of $1,500 to $2,000 a case, single bottles of the same wine will fetch proportionately more, sometimes as much as 25 percent. It may therefore pay investors to buy cases of very expensive wine that they can split up for sale later.

Investors in fine wine in the United States have so far mistakenly concentrated on mature wine and ignored the benefits that have flowed from buying fine but very young wines. No one outside the wine trade has the knowledge and experience to anticipate correctly the eventual style and quality of a great-wine-to-be by tasting it when it is still young and harsh. Investors in immature wines should therefore keep in touch with expert opinion through the specialist press.□

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THE EYES HAVE IT

Even the best museum labs, equipped with advanced technology, often rely on the naked eye and simple hand-held lenses.

By Wayne Biddle

Bronze bottle with silver inlay (above) appears to be Roman. Photomicrograph (below) of natural patina proves it genuine.

In an age when anything not computerized or at least microminiaturized is considered outmoded, it is easy to underestimate the two superb analytical devices most of us are born with at the front of our heads. Objects of art have been and always will be intended for the human eye, not the mass spectrometer or gas chromatograph. High-tech instruments play a critical role in the professional laboratory, but the human eye is the arbiter. "People forget that simply looking at an object is the first and most powerful approach," says Tony Frantz, a conservator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Frantz makes such statements in a lab blessed with the most advanced technology, yet the presence of all that gear tends to add weight to his words, and the workaday activity of his staff emphasizes their truth. Sophisticated equipment is on hand if needed, but the real work of conservation and restoration is performed "in the trenches" by deft fingers and clear eyes.

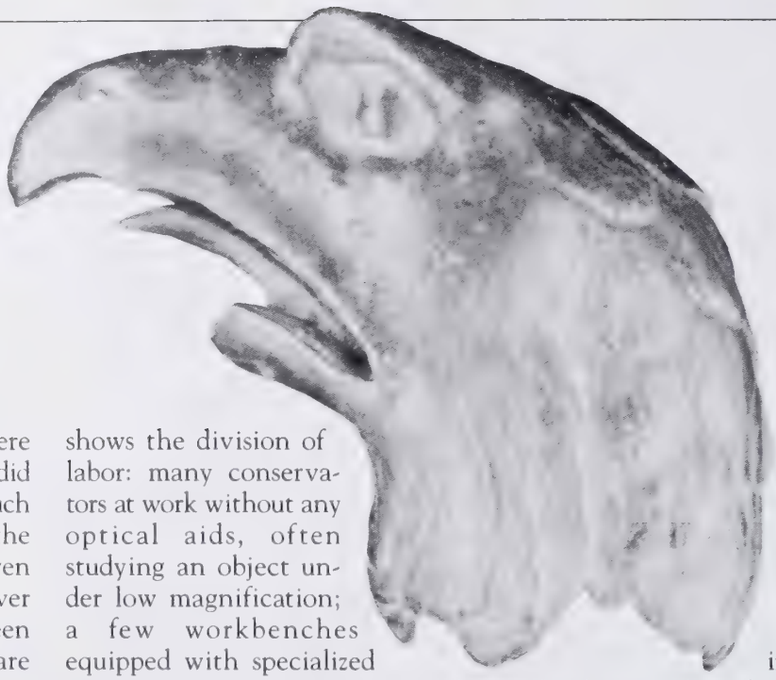
Except for sheer pleasure, to what end do we look closely at an art object? Frantz suggests three broad, overlapping goals: to place it in history, to determine its composition and structure, and to make a judgment about its quality. Major museums must be prepared to act upon all of these considerations when an unpedigreed object comes in from the field or an obscure source. For the majority of individual collectors, however, the historical questions will have been answered by a reputable dealer; the rest will be a function of personal curiosity and taste. Short of spending several million dollars for analytical equipment like Tony Frantz's, the collector need only gauge the extent of his need to know, and outfit himself accordingly. More often than not, the simplest of optical aids will serve him well.

At the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Dr. Lambertus van Zelst, the director of research, offers examples of the kind of analysis that can be done by magnifying an object less than ten times, the range of hand-held glasses and loupes. The first example was a bronze hawk's head, thought to be the finial from a Roman parade staff when the museum received it. Under eight-times magnification, however, its surface shows the shredded-wheat patterns typical of a patina that has been artificially obtained by a bath in salt solutions. It is not particularly unusual, however, to apply artificial patinas. A museum curator, for instance, may have a bronze object that ought to look more like bronze than it does; or, more often, after a piece has been excavated and cleaned of its incrustations, it may look too pristine, so that a fake patina must be applied. In most cases, however, the telltale shreds of a salt patina are interpreted as a sign of either inferior quality or outright fakery. The MFA's final judgment of its hawk can be inferred by the fact that it rattles around in a lab drawer of odds and ends. By contrast, a natural patina on the surface of a Roman bottle of silver-inlaid bronze, magnified the same number of times as the hawk, shows the rich growth of malachite and cuprite.

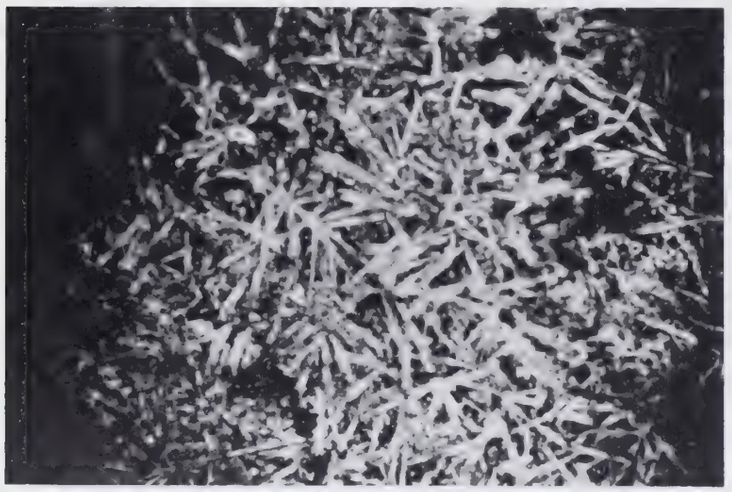
Dr. van Zelst confesses that he rarely uses a hand-held lens around the laboratory. The patina images were obtained with a $15,000 Zeiss stereo microscope designed for use by neurosurgeons. It can go from six to fifty power and for ten-power magnification is far superior to a hand-held lens. The stereo microscope is unquestionably [illegible] equipment, though "without training," he says, [illegible] than a hand glass." He recalls examining under the microscope a seventh-century Buddhist wall painting from Turkestan. As he moved across the painting's surface, he noticed an area of sand-rich material—something totally alien to the work's history. He stepped back from the microscope and with his naked eye saw a crack that was later determined to have been filled in the 1920s—a case of missing the forest for the trees.

At the laboratories of Harvard University's Fogg Art Museum, the senior conservation scientist, Eugene Farrell, discusses a small stone box that demanded a range of optical attacks. It was thought at

Wayne Biddle is at work on a book about the engineering profession.



first to be a medieval reliquary, but there were details in the embellishment that did not gibe with the usual appearance of such artifacts. This led Farrell to examine the box's two feet at low magnification. Even with the naked eye, a careful observer might guess that the lions there had been cast instead of carved, because they are nearly identical. To make sure they were not a modern addition to an ancient reliquary, Farrell removed a small chip of material from a fracture on the interior surface of the box's lid. When a thin slice of the chip was examined at a magnification of forty times, the composition of the "stone" was revealed as a haphazard mixture—"as though someone had swept up the shop floor and thrown a handful into an empty mold," says Farrell.

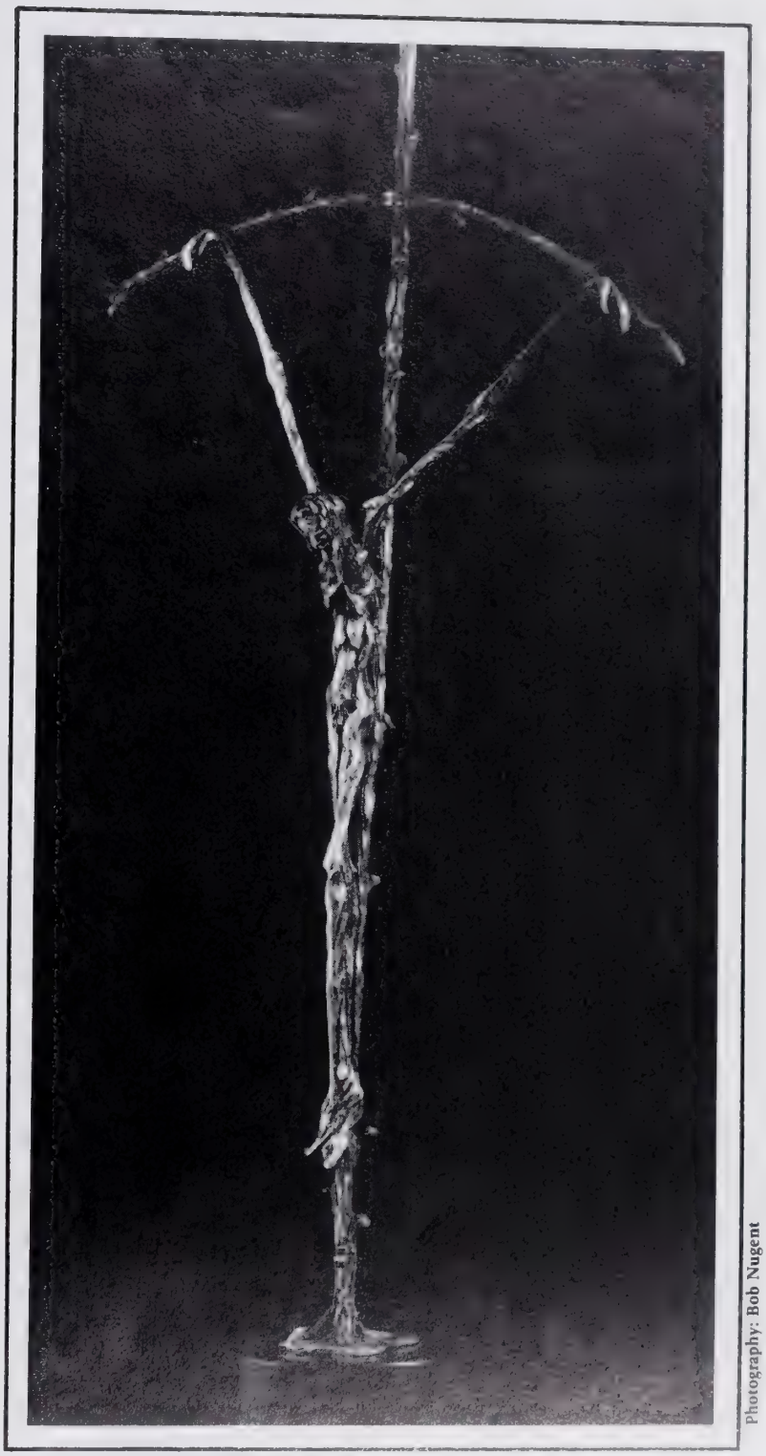


Is bronze hawk's head (above) the finial of a Roman parade staff? Faked patina shown in photomicrograph (below) proves it's not.

Frantz, van Zelst, and Farrell operate at the pinnacle of applied science in art conservation. There are few laboratories in the world where studies can be undertaken that stretch the limits of technology, and not many cases where exotic approaches need be tried. The facilities of the Met, the MFA, and the Fogg cover the full range of physical and chemical analysis, but the practical emphasis is on *looking* at an object. A tour through one of these professional laboratories quickly shows the division of labor: many conservators at work without any optical aids, often studying an object under low magnification; a few workbenches equipped with specialized microscopes; and one or two advanced machines, such as the scanning electron microscope and the metallograph. The lesson for the nonprofessional is to concentrate on the low end of the scale. Practically speaking, the cost of good optical instruments puts all but the simplest out of the reach of private users. Donor plaques on their sophisticated microscopes indicate the level of philanthropy the museums depend on.

The least expensive magnifier is a simple convex lens. It is commonly used in nonachromatic folding pocket magnifiers, reading glasses, and watchmaker's loupes. But at higher magnification this simple lens provides the images that quickly become unacceptable. There will be color fringes around objects in the outer field of view, low contrast, and geometric distortions. To correct these flaws, various configurations of lenses can be used in a single device. In the early nineteenth century, an attempt was made to avoid color fringes and astigmatism by increasing the thickness of a double convex lens and then grinding a groove midway between the two faces. Known as a Coddington, this construction forced a compromise between small field of view and freedom from light effects. A better solution is the doublet magnifier, in which two lenses are mounted with convex surfaces facing out. The separation between them is adjusted to get a balance between color correction and convenient working distance—that is, the distance from lens to object. Perhaps the best small hand magnifier is the achromatic Hastings Triplet; the Bausch & Lomb version can usually be found in the pocket of anyone who works professionally with paper or textiles. It consists of two outside lenses enclosing one double convex lens. This triplet does better than any other hand glass in giving true images up to about ten-times magnification. All magnifiers, however, except those of the very lowest power, require annoyingly short working distances, with the eye held very close to the object examined. When one looks at objects displayed in a showcase or vitrine, the problem of working distance becomes acute. Small hand-held telescopes variously known as wide-field tubes, macroscopes, or monoculars are the most convenient devices for bringing inaccessible objects into view. The rule of thumb still holds, however: the higher the magnification, the shorter the working distance.

The ten-times range of a good hand glass will reveal many of the superficial features that are of greatest interest to collectors. At this power, telling details of structure and composition can be recognized without a great deal of technical background. Examination at this range can also indicate what sort of further investigation may be needed. Beyond the ten-times threshold lies the territory of microscopic analysis that is the realm of professional technicians, if only because of the cost of admission. An object that does not give up its secrets to inspection with the naked eye or under low magnification probably belongs in the laboratories of Tony Frantz and his fellow sleuths, or else back in the hands of the gods.□



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THE IDEAL GARDENER

A hundred years ago, William Robinson's *The English Flower Garden* created a revolution in the backyard.

By Henry Mitchell

William Robinson's book *The English Flower Garden* is the most important gardening book in the language, and it is astonishing that despite its popularity, it is now out of print. The London publishing house of John Murray issued sixteen editions, from 1883 to 1956, when it was updated.

Its author was an important Victorian writer on gardening, who practiced (more or less) what he preached in his own garden at Gravetye Manor, in Sussex. In 1871 he became editor of *The Garden*, a journal of tremendous influence on Anglo-American gardening. Among its contributors were Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Morris, John Ruskin, and the influential gardener and writer Gertrude Jekyll. In addition, Robinson wrote a number of revolutionary books before producing his masterpiece, *The English Flower Garden.*

At the time it appeared, there was scarcely a garden as we know it now in the Western world—with hardy perennials, vines, lots of bulbs, serene lawns. Instead, there were chopped-up lawns with exotic specimen trees dotted here and there, and near the house squiggly beds of the commonest annuals in the most blatant colors, such as a ribbon of blue lobelia backed by a ribbon of scarlet salvia.

Such awful gardens are worth preserving, of course, as a mastodon's jawbone is, and you can still see gardening of this sort in many public parks in which fierce geraniums are challenged by bloodthirsty lantanas and the whole field is mercifully bare all winter.

Francis Bacon was perhaps the first to complain of flowers used to form arabesques and other simple-minded designs, popular in Tudor England, and before his death, in 1626, he had the pleasure of dealing a heavy blow to this sort of gardening with the observation that you may see things as good in tarts.

But the designed parterres of the Renaissance at least had the excuse that there were not many garden flowers available then. Color in summer was virtually unattainable, and besides, the knots (as the English called their adaptations of the French *parterres de broderie*) were worked with sober plants such as box and germander, and in any case were meant to give a neat and finished look to the house rather than a colorful display. For this reason they were not so vulgar as the Victorian displays that Robinson found in the gardens of the 1880s.

"There is no reason why we should not have art in the garden, but much [illegible] could have it, and there is no [illegible] book,

with a slight failing of tact since, after all, many eminent and well-stuffed Victorians thought their gardens were splendid just as they were.

Robinson was at the forefront of a movement that overnight showed England and America the folly of "bedding out" cold-tender plants in masses. In their stead, he called for the best and noblest of hardy plants. He was fond of the word *noble,* which he applied to plants he himself liked.

We take it so much for granted nowadays that a garden will be full of crocuses and snowdrops, daffodils, azaleas, roses, lilies, vines, and the rest that it is hard to remember that "great" gardens ever existed in which there were no roses, except the ones grown in greenhouses for exhibition at competitions or for cut flowers for the drawing room.

When Robinson began his crusade for a "more natural" mode of gardening, there were here and there some gardens in which pinks and delphiniums, primroses and daffodils, and roses and lilies were grown. Cottage gardens were then as now a major ornament of the British Isles, and then as now those small gardens had cabbages and lettuces with a great clump of madonna lilies, say, stuck in by the plain wooden gate, and a row of cowslips under a shady wall and maybe a treasured patch of old carnations or pinks sprawled at the foot of an ancient eight-foot-tall rosebush, of just the sort that Botticelli painted to distract gardeners from his Venus. Gardeners are, of course, the only people who look first at the roses raining down from the sky and only later at the naked goddess.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DIANA BRYAN

Henry Mitchell, whose columns on [illegible]ing and other matters appear in the [illegible]ington Post, is the author of The [illegible] Earthman.

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Only gardeners look at Botticelli's roses raining down before they look at the naked goddess.

These cottage gardens were both a love and an inspiration for Robinson. Such small plots were usually heavily manured and well cared for over the years, so that whatever was grown in them was likely to be full of vigor, and the general effect luxuriant. There is no doubt in my mind, either, that Robinson rather enjoyed his iconoclastic stance. ("What right have we," he wrote of topiary, "to deform things so lovely in form? No cramming of Chinese feet into impossible shoes is half so foolish as the wilful and ignorant distortion of the beautiful forms of trees.") It is always a pleasure, for certain sorts of men, to announce to the world that current taste is wrong and stupid.

But then, current taste is always wrong and stupid, in all times and all places, as anyone can see who looks about a city. Part of Robinson's devotion to peonies, roses, lilacs, irises, and so forth was nostalgia for the simple life of the cottage. And while Robinson was clearly right to prefer the grand old cottage flowers to the loathsome geraniums and lobelias, still, part of his impetus toward them was of no loftier a nature than, say, the current American fondness for replacing plastic toilet seats with oak reproductions of those current in 1902. In both cases there was a hankering for the simple, sturdy ways of yeoman forebears.

Yet there was a strong intellectual and, forgive the word, moral element to Robinson's revolution in the garden. He was revolted that plants and flowers were used, not for themselves, but as mere elements of trite designs. He was revolted that the tension and elegance of the iris or the daffodil were ignored or dismissed as somehow less worthy of garden space than a monotonous and endless succession of red salvias. Most of all he was angered that a garden, which he reckoned to be some sort of Eden, paradise, and profound refreshment, had become in his day nothing more than a minor stage set to be glanced at casually and passed through thoughtlessly.

His head was full of splendors at all times, and his brain, I have always been sure, was like one of those flowery meads you see in Persian, Moghul, and medieval manuscripts, with remarkable bees visiting oversized columbines and roses peering out from the branches of cypress and perhaps a few hounds amid the hollyhocks. Variegated, in other words, and gorgeously colored, but with great emphasis on outline, structure, and individuality. He thought of flowers as jewels and saw no reason why the greatest ones should be massed into blobs of color without significance.

He was a tremendous believer, at least in theory, in wild gardening, though in practice he spent considerable money (right down the drain, most of it) trying to make woodland gardens that took care of themselves yet were full of beautiful, hardy flowers. Visitors sometimes took pleasure in pointing out that wild gardening did not work very well for Robinson.

One of his leading disciples was Gertrude Jekyll, whose taste in the placing of

various plants in a garden certainly surpassed Robinson's and virtually everyone else's. She saw no reason to ban geraniums and lobelias from the garden and used to say that it was hardly the geranium's fault if gardeners had long used it in unimaginative ways. She shared Robinson's passion for the grand, hardy flowers of cottage gardens but (unlike Robinson) did not hesitate to mix in subtropical plants or anything else that she thought looked right; and it is safe to say that if the average well-educated and well-bred (and loyal, courteous, helpful, kind, etc.) person today were given his choice of any style of garden in the world, he would

The View From HOUSE BEAUTIFUL:

July, 1982

The View from the Editor

From its beginning, the view from HOUSE BEAUTIFUL has been clear: we are here to make American homes better places to live. We set the highest standards and provide sound advice on architecture, decorating and the comforts of home.

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We have responded, and made today's HOUSE BEAUTIFUL a strongly directed special-interest service magazine for the woman whose deepest concern is the enrichment of her life at home.

We intend to lead this generation of women toward a clearer vision of what the future can hold within the circle of home and family. It is our responsibility and our oppportunity to define that vision.

We believe that being successful at home is being successful at life.

—[illegible]

Young families are now committing more than half of everything they earn to expenditures on and in their homes.

—D. Claeys Bahrenburg, Publisher

And that's just the financial aspect. Recent surveys by Lou Harris and on-going findings by the Yankelovich Monitor underline and emphasize the even stronger emotional commitment women are making to their homes.

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REVIEW

Donkey-type labor has more to do with beautiful garden effects than any gardener wishes to admit.

invariably choose one in the Robinson-Jekyll manner, with plenty of flowers coming and going through the year, and walls of yew and box and pools of water with lotuses and a good comfortable place to sit and have a drink or merely collapse happily without a thought in the head. Robinson was among the first to go wild for water lilies and all manner of plants for pools. Previously these had been foul-smelling, stagnant affairs, or at least Robinson said so. He was not above exaggerating the foulness of ponds, in order to dazzle the reader, by contrast to these horrors, with the sweet lilies floating on his improved sort of pond, in which fishes darted among the reeds. He also was an early champion of the bog garden, an extremely difficult kind of garden, since the continual damp inspires (and some say attracts) the most virulent, strong weeds of the planet to flourish amazingly.

His book has essays, earnest and pontifical, but also fired with high enthusiasm and endless suggestions of things to plant. Indeed, so contagious are his enthusiasms and so beguiling are his visions of a regular Eden (which, he implies, we may all create out in the backyard) that it is only when one sets forth to do all the things Robinson suggests that one sees a truth he rarely dwells on: namely, that maintenance and donkey-type labor have more to do with beautiful garden effects than any gardener wishes to admit.

He has much to say about vines or creepers, for providing that controlled luxuriance he so much admires. He has much to say about evergreens as backgrounds, reminding his reader that the common ivy, the common holly, the common box, are not to be surpassed in beauty by any rare exotics. Ferns are given much attention for their beauty of form, and so are yuccas and dozens of other plants that were too often neglected simply because they did not smite the eye with their floral color.

Altogether, his insistence on form and texture and beauty of outline (as distinct

Any good library has *The English Flower Garden.* If it does not, it is not a good library.

from riotous masses of floral neon) was so sound that his idea of what a garden is quickly came to be adopted on both sides of the Atlantic by those who give such things as gardens a thought at all.

There is today a detectable veering away from the Robinsonian ideal of a garden of hardy flowers based on the cottage garden. For one thing, not everybody lives in cottages. Besides, the planting of a turnpike or a plastics factory or a high-rise condominium is a different thing altogether from planting a cottage garden. When major architectural efforts lean to economy and glass and concrete, perhaps such informal luxuriance is not the right thing at all. There are rather beautiful gardens in California and South America owing nothing to Robinson in which economy of plants and of upkeep are paramount. Robinson never worried much about the cost of labor, and it clearly never occurred to him that the day might come when competent garden labor was not to be had for any price.

So it is not necessarily a mortal sin to fall away from the Robinson-Jekyll ideal. Times do change. All the same, no garden will satisfy an informed taste if the plants are used merely as units of a rather obvious design. Robinson's whole emphasis was on the complexity and richness of the natural world, and in this he was so eminently right that his general view will prevail as long as there are sensible men on the planet.

Though I have on several occasions mentioned to publishers that it is their bounden duty (that is, it would suit me fine) to publish Robinson's splendid book, nobody has as yet done so.

In the meantime, any good library has Robinson's book. If it does not, it is not a good library. And time spent reading *The English Flower Garden* is time handsomely spent, not necessarily for the value of gardening information but for its discussion of beauty versus faddish fashion, and gardening as an occupation worthy of anybody's effort.□

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CONNOISSEUR

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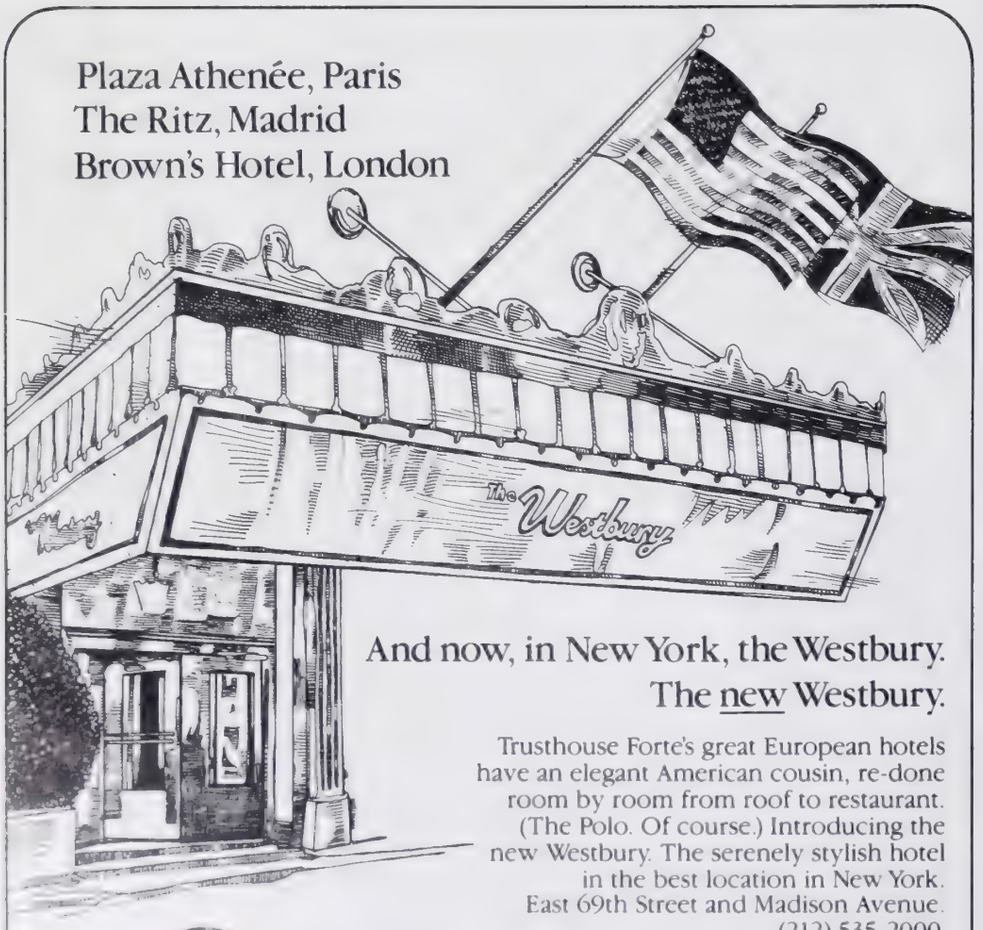

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

THE STATE OF ECONOMY IN ART

The principal message you get from much of today's painting is that excess and counter-humanism are admirable goals. Energy is hot. Pure paint value is hot. Distortion is hot. That's the current fashion. Whether it has intrinsic merit or will last very long in history is something else.

Amid the multiple styles of contemporary art you don't encounter very much avid interest in the human being or in economy of artistic means. Minimalism isn't the same thing. And just because a painting is recognizable as being of a face or a body doesn't mean that it bears any relationship to humanism.

Economy of means in art connotes a style that is disciplined, not stifled; precise, yet experimental. Perfection has nothing to do with it. Economy emerges from the selection of the right artistic tools for a specific task out of an abundant repertory. And humanism in art is, more often than not, the uncompromising depiction of truth without dramatics, romance, or sentimentality. When both come together, something divine is born.

You don't see that combination in the art of today. For that matter, you hardly see it at any time in the full span of art history—roughly fifteen thousand years. Some examples? The spare, astonishingly frank stone portraits of Republican Rome. Piero della Francesca's portrait of Federigo da Montefeltro, the duke of Urbino, in the Ufizzi Gallery, in Flor[illegible]. The portrait of Juan de Pareja by [illegible] lázquez in the Metropolitan [illegible] New York. Jacques Louis Davi[illegible]'s portr[illegible] of himself and his family in t[illegible] Tessé, in Le Mans.

Add to the meager list a dozen of the eighty-five portrait drawings in chalk, pen, pencil, and drypoint by Hans Holbein the Younger depicting a cast of characters surrounding the court of Henry VIII. All eighty-five portraits are in the possession of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II. And seventy of them—the best—are now on exhibition at New York's Pierpont Morgan Library. The show was funded primarily by the Mobil Corporation and will run until the end of July as part of the Britain Salutes New York celebration. After that the drawings go back to the Royal Library, no doubt forever.

What a cast of characters! Queens, princes, knights (some tough-looking, others weak and snobbish), beautiful young women, withered, sour old women, reflective humanists, wary merchants, complacent toadies, shifty-eyed hypocrites, smiling perjurers, grim saints, oblivious sinners—all depicted with a breathtaking vitality and without forced exactitude. To find out how Hans Holbein, Jr. (or, the Younger), of Augsburg, Germany, Basel, Switzerland, and London (where he died in the plague of 1543), managed to create such penetrating images of humanity with only a few strokes of chalk and almost no color, one must stand at about arm's length and look into the eyes of any one of them.

Start with the face that serves as a kind of watermark to this page, the visage of Sir John Godsalve, one of Henry VIII's close confidants, a man who had extensive dealings with the cloth merchants of the Hanseatic League and who eventually became controller of the royal mint. Look at him and you'll find a man who is [illegible] confidant, lackey, fat, but a little [illegible] He was generous about [illegible] He probably [illegible] He was [illegible] him. He's waiting for the right moment, the best deal. He looks like the kind of guy who would read every word in a document no matter how small it was written. Taciturn. Cutthroat. A toady to his king, but an effective courtier.

Or look into the strong, modest face of Sir Thomas More and then into that of his father, Sir John More, or that of his son John. In these portraits you'll see that no line, no part of the anatomy, is glibly drawn or the result of a formula. Close up, Holbein's technique seems almost awkward; bits of line and sections of semicircles appear to be pieced together on the surface of the paper. It looks almost as if Holbein were discovering anatomy inch by inch, willingly but tentatively. But step back a little; then you see his genius. Every element comes together; the figures breathe and seem almost ready to converse with you.

Holbein's women are magnificent. It is almost as if he chose them for their diversity. One is soft and passionate. Another is pliant and matriarchal. There's one wearing a mask of mystery. A young girl is brilliantly depicted trying to look skeptical, but she is obviously about to burst into laughter. And then there's the stunning drawing of the ill-fated queen Anne Boleyn, just before her wedding day. She looks scared to death.

That Hans Holbein was also capable of gentle humor is apparent in his portrait of the poet and humanist Nicholas Bourbon. He represents him in profile, like an ancient [illegible] But here, instead of merely conforming to an image of the classic ideal, Nicholas' [illegible] mouth reveals his [illegible] and his lofty artistic [illegible] He knew very well indeed what he [illegible] it was Nicholas Bourbon who wrote about Holbein: "O stranger, if you desire [illegible] pictures with all the appearance of [illegible] look on these which Holbein's hand [illegible] created."

The classic elegance of 19th century American silver: (A) Salver by Wm. Forbes for Ball, Black & Co., NY, circa 1855, $1,200; (B) Covered soup tureen by Wm. Gale & Son, NY, 1863, $4,800; (C) Pair of vases by Gorham & Co., Providence, RI, circa 1855, $1,400; (D) Dish by Gorham & Co., Providence, RI, retailed by Bailey & Co., Phila., PA, circa 1855, $400; (E) Pitcher by Wm. Forbes for Ball, Tompkins & Black, NY, circa 1840, $768.

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LASCAUX II

In the early sixties, the famous prehistoric paintings in the French caves of Lascaux were closed to the public for the best of reasons. The fragile 15,000-year-old frescoes of running bison and ibex had deteriorated irreparably after twenty years of heavy tourist traffic. Ever since, only a few carefully screened scientists and researchers have been allowed to view the Lascaux caves.

Beginning later this month, the public will again be able to take a trip in time back to the Aurignacian period (15,000 to 17,000 years ago)—or at least a plausible imitation thereof—for a modest fee. Combining the latest techniques in civil engineering, sculpture, and painting, technicians have duplicated the original, down to its cracked walls and deteriorating paintings. Using computer analysis to map the cave's contours, builders were able to re-create the walls of the real Lascaux inside a large cavern at a new site just a few hundred yards away. The project's chief artist even painted the fifty square yards of bison, deer, and other prehistoric game

RALPH MORSE © TIME INC

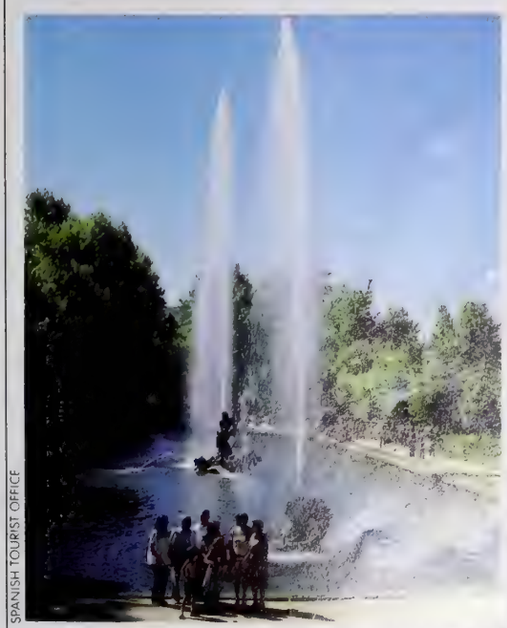
by candlelight, in order to re-create the primitive lighting used by his Stone Age predecessors.

Given the popularity of the original cave, Lascaux II, as the replica is called, will not have to worry about an audience. Locals say that a hundred people a day still arrive at Lascaux's barbed-wire entrance, hoping to glimpse some of man's earliest bursts of creation. —*Tala Skari*

FIREWORKS IN WATER

San Ildefonso de la Granja is the mountain pleasure palace built by the Spanish Bourbons high in the Sierra de Guadarrama, fifty-four miles north of Madrid. The palace is a respectable French baroque, designed for Philip V as an architectural bow to his grandfather Louis XIV and to Versailles. But it is the 350-acre garden, with its endless variety of fountains, that sets La Granja apart from all the other royal resorts of Europe.

There are twenty-six fountains, incorporating hundreds of sculptures, ponds, cascades, sprays, and *jets d'eau*. "People who visit Paris usually consider a day of Grandes Eaux at Versailles the last word on this species of costly trifling," wrote the American John Hay, Abraham Lincoln's onetime private secretary, who worked at various diplomatic posts in Europe in the midnineteenth century. "But the waters at Versailles bear no comparison with those at La Granja. . . . The sense is fatigued and bewildered here with their magnificence and variety. The vast reservoir in the bosom of the mountain, filled with the purest water, gives a possibility of more superb effects than have been attained anywhere else in the world."



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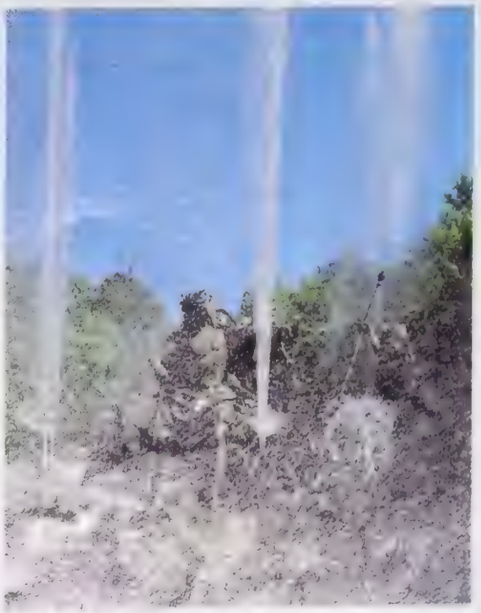


La Granja's royal amusements

It took three generations of sculptors, including such eminent French artists as René Frémin and Jean Thierry, to complete this grandiose scheme of hydro-kinetics. La Granja's centerpiece, the Baths of Diana, is a fantastic baroque stage set involving twenty naked nymphs dancing attendance on the goddess of the hunt, while her tame lions roar out great streams of water and cascades splash down a series of marble tiers. A nearby basin has a splendid nude wielding a fan that covers her with a lacy spray—and also forces Cupid to keep his distance. The Fountain of Fame leaps to 130 feet. A sea-god races his horses through the fountain of *la carrera de caballos*. The Basket of Flowers presents a bouquet of forty long-stemmed jets. Apollo slays the python—and it bleeds a foaming stream of water.

The spring-fed fountains no longer play as frequently as they did under the eighteenth-century kings, not because there has been a falling off of royal grandeur—

Spain, after all, is the last Bourbon kingdom in Europe—but because the country has suffered two years of severe drought. So, this summer, if you want to vary your Prado-going with an excursion to La Granja, be sure to inquire at the national tourist office about possible changes in the schedule of days and hours when some fountains will be turned on for visitors. Currently they perform from May through October on Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays after 2 P.M. Admission is forty pesetas, about thirty cents. That's just for the upkeep. Most of the capital investment was provided by Philip V, a king who was easily bored and lived to regret his handiwork. One day he paused for a moment before his aquatic extravaganzas and exclaimed, "Thou hast amused me three minutes and hast cost me three millions!" —*A. M. O'Sullivan*

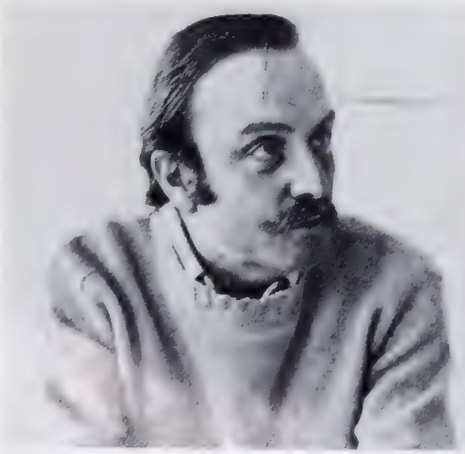
TWEAKS, BONKS, AND WHISTLES

Alvin Lucier is always hooking things up: antennas to amplifiers, loudspeakers to oscillators, solar disks to synthesizers, electrodes to brains to gongs. Hook up current technology to an artist with unlimited curiosity and what do you get? Alvin Lucier is not readily categorized.

This summer he is going to be building antennas in the deserts and on the mesas of New Mexico: "If you go out at night, anywhere on earth, and put up antennas with receivers, you begin to hear atmospherics, natural radio emissions that originate in the ionosphere as a result of electromagnetic storms."

These noises are a nuisance to scientists trying to hear sounds from outer galaxies. But, Lucier says, "If you are a musician interested in electronic music, as I am, then these are beautiful natural sounds." They come from about 500 miles up and are delightfully and correctly called tweaks and bonks. "The best time to catch them is between midnight and dawn. Occasionally, if you are very lucky, you can get 'whistlers,' which are simply tweaks and bonks that get caught on the magnetic flux lines that circle the earth, zipping from pole to pole."

Just what *is* Lucier doing? And where does it fit in? "I always thought that the world was divided into two kinds of people," he says, "poets and practical people, and that while the practical people ran the world, the poets had visions about it." But he went on to discover that one person can be both. "Now I realize that there is no difference between science and art."



BOB ADELMAN

Will Lucier tap the music of the spheres?

An example of Lucier's collusion between art and the physics of sound is a solar sound sculpture installed in a Middletown, Connecticut, bank foyer. Three blue solar collector panels power a miniature synthesizer. From dawn until dusk, the sun plays the instrument, its loudspeakers emitting pulse sounds similar to those of a highly resonant Indian drum, its intensity and pitch controlled by sun, clouds, reflections, and even passersby.

Lucier was once a conventional classical musician, and when he nervously contemplated his first experiments, friends told him that he should be writing piano sonatas. John Cage encouraged him: "It doesn't matter if it works; you have to try it." In 1965, Lucier created the first musical work ever actually to use brain waves to generate sound. Electrodes attached to the scalp of a "performer" were routed through amplifiers and loudspeakers to a variety of drums, gongs, cymbals, and bells. The recorded results are disquieting but curiously compelling, an eerie concatenation of organic and percussive rhythms.

Now the Whitney Museum of American Art has invited Lucier to propose a sonic installation. He's not sure yet just what he will do. He has discovered how to make sound spin in space and may concoct a way to allow the visitor to hear it. Or perhaps he'll create a construction of pierced walls, oscillators, and speakers that will permit sound to flow into a room in defraction patterns. "If you look up into a sunlit tree," he reminds us, "you see the light does marvelous things—diffused light, reflective patterns. Sound does the same thing."

What next? The people who operate the world's largest array of radio telescopes, on the Plains of San Augustin, New Mexico, should be warned. Lucier has been seen casting a covetous eye on its twenty-seven enormous parabolic dishes, an ideal cosmic hookup.

The Lucier sound may be heard on Lovely Music/Vital Records, 325 Spring Street, New York, NY 10013. —*Diane Raines Keim*

CHOICE AUCTIONS

In recent years, summer sales have largely been auction-house cleanouts—eagerly awaited by bargain hunters—or provincial-estate sales, wonderful rainy-day refuges for vacationers. But now, major sales are scheduled straight through the summer, particularly in London (do we hear the accountants calling for greater rationalization between income and expenses?).

Since they insist, we persist, and at any rate this month is remarkable for many rediscoveries of special significance. No doubt they will disrupt many vacations and budgets.

London—Sotheby's, July 8, 1983. Important French furniture, clocks, and tapestries. With sales like this, Sotheby's is proving that it does not intend to drop to second place in the sales-volume war without a good fight. The star on this occasion will likely be the recently rediscovered Louis XVI lacquer cabinet pictured above. Lost for much of the last two centuries, it is probably the piece delivered by Daguerre to Versailles for *le cabinet intérieur du roi* on January 11, 1784, and subsequently listed in an inventory of 1787. Now it is attributed to Adam

This newly discovered Louis XVI lacquer cabinet should fetch at least a cool million.

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Weisweiler (ca. 1750–ca. 1810), with remarkable mounts probably by Pierre Gouthière (1732–ca. 1814), and is estimated at about £750,000.

London—Christie's, July 8 and 15, 1983. Important old masters and important English paintings. The first sale features another recent rediscovery or reattribution, Watteau's *Spring*, right, possibly the most important Watteau to come to auction this century. Watteau painted four Four Seasons series, and this picture, painted ca. 1709 and identified not long ago by the specialist Simon Dickinson, is the only known example from the so-called Julienne series (after the painter's chief patron, Jean de Julienne). Very few seasons from the other series are known to have survived, so this one will be a disappointment at anything less than several hundred thousand pounds.

The English sale on the fifteenth includes eleven conversation pieces by Arthur Devies from Godmersham Park (ostensibly Jane Austen's model for *Mansfield Park*), the contents of which were dispersed early last month.

P.S. If you happen to be in Amsterdam early in the month, it will be worthwhile to take in the promising ceramics, glass, silver, jewelry, and vertù sales at Christie's on the sixth and seventh.

Revival Louis XVI: an investment or not?

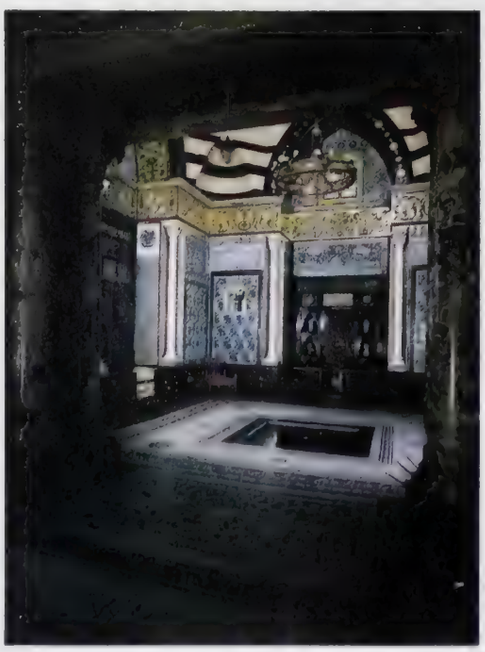
The rediscovered Watteau, at Christie's.

New York—William Doyle Galleries, July 13, 1983. Victoriana. Among a marvelous group of period treasures from a single consignor, a notable bargain is a splendid eleven-piece parlor suite (left), commissioned from the American Leon Marcotte in 1869. Such pieces exemplify the enormous popularity of "revivals" in the late nineteenth century, particularly of the ebonized, bronze-mounted Louis XVI style. Curiously, the $6,000–$9,000 estimate represents a negative return in constant dollars: a copy of Marcotte's original bill, which accompanies the suite, amounts to $704.80, a fortune in those days and the equivalent of about $27,000 in today's terms. So much for the "art as an investment" credo! —*James R. Lyons*

THE HOUSE THAT FRED BUILT

One of the best-preserved Victorian eccentricities to be seen in London is the large and friendly house that belonged to Frederick, Lord Leighton, the famous painter of tempting but innocent nudes. It stands on Holland Park Road, in the still-expensive precincts of Kensington, and it is open to the public free of charge on weekday and Saturday afternoons.

The exterior is of simple red brick, but you can gather from the whimsical interior that Frederick Leighton (1830–96) had a charmed life. A glance merely at the index of his biography gives a condensed account of the particulars. Under the heading "Leighton, Personal Characteristics," we find such entries as "Duty, strong sense of; Insight, rapidity of; Intellect, brilliance of; Smell, keen sense of," plus so many references to his Courage, Impartiality, Modesty, and other noble virtues that we are not surprised at all by the long list of "Dignities and honours conferred on." In addition to his knighthood and his barony, "Fred" (as he signed his letters to his mother) furthermore received a long string of honorary titles from Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin, Berlin, Genoa, and Antwerp, not to mention all the art academies of Europe.



A Victorian dream of Araby, by Leighton.

One of the few sour notes sounded against him came from the American artist James McNeill Whistler, who is said to have remarked, "Ah, Leighton—a charming fellow, and such a fine conversationalist—I am told that he paints." But such jibes were water off Leighton's magic cloak. The son of a well-to-do physician who encouraged his artistic talents, at the age of twenty-two he sold the first paint-

Jacqueline Boccara

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"Suite des Continents : Le Nouveau Monde" Woven in Brussels in the Workshop of Van Der Borcht 18th Century
Cartoons by De Hondt. On the left, turtles and armadillos, next to them, gold ingots. H. 8'3" x W. 13'3" (2[illegible] cm x 400 cm)

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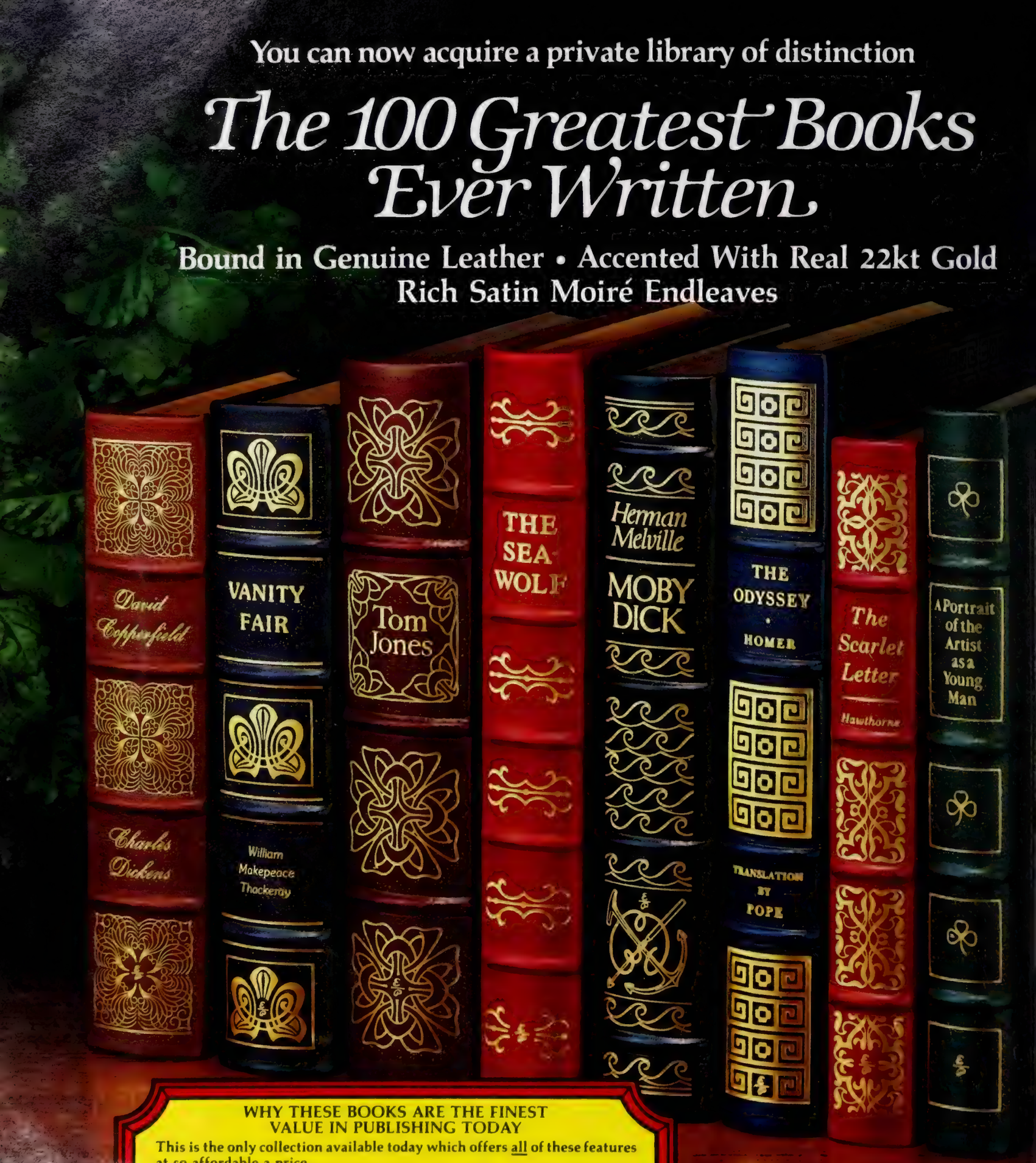

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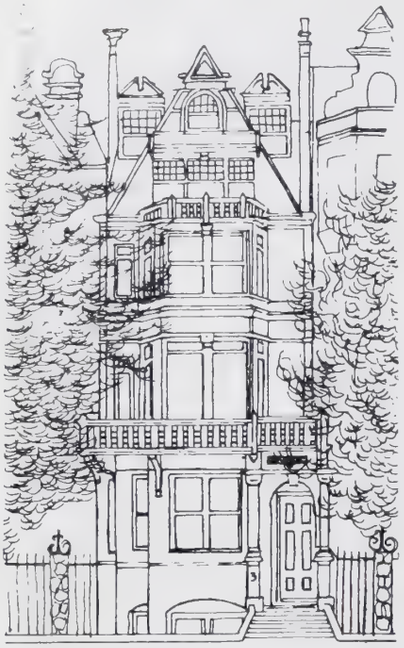

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ing he ever exhibited—*The Madonna of Cimabue*—to Queen Victoria, for today's equivalent of $12,000. Thereafter his prices rose very much higher, and by his midthirties he had engaged the fashionable architect George Aitchison to help him design his magnificent dream house, with its unique Arab Hall.

Inspired largely by the design of the hall in La Zisa Palace in Palermo, Leighton covered the walls of this airy chamber with brilliantly colored tiles from Persia, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt that he and his friends painstakingly collected during their travels in the East. The adventurer Sir Richard Burton was one of his prestigious helpers in this piecemeal enterprise. "My friends were lucky enough to nobble a score of tiles from the Mosque of Omar," Burton reported to Leighton in a letter from Damascus in 1871, thereby helping to fill another few square feet of wall space in the hall.

Besides the hall, with its tiles and Damascan latticework, its mosaic floor and black marble fountain pool, Leighton gave himself a spacious sculpture garden outdoors and an immense studio on the first floor. There you can see paintings by Whistler, Burne-Jones, and George Watts, and, of course, a selection of his own. You will make up your own mind about His Lordship's art. To mine, the house itself is his best bequest. —*Christopher Logue*

CULTURA WITH A "K"

Nineteen eighty-three in Italy is turning out to be the year of *Il Duce*, as the centenary of the birth of Benito Mussolini has triggered a major revival of interest in Fascist culture, as well as bitter public controversy. The revival actually began last year with the huge *Annitrenta* exhibition of 1930s art mounted in Milan. The show tapped an immense pool of popular nostalgia, which has since been exploited with a slew of sympathetic best-sellers and television documentaries on Mussolini and the Fascist period.

Talk of Fascism in anything but purely negative terms had been avoided in Italy ever since the war. The *Annitrenta* show intended to counteract this national "amnesia." The organizers argued that Fascism, at least during the first ten years of Mussolini's reign, was highly popular, and that its culture had nobler roots and greater variety than mere propaganda.

It is true that Italian Fascism tolerated

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

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Giorgio de Chirico's *Gladiators and Lion*, a foretaste of his bombastic period.

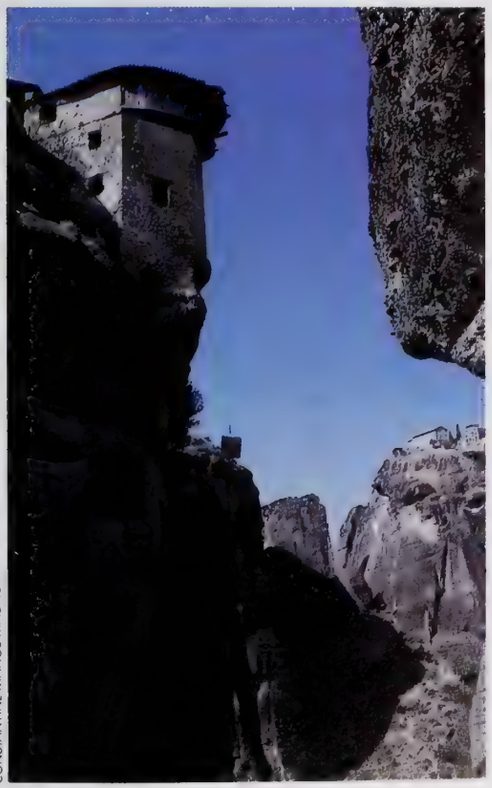
unofficial artistic strains, like expressionist and abstract painting, after they had been banned by Hitler and Stalin as "degenerate." Despite the variety of styles, the paintings themselves proved to be as depressingly mediocre, conservative, and provincial as most people remembered. What is cruder or more bombastic than the "social realism" of the period—all those muscular heroes marching into the glorious Fascist future? Sadly, even Giorgio de Chirico and Carlo Carrà, the founders of "metaphysical" painting, disowned their truly splendid early work and adopted an overblown neoclassical style meant to recall the imperial grandeur of ancient Rome.

Many critics pointed out that the show whitewashed and advertised Fascism, encouraging the onset of a wholesale romanticizing of the period at the mass level. This year the Italian best-seller list has been crowded with such books as *Claretta*, a romantic biography of Mussolini's lover, Clara Petacci, and *The Children of the Duce*. Publishers have rushed to put out biographies and diaries of other Fascist leaders and have even reprinted Mussolini's autobiography, the first edition since the war. Television has followed suit, notably with such dramatic series as *All the Duce's Men*, which drew an audience of millions—and was harshly criticized for glossing over the brutalities, blunders, and military adventures of the Fascist regime.

Fortunately, the revival does not seem to be taking a political form: no one worthy of attention is calling for a return of the far Right, of militarism and anti-Semitism. The whole infatuation seems mainly to reflect widespread confusion and disillusionment with the Italian present. It is merely a sentimental escape into a rosy, if brown-shirted, past, and some quarters of the economy are profiting handsomely from it. —*Alexander Stille*

MONASTERIES OF THE AIR

Traditionally, women were not permitted to set foot in the monasteries of the Meteora—the dramatic rock pillars that rise above the Thessalian plain in mainland Greece. One exception, about fifty years ago, was an enterprising American woman who bound her breasts, cut her hair, and dressed as a young man in order to see these extraordinary "monasteries of the air." What she saw and felt hasn't been recorded, but no matter. Not long afterward, the ancient prohibition was rescinded, and now all visitors receive a warm welcome from the resident monks.



CONSTANTINE MANOS/MAGNUM

For centuries, pilgrims to the Meteora monasteries had to be hoisted up by rope.

The Meteora rise above the valley of the river Piniós, in the very heart of Thessaly, well off the beaten tourist track. During the early Middle Ages, hermits and ascetics made their way to the top of the rocks and established dwellings of various kinds. One of them, according to legend, ascended a particularly awkward cliff "on an eagle's back." It is hard to see how else he could have done it. But by the fourteenth century some of the sanctuaries had grown into full-fledged monasteries: eventually there were some two dozen of them.

Their inhabitants kept themselves well out of reach of bandits and invaders who roamed the plains. Usually the only access to a monastery was afforded by a net or basket that was let down for supplies or travelers and then winched up in a dizzying and perilous ride. At St. Barlaam, one of the steepest precipices, a rope as thick as a man's wrist was used to haul up the net, in which the visitor had to squat like a trapped chimpanzee. When one nervous traveler asked the abbot how often the rope was changed, the laconic answer was "Only when it breaks."

A great many Byzantine painters were among the cargo that was thus pulled heavenward, and the most important of the monasteries were decorated with magnificent frescoes of saints, martyrs, the Virgin, the great Pantocrator, and the heavenly hosts. Their inaccessibility kept them out of harm's way during the terrible battles that raged on the plain; hence, the surviving monasteries are rich in relics, icons, and rare books.

During the 1930s, when they thought the world safe enough to relax their precautions, some of the monks began hewing staircases out of the rock to permit people to walk up to their monasteries: it takes more than 400 steps to reach St.

RENE BURRI/MAGNUM

Nicholas, for example. Then the Second World War decimated the dwindling population of monks and brought havoc to the plain.

Fortunately, monastic life is gradually reviving, and four of the largest monasteries are again in full flower: Great Meteoron, St. Barlaam, Holy Trinity, and St. Stephen. The simplest and by far most practical way to see them is to take a bus tour from Salonika, which takes in all of the inhabited monasteries: the average cost of the approximately 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. round trip is about 1,600 drachmas (about twenty dollars). It is not a journey for the infirm—only St. Stephen is on the flat. One can, of course, stay overnight at a modest inn in Kalambaka, the nearest village, and visit the Meteora at a more leisurely pace. But taking the bus ensures that one won't arrive at an inopportune moment, such as certain feast days when the monks are too busy to receive visitors. Some of the empty and ruined monasteries, by the way, have steps leading up to them, but those that do not are once again inaccessible. Now that the monks have gone, there is no one to pull you up in the swaying net that once elicited many a fervent prayer. —*Barton Turner*

ON DUTOURNIER'S TERMS

Alain Dutournier, the chef-owner of the Au Trou Gascon restaurant in Paris, is in a curious predicament. The restaurant has already earned two Michelin stars for its extraordinary Gascon cuisine and could well merit the crowning third, but it happens to be located in the grungy twelfth arrondissement, at 40, rue Taine—a narrow street that winds through a w[illegible] railroad tracks, deserted warehouses of the old Bercy wine market, and the const[illegible] tion site for Paris's new boxing st[illegible] ending up at the drab Place Félix Eboué. The area is about as distinguished as, say, Manhattan's Lower East Side—though you're less likely to get mugged—and Dutournier has utterly outclassed his surroundings. Au Trou Gascon is drawing in epicures from all over Paris (mostly by taxi), but "I won't get a third star unless I move," Dutournier says rather proudly.

Dutournier, thirty-three, is a third-generation restaurateur from the Peyrehorade region, in the foothills of the Pyrenees, where cooking has been subject to neighboring Spanish and Moorish influences and also to a British touch, left over [illegible]n when the English ruled Aquitaine in the Middle Ages. In Dutournier's refined version of southwestern cuisine, the biggest regional influence is the fat he uses: *schmaltz*, duck fat—but of a light consistency that soars, Pyrenees style, far over the Catskills variety. The Spanish touch comes in his combinations of meat and fish, such as his delicate balancing of sweetbreads and barely cooked oysters served in a Savoy cabbage leaf. And there is a touch of the Moorish and British in the leg of suckling lamb gently roasted in a pastry case, stuffed with cabbage and kidneys, and topped with a lightly minted sauce. But one of the most successful dishes is a pure innovation—a truffle-flavored

oxtail soup with wafer-thin raviolis stuffed with foie gras. As for dessert, Dutournier draws on the famous chocolate-making traditions of Bayonne, near his hometown, and his cakes are a chocolate lover's heaven. Rounding out the gustatory impression is the restaurant's vintage 1900 setting, preserved from the days when the locale was a popular bistro among the Bercy wine merchants: plaster vermicelli moldings, lots of mirrors, trompe l'oeil plaster disguised as marble, cloying murals of country beauties.

To sample the full range of Dutournier's skill, patrons can order his *idées de la saison* along with the *découvertes du sommelier,* a six-course menu with four wines for 320 francs (about $50)—a veritable bargain, and no pretensions about it. Dutournier won the Paris region's top sommelier award for 1976, and his present *caviste,* Jean-Guy Lousteau, won the same honor in 1980. In addition to the Bordeaux you'd expect, you can look forward to worthy discoveries, such as the 1979 Ladoix I was served there most recently. Ostensibly, it came from just the wrong side of the road from Aloxe-Corton, in the Burgundy region, but ferreting out quality from ill-respected corners comes naturally to Dutournier. —*Vivian Lewis*

MALIA LEWIS

Au Trou Gascon, just before rush hour.

A SUMMER WALK IN LONDON

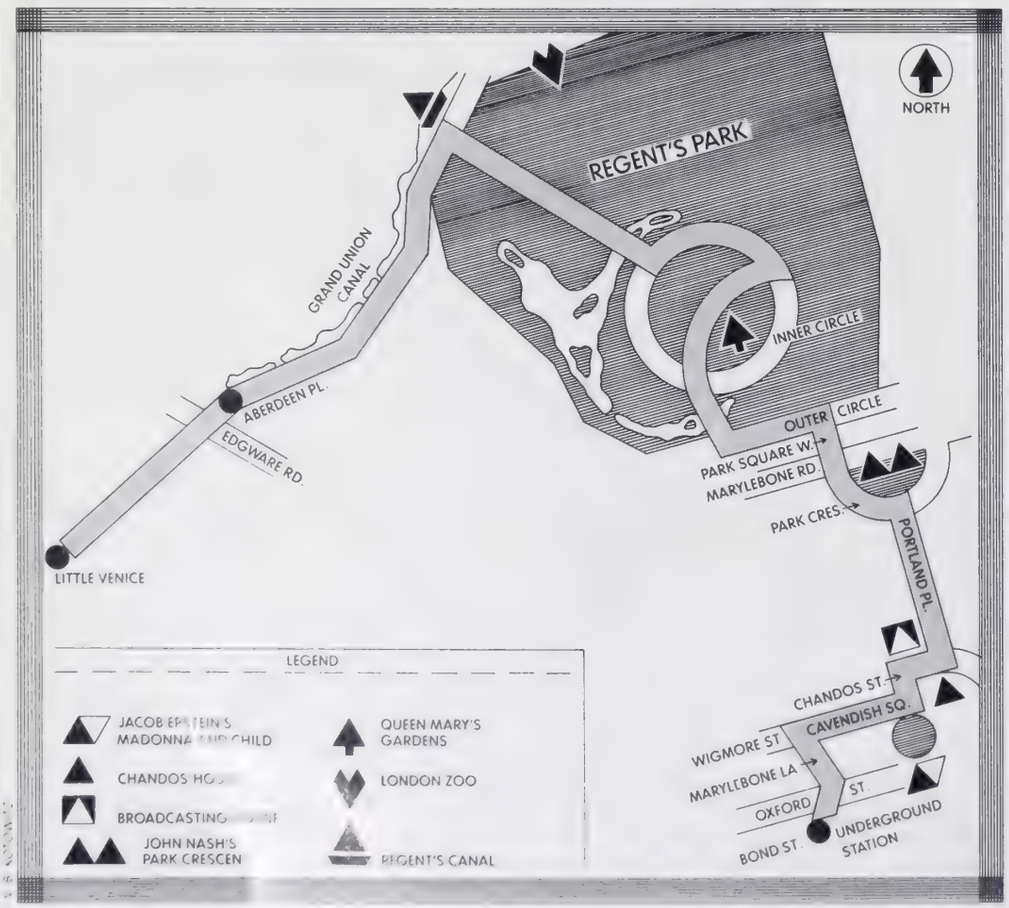
The rose is the emblem of the English summer, and if you have a couple of hours to spare in London on a balmy summer day, you might set out on this walk, which will take you to the city's most magnificent rose garden, passing some stately Regency and Georgian residences on the way, and ends with a quiet stroll by the canal.

Starting at the Bond Street underground station, cross Oxford Street, turn right and immediately left onto Marylebone Lane, then right along Wigmore Street, which becomes the north side of Cavendish Square. Glance down Dean's Mews, opposite the center of the square, to see Jacob Epstein's Madonna and Child adorning the arch over the lane. On the right-hand door under the arch are two cherub-head doorknobs, also by Epstein.

Back on the square, take the next turn on the left, Chandos Street, admiring Robert Adam's Chandos House (1771). Turn right into Portland Place, where Broadcasting House, the art deco headquarters of BBC radio, looms in front of you. Follow Portland Place north, admiring its Georgian houses, many of which are now embassies. The broad street ends with the semicircle of Park Crescent, among the most pleasing works of the Regency architect John Nash. Take the left-hand side of the crescent, then cross Marylebone Road to Park Square West.

Entering Regent's Park, immediately turn left, walking parallel with Nash's cream-colored terraces. Turn right at the road, cross the bridge over a tributary of the lake, and go straight ahead, through the ornamental gates into Queen Mary's Garden. Bear right for the superb rose bower, and, when your eyes are well enough feasted, leave the garden by the gates on your right. Turn left and follow the inner-circle road until you see a gate and a park map on your right. Enter, cross another bridge, fork slightly left, and walk straight ahead, ignoring cross paths. The man-made landscapes of London Zoo dominate the skyline on your right.

When you reach the outer-circle motor road, cross it, cross the bridge over the canal, turn sharp right down the slope, then head west along the towpath, back under the bridge. Once a commercial link between the Thames and the Grand Union Canal to the midlands, Regent's Canal is



now used only for pleasure trips. Soon you will pass some of its barges and cabin cruisers, moored by the bank.

The path ends at the foot of some steep steps to Aberdeen Place. Climb them and walk straight ahead to Edgware Road. So far, at a comfortable pace, the walk will have taken you about two hours. If that is enough, you can catch a bus here to Oxford Street. Otherwise, cross the road and follow the Canal for half a mile further to Little Venice, the ambitiously named basin where, if your appetite has been whetted, you can take the water bus back to the zoo. —*Michael Lutzeier*

THE INNKEEPER AND THE HOTELIER

Among the half dozen or so recent entrants in New York's glamour-hotel sweepstakes, two have called more than the usual amount of attention to themselves, thanks largely to herculean PR efforts—the Ritz-Carlton, on Central Park South, and the Parker Meridien, on Fifty-seventh Street within sight of Carnegie Hall. Luxury herself could scarcely ask for better locations in Manhattan, so we were very curious to see how she was faring in both new abodes.

WILLIAM LOW

Ritz-Carlton: quiet, discreet, impeccable.

First, the good news. The Ritz-Carlton is a winner, "an outcome that though unforseen was predestined from the first image of the original mood," as Robert Frost once said in a very different context. This new Ritz is the phoenix risen from the proverbial ashes of the old Navarro, with $20 million in new feathers. It fits the pattern that the hotelier-impresario John Coleman has followed with ever greater success, with the Whitehall in Chicago some ten years ago, followed by the Tremont (also Chicago), and the Fairfax (Washington, D.C.). By eschewing the glitz and glitter we have come to dread in major urban hotels, by opting for intimacy and an almost clubby sense of scale and style, Coleman's hotels become friends rather than freaks. The soothing air of an informed, confident, yet restrained sensibility is limned out in Georgian-Regency appointments—lots of mahogany and leather; bleached-pine paneling; gilt and gessoed Chippendale mirrors and lacquered frames; and more equine, bovine, ovine, and canine pictures of the Seymour-Herring-Alken variety than you would have thought it possible to endure staring down at you in one place at one time. The public spaces and private rooms alike are all suffused with a well-worn perdurability, and it works. Coleman knows his audience: scratch many a wealthy American and you find a closet anglophile, *rather*!

Even the menu in the Jockey Club restaurant is true to this principle of focused excellence. Nothing terribly haute or nouvelle, simply a gift for making essentially basic fare seem surprisingly good again.

All in all, a simple formula: the Ritz-Carlton declares itself honestly in every aspect of its appointments and service (which is so impeccable that you don't even notice it). Even if its particular taste is not your own, you cannot help noting that it does what it sets out to do, very, very well. So much for the good news.

By this same standard we arrive reductively at the bad news. Air France's Meridien Group operates more than forty hotels worldwide, and if I were looking for accommodations in Bujumbura, on Lake Tanganyika, or in Kigali, in Rwanda, I would gladly check in to their local establishment. But their Parker Meridien, [illegible] aspiration sensibly manifested in a harmony of decor and decorum. Its inspiring motive is seduction, not trickery, a distinction that I suspect would be lost on whatever intelligence(s) planned the Parker Meridien. Instead of selling what they actually have—adequate space at a good location, an agreeable piano lounge in which to have a drink or a decent lunch, a basement health spa and an enormous rooftop pool, and the first-rate Maurice restaurant—they seem hell-bent on convincing you that there is something ex-

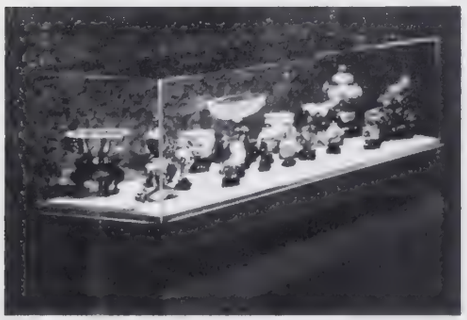
Parker Meridien: slick, shiny, peccable.

sluively "French" going on.

Item. The hotel's listed address is 118 West Fifty-seventh Street—or 57e Rue, as the sign above the door would have it. But don't tell the cabdriver to take you to that address: all you find there is an amorphous façade opening into a soaring, vaguely Italianate, mirror-lined, empty

Landscapes

Paintings



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corridor, with a vaulted ceiling painted like a blown-up Russian enamel. About a hundred feet later—when will this ever end?!—you enter a central atrium and finally pass into the slickly modern lobby. *Voilà* the hotel, but it is actually on *56e Rue*! Who are they trying to fool? Fifty-sixth Street is to Fifty-seventh Street what hamburger is to *steak tartare.*

Item. I will not excuse the sloppy housekeeping in the rooms (or *chambres,* according to the bilingual *Repertoire des Services*). Cigarette stubs in the ashtray in our freshly booked room; burn marks and stains on the bedspread and top sheet; rude and impatient cleaning staff who not once but repeatedly tried to get our room done and over with before nine o'clock on a Saturday morning. Not to mention the nonexistent ventilation and semi-public plumbing noises in the bathroom. Most offensive was the Gallic indifference of the front desk (*Réception*) and of Housekeeping (*Gouvernante*) to these trivialities when I pointed them out.

Frankly (no pun intended), I will take my $135 a night elsewhere. Strip away the Parker Meridien's sort of "Frenchness," along with the Aubusson tapestry and *bureau plat* in the lobby, and essentially you find a hotel that the Marriott people could operate with greater integrity and effect. On the other hand, if I were in Bujumbura . . . —*Siste Viator*

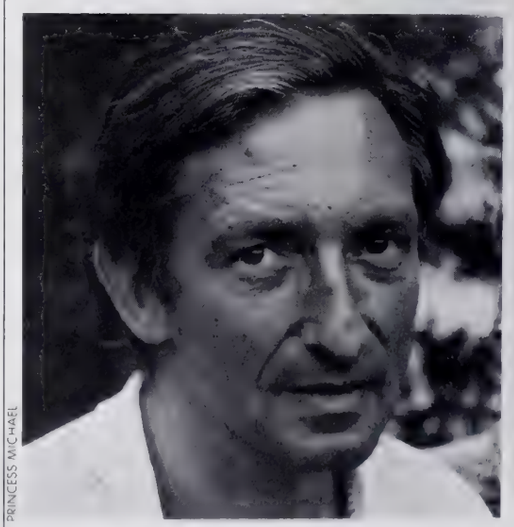
THE PERILS OF PRINCE MICHAEL

Aristocrats who can, rule. Those who can't, write. Prince Michael of Greece and of Denmark, first cousin of the duke of Edinburgh, first cousin once removed of King Constantine, second cousin of the king of Spain, member of the Order of the Elephant, writes historical romances. His latest, *Sultana,* about the favorite in a Turkish sultan's harem, was published last month by Harper & Row. Prince Michael says that his life is dedicated to writing, "morning to evening, every day." His wife, Marina Karella, is an artist. "We are professionals," explains the prince, an exquisitely polite chap with the fragile manner of Europe's displaced nobles.

He, his wife, and their two daughters are based in New York. The walls of their lavish penthouse on Park Avenue are adorned with Greek icons of the late Byzantine period, which the prince collects on side trips to the auction rooms of western Europe. But collecting is a mere hobby; history is his passion. In one early book, he set out to prove that Atlantis was the Cretan Empire of the second millennium B.C. Prince Michael looked shocked when asked if the project had been undertaken in a spirit of fun. He stopped toying with his worry beads. He inhaled melodramatically and noisily. "Every word was checked. And with references. No, it was a dull, boring, history book."

Later he wrote a biography of Louis XIV, debunking the legend of the Sun King. Reactions to the book suggested to Prince Michael, perhaps somewhat belatedly, "that people don't want their idols to be pulled down." He is related to every royal family in Europe. The people he knows in France—where *Sultana* is now a best-seller—were not amused by the book about Louis XIV. "They said, 'It's not untrue, but nevertheless you are pulling down our favorite characters, and how dare you do it? On top of everything else, he is your ancestor on your mother's side.' But what could I do? First, I'm a historian and a writer. Historic truth forces me to say what I find out about these people."

But when it came to *Sultana,* the prince decided to novelize the bare bones he turned up in historical research. The heroine is Aimée Dubuc, a French girl who became the favorite of a nineteenth-century sultan and influenced Turkish policy "from behind the scenes." The blurb from the publisher points out that several biographies of Aimée Dubuc appeared in the 1930s, "but they were either incomplete or dense with errors." Prince Michael's account is dense with accuracy. Fictional reality is more persuasive when padded out with actual facts, even for European bluebloods who have endured a storybook existence. —*Elisabeth Wynhausen*



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BYZANTIUM PRESERVED

Almost miraculously, Istanbul's Church of the Savior has survived seven hectic centuries.

By Patrick Brogan

The twentieth century has been hard on Istanbul. A queen among cities, on seven high hills surrounded by water, facing Asia and the Bosporus, Istanbul still boasts beautiful public monuments: Justinian's Church of the Holy Wisdom (Hagia Sophia) and splendid mosques of the Ottomans. But like Paris since 1945, Istanbul has felt the crushing weight of peasantry moving off the land and into the city. And though Turkish real-estate speculators are less wealthy and destructive than their Parisian counterparts, Turkey lacks the resources available to France for saving its architectural heritage.

As a result, the lesser monuments, particularly the Byzantine ones, are collapsing into ruin all over the city, and the distinctive wooden houses of the Ottoman period have been swept away as though Istanbul, like Dresden or Tokyo, had been consumed by fire. They have been replaced by blocks of concrete apartments, characterless and international, the sort of building to be seen in every other city on the Mediterranean coast from Barcelona to Tel Aviv.

In this wasteland, therefore, it is a delight and a relief to find one corner of the city where something is being preserved. The Touring and Automobile Club of Turkey, guided by its director, Çelik Gülersoy, has taken upon itself the task of restoring and preserving the wooden houses around the Kariye Camii, which is the Turkish name for the Byzantine Church of the Savior in Chora. The church is a masterpiece, and until Mr. Gülersoy intervened, the concrete was marching irresistibly toward it. Now, gardens have been laid out behind the church, the houses have been restored and painted, unsightly buildings have been removed, and many of the houses have been converted into bed-and-breakfast lodgings for tourists. One is now a very pleasant café-restaurant in the Turkish manner.

Chora means "fields" or "country" in Greek; thus, some historians believe that a church was first built there before Theodosius constructed the walls that enclosed it within the city. The present church is near the walls, where they run down to the Golden Horn. The last palace of the Byzantine emperors was nearby. The modern name, Kariye Camii, preserves the ancient Greek in *kariye,* an Arabic word meaning "countryside"; *camii* (pronounced *jami*) is Turkish for "mosque."

The church is now a museum, well off the beaten tourist track, far from the seething crowds of the bazaar and the splendors of the mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent. It is in old Istanbul, thoroughly Turkish, with steep, narrow, twisting streets, dilapidated old houses, and hordes of friendly, inquisitive children.

Professor David Talbot Rice, doyen of Byzantine art historians, says that the Savior in Chora "is one of the most, if not the most precious example of later Byzantine art that has come down to us." It contains an un-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT OUSTERHOUT

rivaled series of mosaics, dating from the early fourteenth century, restored by Thomas Whittemore, founder of the Byzantine Institute, and Paul Underwood, working with a team of Turkish and American experts under the aegis of the institute. Hagia Sophia is far bigger, far more magnificent, and also much older. They make an interesting pair, proof that the Byzantines could handle the very large and the small equally well, and that Byzantine art maintained the same general framework of aesthetics, and shone with equal splendor, from the reign of Justinian to that of Andronicus II Palaeologus, seven centuries apart.

The Turks conquered Constantinople in 1453. The Savior in Chora was turned into a mosque some years later, and for four centuries its mosaics were preserved by a succession of Turkish officials. The Turks added a minaret, and they rebuilt the central dome after it collapsed during an earthquake in the eighteenth century, which destroyed the mosaics that must have covered it. The building was secularized at the same time as Hagia Sophia, after Kemal Atatürk set up the secular Turkish Republic, in 1923.

The façade of the church, about ninety feet wide, looks over a little square lovingly restored by Gülersoy, with a pretty Ottoman fountain on one side. There is a big central dome, now topped with a crescent, and subsidiary domes over the surrounding chapels. The monastery that once adjoined the church has long since disappeared. The church is built of alternating bands of red brick and white stone, four courses of each in every band.

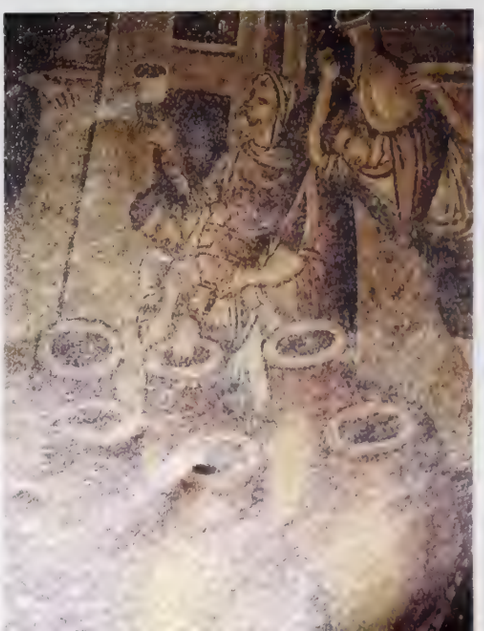
Byzantine churches usually have a narthex, a vestibule running the width of the building, with the main church behind it. The Savior in Chora is square under its dome, with a big apse to the east. It is unusual in having two narthexes, one behind the other at its west end, and it also has a side chapel running the full length of the building on the south. The upper walls and ceilings of the narthexes are covered with mosaics, and those of the funerary side chapel with frescoes.

The second narthex, the side chapel and their decoration were added in a major rebuilding of the church undertaken early in the fourteenth century. We owe its splendors to the generosity and piety of Theodore Metochites, who was logothete (chancellor) to the emperor

Patrick Brogan wrote about the Vix krat the February 1983 issue of C

Like stained glass, Byzantine mosaics told gospel stories. Above: After the miracle of the loaves, Christ converses with disciples.

Above: In the zenith of a dome, a fresco of Mary and Jesus. Below: In mosaic, urgent preparations are made for the miracle at Cana.



Andronicus II Palaeologus and between about 1303 and 1320 bestowed the trappings of his office and the wealth of the empire on his favorite church. He appears in one of the mosaic panels, kneeling before the seated figure of Christ, offering him a model of the church. Theodore is wearing his best robes and an enormous striped turban. He has a square-cut brown beard and pointed mustaches. He was a man of letters, an astronomer, and a mathematician as well as a statesman and a patron of the arts. His career ended abruptly when he made the mistake of supporting the losing side in a dynastic war. He was allowed to end his days as a monk in the Savior in Chora, sweeping the floor of the church he had beautified so lavishly and where he was subsequently buried.

The mosaics of the Church of the Savior served the same purpose that the stained glass of Western churches did in the Middle Ages. They illustrate passages from the gospels for the edification of the faithful, and they do so much more successfully. They are not constrained by the intricacies of a Gothic window, and because the ceilings are much lower they are more easily visible. The glass at Chartres or at King's College Chapel is very beautiful, but it is not at all easy to see what is going on. The Byzantine mosaics that survive, most abundantly in the Savior in Chora, but also in Hagia Sophia and in some other churches in Istanbul and elsewhere (such as Justinian's church of San Vitale, in Ravenna), are perfectly clear, perfectly understandable. They follow the contours of a dome or a pendentive and fill niches and cover wide expanses as well. Byzantine craftsmen attained an unsurpassed mastery of the medium—far beyond Roman skills—and because their mosaics are made of small cubes of colored stone or tile, their colors are very well preserved. The work of restoration at the Church of the Savior, and elsewhere in Istanbul, was undertaken by the Byzantine Institute of America. The mosaics are as brilliant and as beautiful now as they were 650 years ago.

There are two series of mosaics, one recounting the life of Christ; the other, the life of the Virgin. There are also separate panels showing saints and angels, or scenes from Byzantine iconography; the special panel honoring Theodore Metochites; and a Deesis—a mosaic of Christ and Mary with a portrait of the emperor Isaac Comnenus tucked into a corner. What is most notable about these mosaics is their immense realism. They are no

Above: The nave, with its magnificent marble panels, newly cleaned and polished.
Below: At Mary's deathbed, Christ holds a child who represents her soul.

COURTESY TURKISH EMBASSY

The frescoes were a revelation: they are almost exactly contemporary with Giotto and nearly as fine.

longer the frozen, formal images of traditional Byzantine art, rigidly delineated in static and conventional poses. In a scene representing the miracle of the loaves and fishes, for instance, Christ is sitting comfortably on a rock while one disciple, in short sleeves, is engaged in voluble discussion with him, gesturing animatedly; a second disciple, in long sleeves, has folded his arms and wears an expression of total bewilderment; and a third, in a toga, is pointing to the dozen miraculous baskets of bread and is clearly asking where on earth they all came from.

Some splendid scenes show a medieval Byzantine's notion of Hebrew manners and architecture of the first century A.D. In one scene, servants at Cana come rushing to fill amphorae with water that Christ will turn into wine; in another, the Holy Family passes the jumbled roofs of a village on its flight into Egypt. Formal images conform to the canons of Byzantine iconography in posture and dress, but even these are done with marvelous subtlety. Very small cubes made of stone, glass, or tile are used, and the colors shade into one another with almost as much freedom as a painter could achieve.

The comparison is easily made in the side chapel, which is decorated with frescoes instead of mosaics. They had suffered from the grime of the ages, but are now splendidly visible again. They proved a revelation for art historians: they are almost exactly contemporary with the work of Giotto and in some ways just as fine. The specialists can now debate which artist influenced the other, or whether each achieved a separate artistic breakthrough spontaneously.

The most important series of frescoes represents the Resurrection, called by the Greeks the Anastasis; and the crowning masterpiece, in the apse at the end of the chapel, shows what is known in Western art as the Harrowing of Hell or the Descent into Limbo. Christ is risen from the dead, has broken the gates of hell asunder, and is raising Adam and Eve out of their

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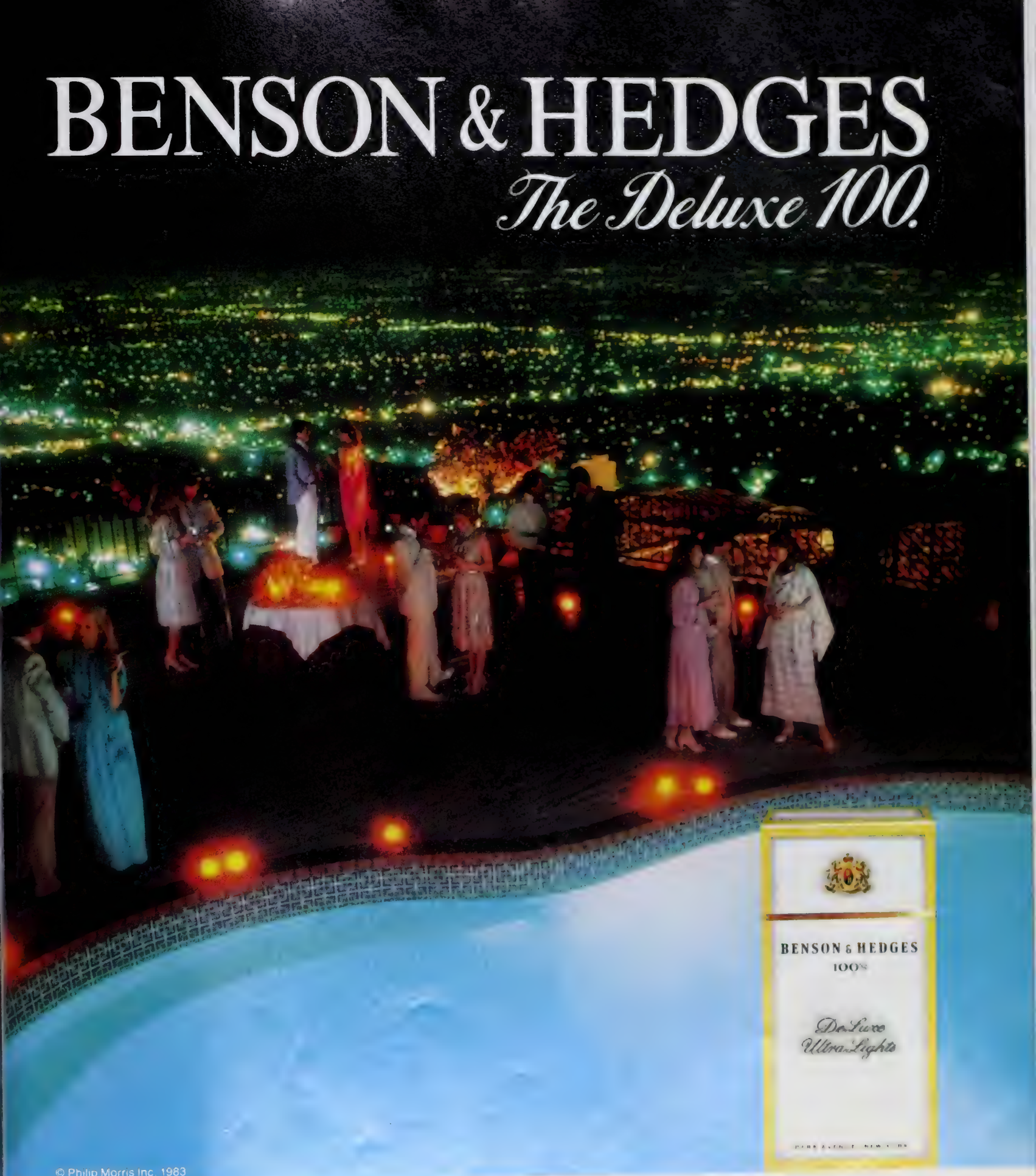

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tombs, Adam with his right hand, and Eve with his left. These representatives of all humanity are accompanied by saints, angels, patriarchs, and kings of Israel. Satan lies bound under Christ's feet with a scattering of keys and instruments of torture, and the broken gates. The dominant figure of Christ is shown striding forward, his robes swirling around him, the very image of purposeful movement. If the best of the mosaics are a refinement and a softening of medieval Byzantine art, the Anastasis is a first flowering of the Renaissance, like Giotto's Arena Chapel.

The lower parts of the walls throughout the church, and particularly in the main body, are covered with marble panels of great splendor. They have been cleaned and polished; similar, earlier ones in Hagia Sophia await restoration and are dingy by comparison. The Byzantine masons would select blocks of stone of striking color and markings, preferring ones with wavy lines across them. They would cut the blocks vertically into very thin slices and then open them like the pages of a book. The right-hand slab would then present a mirror image in perfect symmetry with the left. If the block was smooth enough, the masons could sometimes cut two or even four pairs of slabs, and the pattern ripples in waves across a wide expanse of wall, thus bringing discipline and order to the irregularity of geology. Samuel Pepys, in Restoration London, described how marble was cut, by means of a technique that had not changed since classical times. A groove was chiseled along the top of a block of stone and filled with sand. Two men then cut into it using a cord as though it were a two-handed toothless saw, grinding away the stone with the sand. About two inches of marble a day can be cut this way. Thousands of days' work must have gone into cutting the marble panels at the Church of the Savior.

The Savior in Chora is now a beautifully preserved museum surrounded by pretty wooden houses in a working-class district of old Istanbul. The dilapidated walls of Theodosius are nearby, along with a few other fragments of the city's remote Byzantine past. It is almost miraculous that the church has survived so well and that the 650-year-old mosaics and frescoes of an unknown Byzantine master have outlived the centuries. Other, more magnificent churches have vanished, but the Church of the Savior remains, in perfect serenity, and, thanks to Çelik Gülersoy, its pleasant and picturesque surroundings have been saved too.□

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Left: A fine early 19th Century double sided mahogany writing table with ebonised bands to the legs and drawer fronts, and having a green leather top. Circa 1810.

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Below: A very fine Sheraton period mahogany Breakfast table. The well figured and richly coloured top is cross banded in satin and rosewoods, and supported on an elegant quadruped base.

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WURST AT ITS BEST

In Munich, the perfect midmorning treat is beer and steamed weisswurst—the most delicately flavored of all sausages.

By Marian Burros

What roasted chestnuts are to New Yorkers weisswurst is to Münchners. When seized with the desire for a snack, the late-night reveler or early-morning stroller in the city of beer halls and oversized pretzels is likely to choose weisswurst.

This pale white sausage, often studded with bright green flecks of parsley, is Munich's glorious contribution to Germany's dazzling array of wursts. Delicately seasoned and finely ground, weisswurst could easily be made into veal quenelles. Even the uninitiated have no trouble downing one—or more—for the first meal of the day.

JEFFREY SMITH

In Munich, purists would not dream of eating weisswurst before midnight or after eleven A.M., thinking, perhaps, that its reputed restorative powers do their best work in the early hours of the day. But the peak consumption is at *Brotzeit*, or bread time, when most Bavarians take their midmorning break.

The ideal spot to sample weisswurst is the Viktualienmarkt, where it is possible to observe an expert eating one with his fingers as he casually strolls across the cobblestones of this early-nineteenth-century open-air market. The proper technique, once mastered, allows you to eat the weisswurst without benefit of knife or fork: simply hold the sausage in one hand, and with the other peel back the thick casing and force out the delicious steamed meat. In the Viktualienmarkt the wurst is served at carry-out stalls with rolls and spicy sweet mustard.

In restaurants at midmorning, weisswurst comes to the table in a casserole of hot water and is served with rye bread and the city's famous white radishes and pretzels. Later in the day, it appears on the menu with sauerkraut and a mashed or boiled potato, or with a dumpling. The traditional accompaniment is beer, especially bock, when it is in season, although any good brew will do.

Great discoveries are often the results of accidents, and the creation of weisswurst bears this out. According to Munich legend, one early February morning in 1857, before the sun was up, a butcher with a horrendous hangover tried to make his daily supply of bratwurst—another white sausage, consisting of minced pork to which a little veal has been added. In his confusion, the fuzzy-headed butcher reversed the proportions of veal and pork, then seasoned the mixture with parsley and lemon peel. Had he been able to patent the result, his heirs would be rich. Münchners now eat over forty million weisswurst each year. And wherever there is a German butcher far from his native soil, there is usually a facsimile available.

In Munich, weisswurst is so popular that even the staff of the city's three-star restaurant Aubergine reportedly sit down with the chef-proprietor, Eckart Witzigmann, to a *Brotzeit* of weisswurst before they begin serving lunch. Aubergine, by the way, specializes in nouvelle cuisine.□

In this country, weisswurst can be found in most German butcher shops. Since it is a fresh sausage and contains no preservatives, it should be eaten as soon as possible. The taste varies according to the mixture of spices—usually a secret. One of the best versions is produced by Schaller & Weber, in New York City, and may be purchased at their store (1654 Second Avenue) and at other butcher and gourmet shops in the area. Weisswurst may also be ordered by mail, precooked and frozen, from Hans Mueller, a large firm carrying over twelve varieties of sausage, among their 250 other products. (For a brochure, write: Hans Mueller, 2459 Southwell, Dallas, TX 75229.)

Marian Burros is a food columnist for the New York Times *and the author of several cookbooks, including* Keep It Simple.

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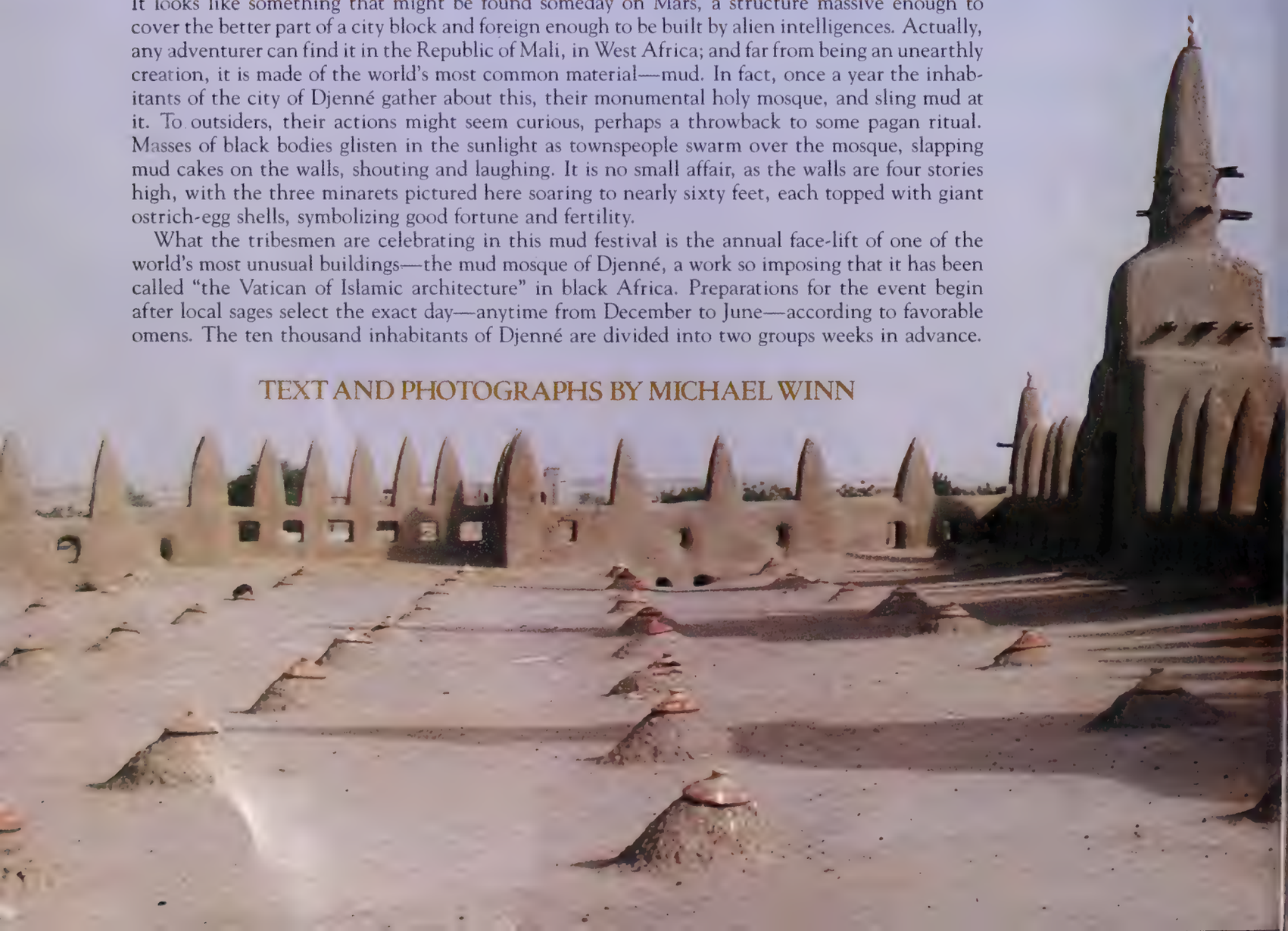
THE MAJESTIC MUD MOSQUE OF DJENNÉ

It looks like something that might be found someday on Mars, a structure massive enough to cover the better part of a city block and foreign enough to be built by alien intelligences. Actually, any adventurer can find it in the Republic of Mali, in West Africa; and far from being an unearthly creation, it is made of the world's most common material—mud. In fact, once a year the inhabitants of the city of Djenné gather about this, their monumental holy mosque, and sling mud at it. To outsiders, their actions might seem curious, perhaps a throwback to some pagan ritual. Masses of black bodies glisten in the sunlight as townspeople swarm over the mosque, slapping mud cakes on the walls, shouting and laughing. It is no small affair, as the walls are four stories high, with the three minarets pictured here soaring to nearly sixty feet, each topped with giant ostrich-egg shells, symbolizing good fortune and fertility.

What the tribesmen are celebrating in this mud festival is the annual face-lift of one of the world's most unusual buildings—the mud mosque of Djenné, a work so imposing that it has been called "the Vatican of Islamic architecture" in black Africa. Preparations for the event begin after local sages select the exact day—anytime from December to June—according to favorable omens. The ten thousand inhabitants of Djenné are divided into two groups weeks in advance.

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL WINN



On Mondays, people from all over the region flock to browse through the extraordinary selection of goods at Djenné's weekly market. Normally, life about the mosque begins at dawn, when women draw water at the public well at the building's southeastern corner (opposite).

Wi-Allah, ALL OTHER MUD MOSQUES ARE IMITATIONS!

Each group must organize cadres of volunteers to repair their half of the mosque. The honor is a great one, as the mosque dates its origins back to the fourteenth century.

The dirty refinishing work thus becomes a lighthearted race. Women gaily talk and sing as the mud is prepared. Young men vie for the privilege of scrambling up the ten-inch-thick wooden beams sticking out of the earthen walls, the ancient wood burnt black by the unrelenting sun. Balanced atop these beams, they pass up buckets of a mud compound known locally as *banco,* packing it over the walls wherever they are beginning to erode or crack. Although a single year's erosion does not threaten the structural integrity of the mosque, the small fissures can rapidly expand if left unattended. Without this annual treatment, the giant mud edifice would eventually "melt" in the seasonal rains and the fierce harmattan winds that blow in from the nearby Sahara in January. With the exception of a period in the nineteenth century when the mosque fell into decay, the mud building has been a kind of ongoing work of environmental sculpture, sustained by a zestful community spirit, for nearly five hundred years.

"There are other mud mosques in Mali," says El Haj Ousmane Cisse, a dignified retired civil servant in his late sixties, with a perfect French accent. By dint of his age and education, Ousmane is unofficially the town historian. "But, *wi-Allah,* they are imitations. They cannot compare in size or quality to the Great Mosque of Djenné. To my knowledge this is the largest building made of mud in Africa, and thus probably in the world. We use a special formula to make our *banco.* Husks of rice are mixed with earth and water and left to ferment for one week. When the mixture turns a certain shade of gray, we know it is ready."

To Westerners, the very idea of a mud mosque sounds primitive and perhaps a bit unsafe. After all, what happens if you're inside praying when a rainstorm strikes? Wouldn't a stronger and more permanent structure be more desirable, as well as require less upkeep? The mosque at Djenné is a striking example of mud architecture that flatly dismisses any such notions as being prejudices from an alien culture and geography.

"Mud," in the words of one art historian, "makes gentle buildings—practical, ecological, and humane." A mud building comes more from the heart than from the brain. It has never been hardened by fire, and thus has a soft, relaxed geometry that creates a gentle and livable space. Even a poor man can fashion himself a palace from mud; no architect or blueprints are needed. The limits are imagination, skill, and a pool of relatives to help with the labor. In Djenné, it is not only the Great Mosque, in the town square, that is made of mud. The entire population lives in mud town houses up to three stories high, and the city is surrounded by a mud wall about one and a half miles long.

Americans familiar with the adobe buildings of the American Southwest know that mud is cooler in summer than is cement, which can turn a home into a furnace. The Djenné mosque has an unusual thermostat—dozens of vent holes in the roof covered with ceramic caps. In summer the caps are removed at night to let cool air in and replaced during the day to keep the sun out. Thick mud walls also hold heat better in winter. Djenné is in the Sahel of West Africa, a semidesertic region bordering the Sahara where stone is rare and wood too scarce to burn in brick-firing kilns. Sun-dried mud is the ideal building material, free and plentiful; and the labor needed for building and patching walls is cheap and readily available.

Beyond these practical considerations, the true beauty of Djenné's mosque evokes the madness of Gaudí's Church of the Sacred Family in Barcelona and the breathtaking, Sahara-inspired lines of Le Corbusier's chapel at Ronchamp. But it achieves a dignity greater than either with its simple elements. From the inside, it is a peaceful place for praying, enclosed by the good, solid earth. From the outside, the range of imagination is so grand, the massing of its columns so bold, the detail so careful and powerful, its phallic imagery so dominant, that one is led to recognize that mud is not "backward" but is the natural element of desert architecture. The Djenné mosque is even modern in the sense that it is both a handmade sculpture and a functional work of architecture.

The analogy to the Vatican is not inappropriate, for Djenné's mosque has long been a widely revered symbol of economic, cultural, and spiritual importance. Islamic scholars come from all over West Africa to study in one of the hundred Koranic schools that flourish about the mosque. On any given day, children sit beside the low mud walls encircling the mosque and scribble newly learned Arabic on icon-shaped chalkboards. Older men can be seen praying fervently, forehead touching the mosque's rear wall, or walking about town muttering holy incantations.

The current imam, Sarmoye Korobara, is a seventy-year-old whose prayerful smile is as soft and mysterious as the earthen mosque entrusted to his care. He quietly informs visitors that by the grace of Allah forty saints are buried within the mosque walls. Under questioning he admits to being Djenné's one hundredth imam but seems more interested in resurrecting the glories of his predecessors. He points at the small tomb in front of the mosque. "It honors Alman Ismaila," he says. "He was an imam in the eighteenth century and a descendant of the Prophet's cousin Ali. He merited a tomb in this honored spot by setting the record for the longest continuous prayer by any marabout [Islamic holy man]—forty years!"

Recent archaeological discoveries have established that the ancient site of Djenné-Djenno, whose ruins lie a couple of miles from the present town, is the oldest known city in West Africa, dating back to the third century B.C. Archaeologists speculate that the old city was abandoned in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, when the Islamic elite felt that the old city was contaminated by pagan practices. The oral legend popular today ascribes the conversion of Djenné to Islam in 1182 to the inspiration of a young virgin named Tapama, who had herself entombed alive to atone for the plague and evil times that had

Michael Winn reports frequ

befallen the city. Shortly afterward, Djenné's commerce and culture prospered. Tapama's tomb is on the city's outskirts and still earns a reverent nod from passersby.

EVEN A POOR MAN CAN FASHION HIMSELF A MUD PALACE.

Djenné's location, on the Niger River's main affluent, the Bani, made it a prime crossroads on the trade routes between black Africa and North Africa. Gold, ivory, slaves, cola nuts, and red African rice went north by boat from Djenné to Timbuktu, where they were loaded onto camel caravans for crossing the Sahara. Salt, spices, perfumes, glass beads, dates, copper, and books (mostly the Koran) were sent south in exchange by Berbers and Arabs in what is now Morocco and Algeria. Even today, when the Niger floods, creating a vast inland lake, Djenné remains on high ground, an island where long wooden canoes called pirogues come to dock, laden with goods.

Djenné and Timbuktu were sister cities, and their fortunes rose and fell together. When the Frenchman René Caillié became the first European to enter Timbuktu, early in the last century, he soon observed that "Timbuktu has no resources but salt. . . . The inhabitants procure from Djenné everything requisite for the supply of their wants." The connection persists today, for after centuries of commerce and intermarriage most families in Djenné have relatives in Timbuktu.

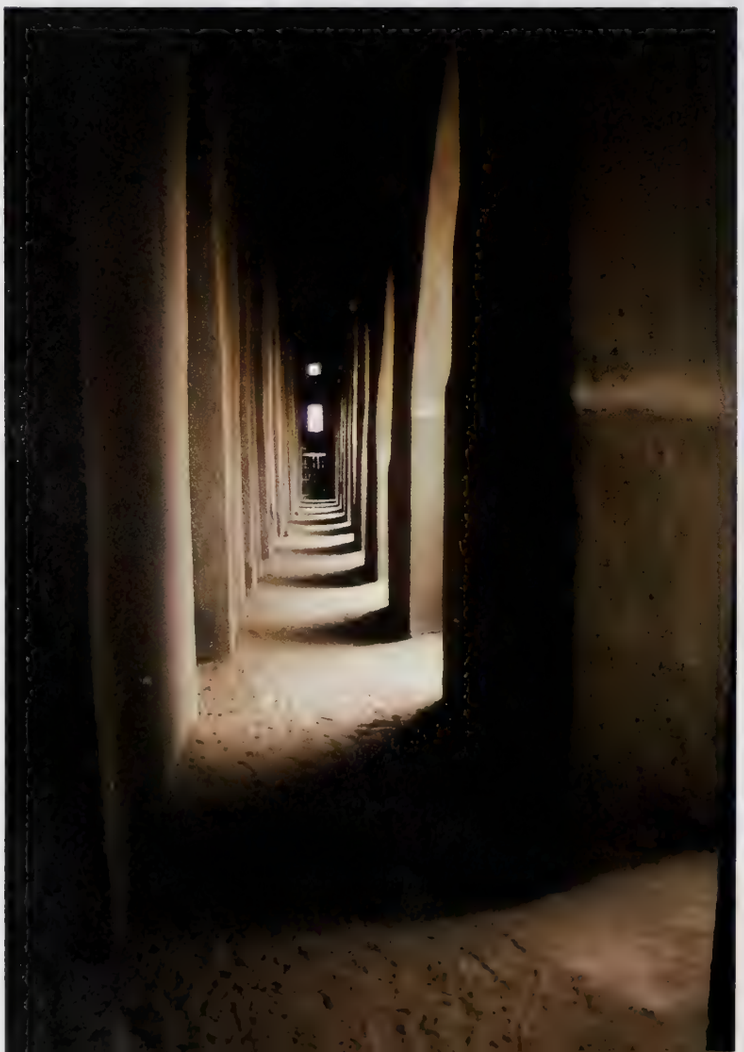
Modern Djenné and Timbuktu both rose to power with the expansion of the Mali Empire in the fourteenth century and declined after the Songhai Empire annexed them in 1473. The Moroccan army trooped across the Sahara to occupy them in the sixteenth century, but Morocco was too weak to rule from afar. This led to infighting among the local Peul and Toureg tribes that allowed the French to colonize Mali easily in the late 1800s. By then the Great Mosque at Djenné had been virtually destroyed, not by rain but by politics. In 1830 the local sheikh had declared that religious practices in the mosque had grown too lax and had ordered it closed in favor of the local Koranic school. Over the following decades it slowly disintegrated and might have disappeared altogether but for a miraculous stroke of good luck.

In 1906 a French commandant named Pointi arrived in Djenné to seek the blessing of a famous marabout in the hopes of curing an illness. The holy man agreed to give him a benediction on one condition: that he help finance the reconstruction of the Great Mosque. Pointi agreed, and three years later the mosque was rebuilt to its original, fourteenth-century scale.

To support the massive weight of the mud roof the native masons rebuilt 110 square columns, using mud reinforced with logs from local palm trees. The columns form high arches and recede with perfect symmetry toward ten identically arched windows, which open onto a large courtyard and suffuse the interior with soft sunlight. The worshipers prostrate themselves in the spaces within this forest of soaring mud columns. As there are no rugs or mats on the floor, when the devout bow low in humble praise of Allah their nostrils are filled with the sweet scent of cool, sandy soil. Their bare toes sink luxuriously into the earth, affording them an ecstatic, childlike moment of naked contact with God's creation.

The large interior courtyard holds the overflow of worshipers on Fridays, when villagers come from miles away to pray. Large jugs of water are kept outside the main entrance to permit the faithful to wash before praying. Women draw water from a nearby well to keep the jugs full, and they are allowed to worship inside the mosque, but only under the last row of arched columns.

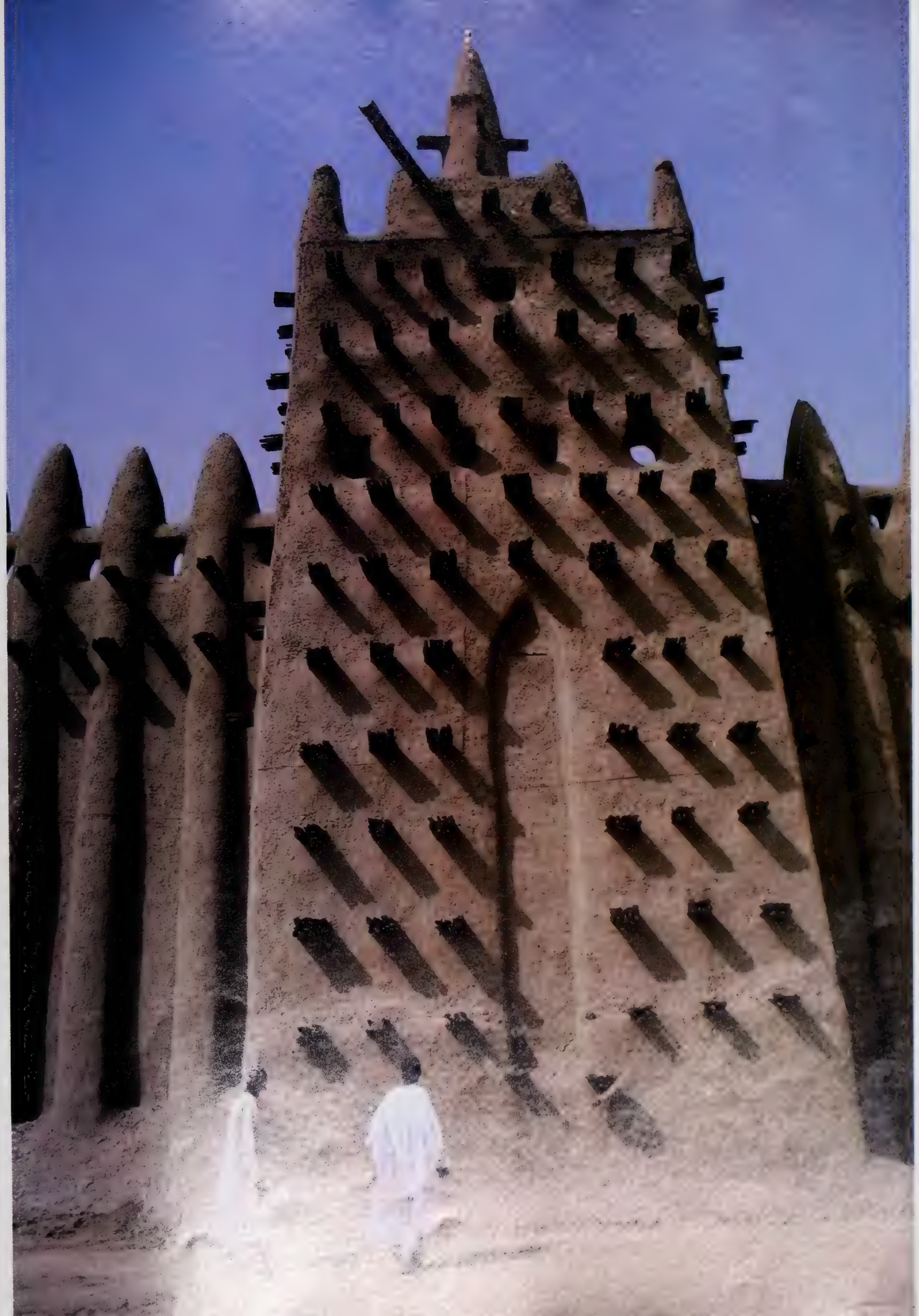
Today the Great Mosque continues to preside over a gay parade of people and scenes from African life that flows past and through it. Every Monday, the football-field-size plaza in front of the mosque is packed with tribesmen arriving by boat, bicycle, foot, oxcart, horse-drawn buggy, taxi, and truck to attend the weekly market. The mosque becomes a dramatic backdrop to Africa's liveliest form of theater. Peul farmers glide elegantly about like sorcerers in long black robes and wide conical hats. Women naked from the waist up show off gaily colored strings of costume jewelry or bulbous gold earrings. Big mamas swaddled in yards of eye-catching cloth smile from behind mounds of calabash gourds, plastic shoes, and polyester knits from Taiwan. Others proffer papayas, melons, tangerines, and piles of brilliantly colored spices that send one sneezing with delight.



Beyond the bustle, the mosque stands out with majestic serenity, a figment of man's imagination, yet firmly rooted in the immovable earth. At the north wall are gathered the blind men of Djenné, who come every day to wash their feet and pray, perhaps for a vision. One senses that while they cannot see the mosque looming above them, they can feel its magnificent lines through their hands and feet. Perhaps the simple ritual of removing their shoes and walking barefoot upon the mosque's earthen floor allows them to "see" the very texture of the building's cool beauty. For all the faithful, the mosque is an inspiration. The mud vaults of holy earth close above; one feels the world sinking, relaxing, slipping down into a solid earth at peace with itself.□

Despite the thick columns, the mosque's interior has a surprising feeling of airiness.

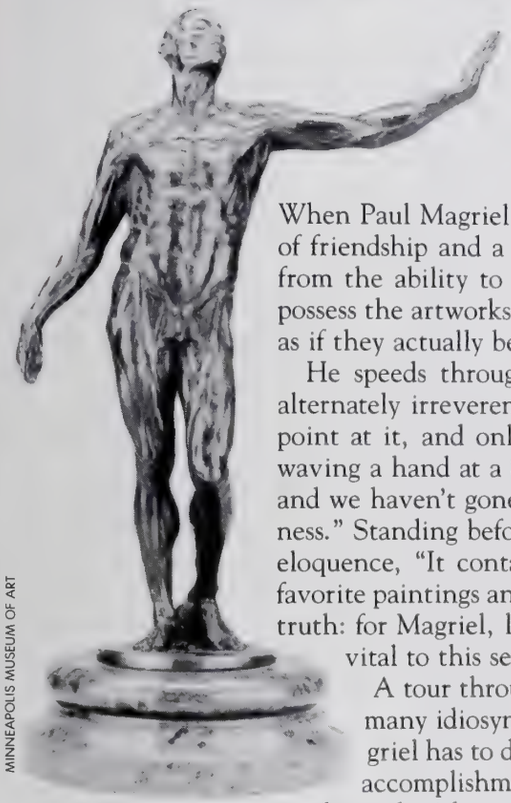
The protruding beams are not only ornamental; they are also used for climbing on during repairs.



DISREGARDING FASHION,
PAUL MAGRIEL HAS ASSEMBLED
SIX DIFFERENT COLLECTIONS

BY MARJORIE WELISH

MAGRIEL'S WAY



MINNEAPOLIS MUSEUM OF ART

When Paul Magriel offers to take you on "my tour of the Met," it is at once a token of friendship and a proof of a gifted man's ardent belief in the benefits that spring from the ability to see. Sensitive perception, Magriel is convinced, allows him to possess the artworks in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, as much as if they actually belonged to him.

He speeds through the Met, whisking along corridors at such a pace as to be alternately irreverent and comic. He stops before an art object just long enough to point at it, and only if prodded does he tell why he likes it. "That one," he says, waving a hand at a Sumerian statue dating from 2700 B.C. "It's the oldest we have, and we haven't gone much beyond what is captured here—the balance, the suppleness." Standing before a petite terra-cotta head by Maillol, he remarks with clipped eloquence, "It contains a dimension beyond human traffic." One hour later, fifty favorite paintings and sculptures have been thrust at you, along with an unmistakable truth: for Magriel, love of art must accommodate love of movement; activity seems vital to this seventy-seven-year-old man.

A tour through his life as a collector is just as head-spinning and contains as many idiosyncratic turns as his Met tour. Constantly buying and selling, Magriel has to date formed no fewer than six distinct collections, each a masterly accomplishment of which he is openly proud. Even so, he is oddly elusive when confronted with questions about his collecting habits and early training. "I have a talent for the agglomeration of collections," he says cheerfully, as if that explained everything. But upon persistent questioning, a scanty biography emerges.

Born in Latvia and brought to the United States by his parents when he was two years old, Magriel grew up with a brother and two sisters in Easthampton, Massachusetts, where his father was a shoe merchant. Magriel insists that his childhood was "routine," but it also seems to have been materially comfortable. ("Oh, yes, we were all spoiled," Magriel admits.) As a child he played the violin, he reveals, and later he studied dance "with a classmate of Nijinsky's in Springfield, Massachusetts."

Why is Magriel so reluctant to speak about his personal life? Perhaps he is uncomfortable looking back at what seems to have been a rebellious adolescence and a heterodox career. Perhaps he is merely not interested in looking back at all when there is still so much to do. He even brushes off the direct question "Why do you collect?" with "It's my lack of occupation. I'm no doctor or lawyer. Relative to them, a collector provides no service to the world, but collecting is the core of my life."

In that activity, he exudes confidence. Physically striking, Magriel has ruddy skin, dark, glancing eyes, and white hair and a mustache framing his face; he is an animated and dramatic presence. Even more impressive is his absolute belief in his talent for perception. It is as if he possessed an alchemist's secret, an innate ability to create gold out of almost any field of fine art. All this, combined with a brisk charm and an [illegible] defines him as the compleat collector.

Other questions demand answers. How, for example, has he paid for his many collections? During the 1940s, when he began buying, Magriel was helped by his wife, Christine Fairchild, a fledgling architect with a small salary. By the late 1950s, periodic sale of his collections, supplemented by private dealing, curating, and writing, have allowed him to support himself nicely if not royally. What makes his career even more remarkable is that he was forced by modest funds to collect what were then unfashionable works of art. He has never followed the mainstreams of informed taste. Going his own way, Magriel says, offers him the opportunity "to expose the topic"—and thus often to arrive at artistic choices that anticipate popular taste.

After Magriel finds his field, he focuses on it obsessively, learning everything he can about it. Not surprisingly, he absorbs the art itself by looking at as many examples as he can discover in museums and galleries. All the while, he initiates exhibitions of his art, an undertaking that enhances its worth. Then, sometimes precipitously, he sells his holdings, and the proceeds enable him to begin the cycle again.

Magriel dates his official involvement with the world of art to 1933. He was twenty-six years old and met Lincoln Kirstein, just when this ballet entrepreneur had beguiled George Balanchine into coming to America to head a ballet company here. Although Magriel himself was a dancer—he performed with Fokine for two weeks wearing a Bakst costume—it was as an administrator that he became Kirstein's protégé. His first task: putting together an inventory of dance literature in the Library of Congress. The resulting bibliography of dance, published in 1936, served as a standard reference work for many years.

JOHN MARMARAS/WOODFIN CAMP

Magriel built up further expertise in the field while he researched and purchased dance-related books, prints, and memorabilia for Kirstein; to do that, he had to travel throughout Europe. In 1939, as a result of his knowledge of resources, he was chosen to be curator of the dance archives at the Museum of Modern Art. Building on Kirstein's holdings, he amassed more and more material. Among the books was the rare work on social dancing *Il Ballarino,* by Fabritio Caroso, published in 1581, illustrated with twenty-two engravings of dance figures by Giacomo Franco. Memorabilia came in the form of "a truckload" of material from the Denishawn troupe; and art entered the collection in the form of drawings on dance by Elie Nadelman and Abraham Walkowitz. The young curator saw beyond the scholarly use of this material, too, and mounted several lively exhibitions on dance at the museum.

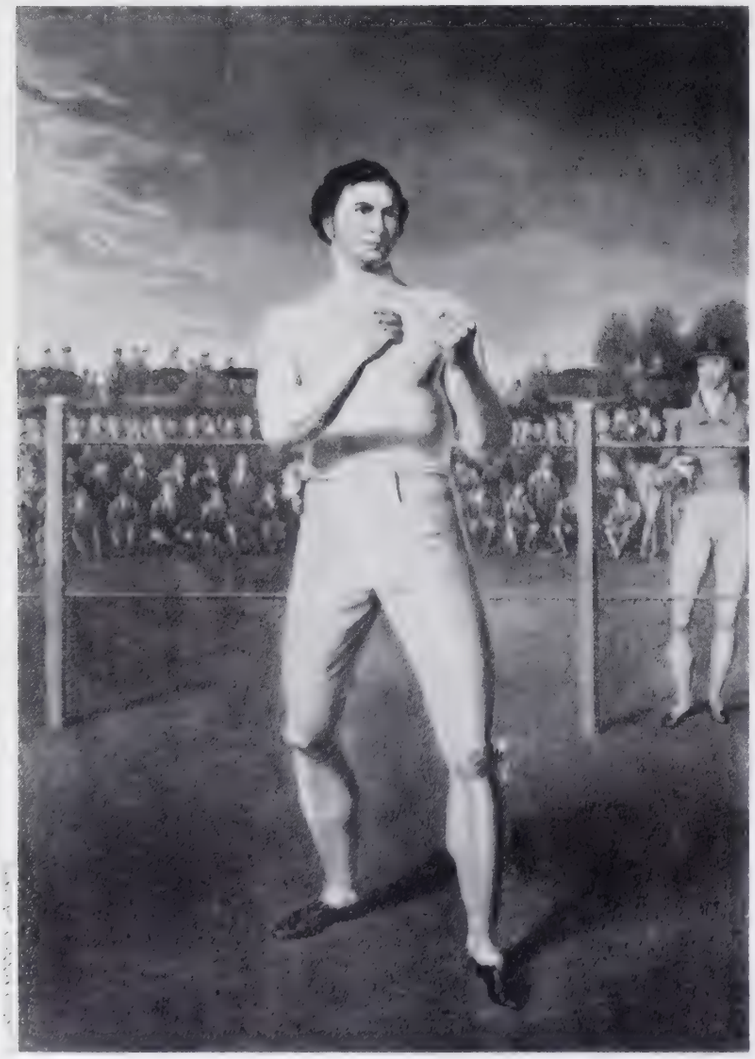
Magriel enjoyed, even more than he did the persuasive art-world credentials and the museum experience, the steady discipline of researching, collecting, and curating—a discipline that cultivated his intuitive response toward art. If there was an unhappy note, he wryly recalls, it was that a certain strain developed between himself and Alfred Barr, the first director of the museum. "Barr must have been disgusted with me, since he thought dance had no function at the Modern. I'm sure it was only at Lincoln's insistence that I remained there," he says. When Magriel was drafted into the army, in 1942, the dance-related material disappeared from the Modern with him. Most of it is now in the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center.

At the end of the war, Magriel and his wife traveled to England. There he collected boxing memorabilia and researched the subject so thoroughly that on his return the New York Public Library commissioned a boxing bibliography, which was duly published in 1947. Magriel also began buying art for himself, nineteenth-century American still lifes and contemporary work by artists who appealed to him—a 1935 still life by Braque, drawings by Lachaise and Moore, and a couple of sculptures by Elie Nadelman. But "prices for contemporary art were already too high," so Magriel dissolved his first art collection. "I gave the Nadelman head—one of his most noble—to my brother, and my beautiful Nadelman horse went to the Phoenix Art Museum in a moment of insanity."

In 1951, Magriel walked into Edith Halpert's Downtown Gallery, famous for American art. As he tells it, "Walking around the store, I saw a William Harnett, *Old South Carolina,* named for the scrap of tobacco label that is visible, and was immediately attracted to it. I asked the price and she said twelve hundred dollars, but when it came time to pay, she said fourteen hundred. That's the way it was with her." He immediately saw that the genre of nineteenth-century American still lifes remained virtually unexplored and had great potential. This was the beginning of his second collection.

He once told the art archivist Paul Cummings, "I found in

Above: On his Met tour, Magriel pauses to admire a twelfth-century French king. Below: William Fuller, *by A. B. Durand.*



still life a very satisfying way of rendering an object, with a literalness and a definition and a capacity for creating magic in the simple elements. . . . In the field of still lifes, I thought the Americans produced a great body—well, not a great body, but a distinguished body of work. . . . The treatment of the subject was American; the rendering of the composition was American. It has never attained sumptuousness, but the best ones always had a very stark simplicity."

At its peak, Magriel's collection comprised forty nineteenth-century American still lifes, and in 1957 the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C., mounted a select show of these. The display reflected a philosophical attitude—the belief that nature could be brought before us, seemingly without the artist's intervention. Just as important, the exhibition presented works in which an enigmatic, even occult, power suffuses fish, fruit, and flowers. In the show were such paintings as Raphaelle Peale's superlative *Dish of Blackberries,* Harnett's *An Evening's Comfort,* John F. Peto's *Books with Arnold Inkwell,* Martin Johnson Heade's *Cherokee Roses,* Ralph A. Blakelock's *Speckled Trout,* and a painting by J. Beigel, a largely unrecognized talent for whom Magriel has retained a special fondness.

Magriel once owned this evocative American trompe l'oeil still life, Peto's Letter Rack.

For Magriel, clearly, the painter's sensibility—not his reputation—is what counts. As the art historian Barbara Novak has noted, "Paul Magriel has a connoisseur's eye, and he has certainly been quick to isolate anyone he thought was important, market or not." Another American art historian, William H. Gerdts, confirmed this, naming Magriel as a man who "accumulated a collection of American still lifes which will probably never be equaled in terms of quality and discrimination."

If Magriel seizes the right moment to buy, he also has a flair for when, and to whom, to sell. In the case of the still lifes, they went in 1962, partly because the collector felt the allure of other topics to conquer, and partly because he needed to support himself and his family. Many of the paintings quickly found their way to the Mellons and John D. Rockefeller. In 1963, the Metropolitan Museum acquired Peto's *Letter Rack.* (The Rockefellers are now in San Francisco's Museum of Art.)

Absorption with American still lifes did not consume Magriel's energies entirely. [illegible] traveling in Italy and soaking up [illegible] British bronzes expert Sir John Pope-Hennessey. Once again, there was a moment of combustion. Magriel began to plow energy and dollars into Renaissance and baroque bronzes. "Of course, I had seen those at the Frick Museum. I had seen the collection belonging to Jack and Belle Linsky and Judge Irwin Untermeyer, and traveling throughout Europe made me increasingly discerning." He brought back from Italy *Christ at the Column,* a mid-seventeenth-century piece by the Brussels artist François Duquesnoy, now owned by the Metropolitan. Evidently a luxury item, this silver figure supported by a lapis lazuli column is also one of Duquesnoy's most lyrical depictions of the Flagellation. The classical anatomy is so simply natural, in fact, that it impressed Bernini and influenced his later sculpture.

Despite this coup, Magriel recalls, "My best purchases usually turned out to be American. European dealers had clients who never let these things slip by. In America there were no clients for the bronzes at the time I was buying, so my greatest finds were in the art galleries of New York, at Duveen, Drey, Klejman, and French. It was the timing."

Magriel's timing was especially fortunate one day in 1958, when he walked into French and Co., Inc., and found the dealers reducing their inventory in preparation for their relocation uptown. Acting, characteristically, on impulse, he bought ten small sixteenth-century bronzes on the spot for well under $2,000 each. The bargain belied the artistic merit of the pieces, and soon the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, which then owned little European sculpture, acquired seven pieces from Magriel's rapidly accumulating collection. Among the acquisitions were a refined, fluidly muscular Hercules attributed to Bertoldo di Giovanni, and an écorché ascribed to Ludovico Cigoli, which the late Minneapolis curator Anthony Clark described as a "tantalizing bronze of the greatest vigor and quality."

He also explored the artistic legacy of New World innocence in late-nineteenth-century painting, and this led, in 1966, to an exhibition of fifty portraits at the now-defunct Finch College Museum of Art. The show, "Galaxy of Ladies," detailed the end of an era. "It was the last time women were put on a pedestal," Finch's director of contemporary art, Elayne Varian, says.

Indeed, the romanticized vision of women in the works of the tonalists Julian Alden Weir and Thomas Dewing and perpetuated by American Impressionists such as Childe Hassam is only today being reassessed. In these portraits a suffusing atmospheric light is transformed into a psychological aura. Susceptible to Whistlerian qualities, Magriel nonetheless picked work in which the tender psychological gradient is also brought

OTTO NELSON

Raphaelle Peale's Dish of Blackberries. *Its perfection suggests a "mysterious intensity of meaning."*

To this day, Magriel remains partial to another small sculpture he owned, a mannerist piece by Francesco Bertos describing the fall of Icarus in mercurial silhouette. Now in the Allen Memorial Art Museum, at Oberlin College, this svelte figural group was highlighted in an exhibition of forty-two of Magriel's eighty sculptures at the Lyman Allyn Museum, in New London, Connecticut, in 1969. Magriel also included it in a benefit exhibition he assembled in 1967 for the Florentine Relief Fund, pulling together drawings and jewelry as well as terra-cotta and bronze sculpture he had seen in the private collections whose superb quality set standards for his own collecting.

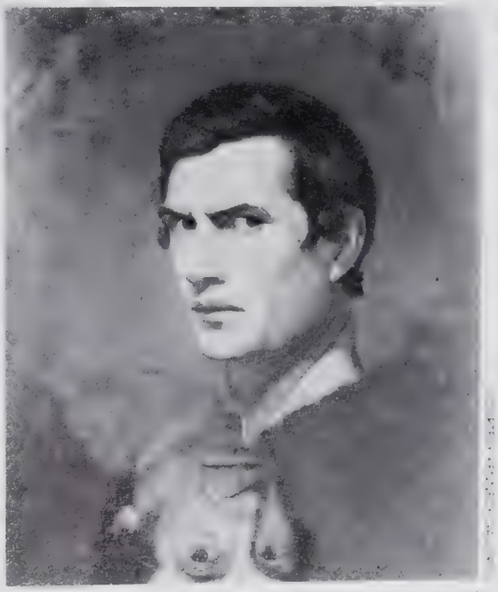
Although Magriel sold his still lifes and bronzes, he retained his love for nineteenth-century American art. It continued to blossom with luminist landscapes and also with America's earliest nudes, sometimes combined in Arcadian bathing scenes, to complete visual consummation. In the catalogue accompanying the exhibition, the art historian Barbara Novak stresses this point: "Paul Magriel, choosing with fastidious connoisseurship, offers the best efforts of artists who at less than their best would hardly command our attention. This is an example of careful and responsible recovery of the past."

His next collection was atypical. Instead of being a pioneer, Magriel started buying art nouveau works at a time when interest in the period was on the rise. "I thought the flavor of art nouveau—only twenty-five years in the total history of art—was very interesting. Though it was perhaps of little substance, it is of great historical and sociological interest. So I got involved in posters by Alphonse Mucha, Gallé and Tiffany glass—the whole thing."

He began buying in 1967 at his usual furious pace, selecting

sinuous but sturdy Majorelle furniture, one of Theodore Riviere's popular bronzes of the dancer Loie Fuller spiraling, and a bronze table mirror made by August Ferlet. He amassed material sufficient to furnish half of the 355-piece exhibition that opened at Finch College two years later and then traveled to Detroit and Minneapolis. It was Magriel who initiated the idea for the show, and when Elayne Varian wanted to expand this collection, he helped assemble artifacts from dealers and private collectors to enhance the scope of the exhibition. Magriel also participated in its installation. Varian recalls, "When I'm selecting works, I'm also planning the installation in my head. During the installation, Paul kept moving things around, which got the work crew a little annoyed. But it didn't bother me, because he was having such a good time. He got such a kick out of it. He has such a wonderful eye." Fortunately for him, he also had wonderful timing in selling the pieces right at the height of the art nouveau market.

During the 1970s, Magriel struck out in pursuit of high-quality American drawing. He had begun an earlier collection of such drawings in the late 1950s and throughout the 1960s, while he was collecting still lifes. His favorite artists included Thomas Anschutz, Jaspar Francis Cropsey, Eastman Johnson, John Frederick Kensett, George Ault, George Bellows, and Charles Burchfield, conspicuously those works whose graceful silhouette or delicately calibrated tone combined elegance with mastery. The collection grew to 200 drawings, shows of selected drawings occurred with regularity, and in 1966 the American Federation of the Arts put his collection on extensive tour. To date, Magriel's drawings have traveled to twenty of the smaller art institutions throughout the United States.



It was by chance that Magriel's interest in drawing was rekindled. "Charles Ryskamp, director of the Morgan Library, was having lunch with my friend Babs Simpson," he recalls. "Ryskamp said to her, 'Paul did so well with American drawings the first time, why doesn't he enter the field again?' This encouraged me to take another whack at it."

Magriel quickly concedes that American drawings "cannot compete" with their European forebears. Still, he believes there are pleasures to be had collecting in a field that has not been fully mined of all its treasures. Such freedom allows a collector to explore his own sensibility. "You latch on to the artistic possibilities that conserve you and satisfy you," Magriel says. No wonder he once began tracking down exemplary American draftsmanship in 1976. As before, he concentrated on misty views along the Hudson River and made occasional forays into the clear-sighted twentieth century. Of course, this does not entirely define Magriel's scope of interest. A perennial favorite, the American Impressionist [illegible] is represented by a large diaphanous silverpoint [illegible] seems a study in evanescence [illegible] icently calligraphic [illegible]

Magriel's choice. Left: William Libby's enigmatic Self Portrait (1847). Above: William Glackens's Seated Woman

Andromache, a supremely confident work that was given by the artist late in 1797 or early in 1798 to the hero of the American Revolution Tadeusz Kosciuszko, who soon made a present of it to Thomas Jefferson.

Magriel's hoard of drawings diminished considerably in 1977, when he sold a block of 100 of them for $30,000 "to a close client who trusts me." The sale allowed further purchases of drawings as well as acquisitions of large nineteenth-century still lifes, a field where other collectors are reluctant to go. He is buying such artists as Morston Ream and Andrew J. H. Way, who, in Magriel's opinion, "are minor reputations, and their output wasn't all that great, but in their work I see luminosity, clarity of expression, good composition—canvases of quality by minor artists. These accidents do happen."

These days, Magriel is lying low "because the market is so confused." He returns to the Met to satisfy his demanding eye and feisty spirit. Nevertheless, he continues to haunt the Madison Avenue galleries, and he continues to buy. What genre does he recommend for investment? Aside from nineteenth-century American painting, he points out, French academic drawing of the nineteenth century is plentiful and available at reasonable prices. Single examples of Claude-Nicolas Ledoux and Jean Léon Gérôme now hang on his walls. "Will I continue to collect them? Yes, in a moderate way, as they come up like this. The rendering of line, the internal logic of the figures, the assurance of conception governing the whole—these things [illegible]

[illegible]

RAW TALENTS

A SELECTION OF CHILDHOOD WORKS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS

BY J. C. SUARÉS

Jim Dine threw away all his childhood drawings a few months ago. Tom Wesselmann didn't even keep his: they were "very pedestrian" and not worth saving, he says. Louise Nevelson, Robert Motherwell, and Roy Lichtenstein didn't save theirs, either. And Larry Rivers and Robert Rauschenberg had nothing to save, because they did not start painting until their twenties. "I didn't know anything about art or artists until late in the navy," Rauschenberg recalls. "There are no childhood drawings."

"Children's work gives no indication of artistic future," says Lawrence Campbell, editor of the *Art Students League News*. In fact, a survey by *Connoisseur* of early works by famous artists shows that this output, although delightful for its uninhibited view of the world of emotions without technical restrictions or concern for visual accuracy, hardly differs from all children's art. Even so, we can draw some conclusions. The works on the next few pages show that these artists came into their own during their early teenage years. They were beginning to see with adult eyes and were capable of drawing directly from life, yet they retained some childhood insecurities.

These drawings also reinforce an important old truism: great art cannot be taught and no one can predict when the magic will happen or whether it will be sustained. "How often are the early, simple, self-contained canvases of well-known artists preferable to their later ambitious, flamboyant ones," says Raphael Soyer, whose own early works were saved by relatives and friends. Relatives and friends also saw merit in Calder's, Cézanne's, and Winslow Homer's early efforts, an act that in itself provides yet another crucial insight about successful artists: during childhood they must be consistently encouraged in their tentative first steps. It is almost certain that without that encouragement, as adults they will never have the audacity to take the soaring leaps that lead to immortality.

J. C. Suarés is an illustrator, designer, and writer; his most recent book is The Indispensable Cat.

Winslow Homer
Diamond Shoal (1905)

Winslow Homer was only ten when he sketched the awkward figure at right, but it displays a nice feeling for the weight and volume of the human body. He had no art training until he was twenty-three and then only briefly. Later, his theme became the ocean and its constant battle with the shore.

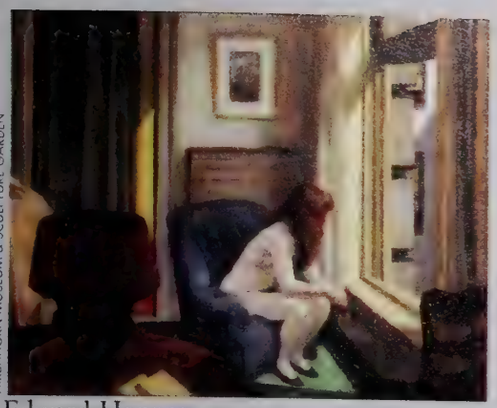
WINSLOW HOMER
Adolescence (1846)

STEDELIJK MUSEUM AMSTERDAM

VINCENT VAN GOGH
The Canal (1870)

Vincent Van Gogh
Cottages at Cordeville (1890)

Van Gogh was an ill-tempered but serious and earnest boy. Many people wondered whether he was ever a child at all or was simply "born old." When he drew *The Canal,* at the age of seventeen, he already knew how to use depth as a means of conveying emotion—here a yearning for calm and stability. Years later, he moved to Paris and discovered sophisticated influences such as the English illustrators, the Impressionists, and Japanese prints. Still, he clearly began with a strong talent.



HIRSHHORN MUSEUM & SCULPTURE GARDEN

Edward Hopper
Eleven A.M. (1926)

Edward Hopper's mastery of form in his mature work did not yet exist when he drew the pen-and-ink portrait at right, at the age of seventeen. But he was already preoccupied with women in interiors surrounded by heavy shadows; and his rather wooden likeness of his sister Marion, reaching for her coat, presages the lonely, frozen figures that populate the paintings of his best-known period (above).

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF ART

EDWARD HOPPER
Marion Hopper (1899)

CHRISTO
Drawing of the artist's elder brother, Anani, reading (1951)

FEVA-INKER!

Christo
Running Fence (1976)

He was born Christo Javacheff in Bulgaria in 1935, and as a child was a prodigious drawer. Drawing with the skill of an older generation, he was doing in the early drawings predictably the grandiosity of his later works. It was as if he had become another artist, wrapping small objects and then entire landscapes in fabric and cord to attract international attention.

ISRAEL MUSEUM

PAUL CÉZANNE

Nude Warriors Fighting (1856–57)

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

Paul Cézanne
The Large Bathers (1898–1905)

Compared to other Impressionists, Cézanne was a late bloomer. The clumsy drawing at left is proof that the young art student showed little promise. Yet it is precisely this clumsy, insistent force that makes his later work stand out above that of his imitators. He spent his life filtering his subjects through a delicate sense of color and form.

KENNEDY GALLERIES

Stuart Davis
Pochade (1958)

Stuart Davis was inspired as a child by artistic parents. His illustration opposite is typical of work he produced later for magazines, but it in no way hints at his eventual reaction against "realism" in favor of abstract signs and symbols. He simplified and flattened his shapes and synchronized them in a wild choreography of bright colors to create a strongly personal abstract vocabulary.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

Lake Shore, Menagio (1869)

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

John Singer Sargent
Simplon Pass: The Lesson (1911)

Unlike most other artists, Sargent acquired freedom with maturity. While his early works are tight and studied, he later painted without the restrictions imposed by academic drawing. The strength and freshness of his scores of mature portraits are unmatchable.

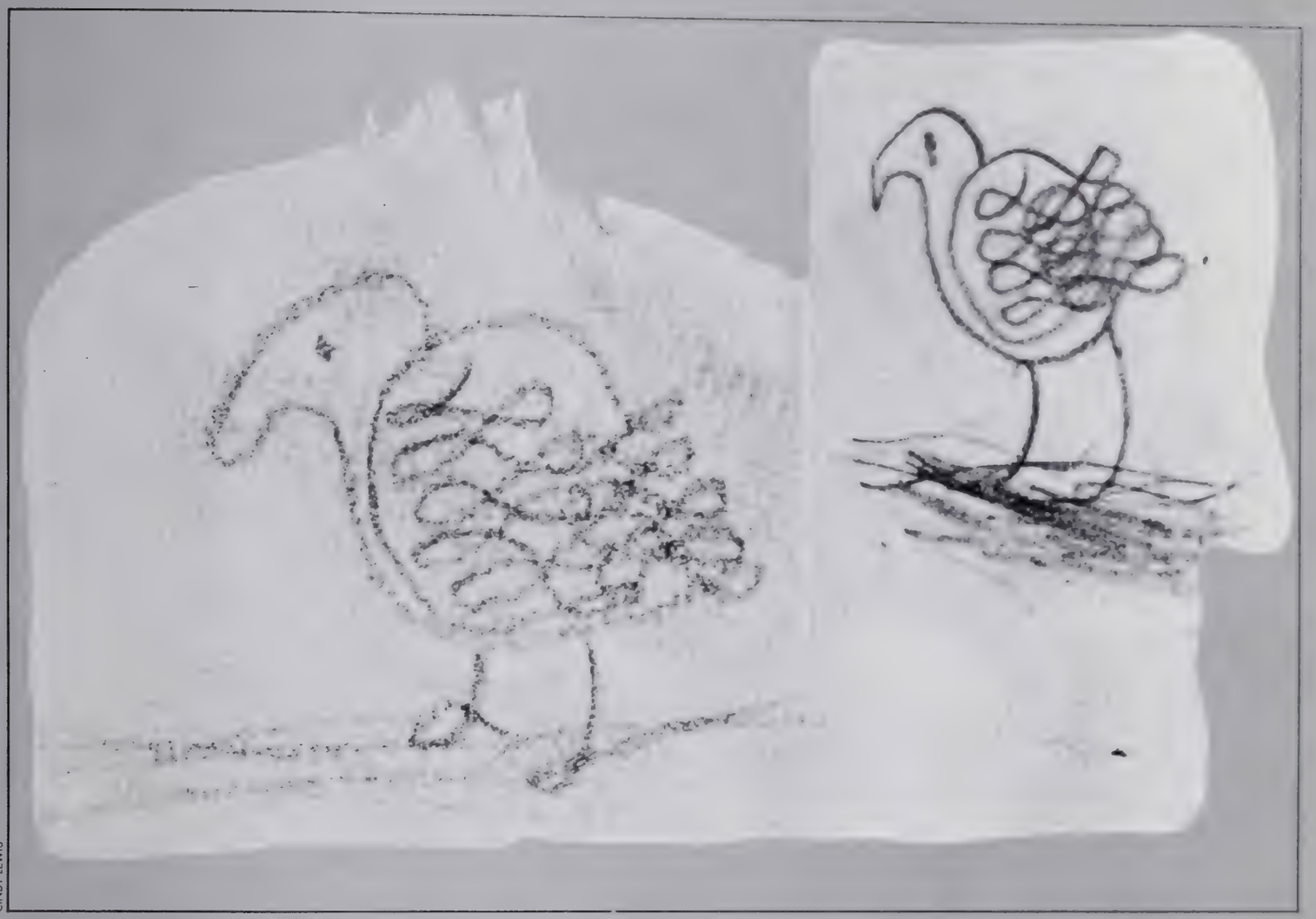
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

STUART DAVIS
The Front Page (1912)

COSMOPRESS, GENEVA/ADAGP, PARIS — KUNSTMUSEUM, BERN

PAUL KLEE
Christ Child with Cockle Wings (1885)



CINDY LEWIS

ALEXANDER CALDER

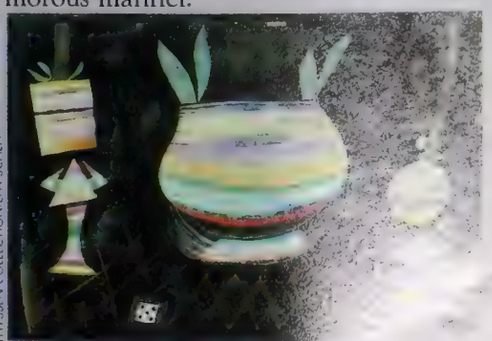
The artist's drawing of birds (1905)

Alexander Calder
Bird and Beast (1970)

Among famous artists, no one's childhood work is as indistinguishable from his later work as Calder's is. The son and grandson of sculptors, he worked as a draftsman—and as a fireman on a freighter—before he settled down to paint and sculpt. Though hailed as a genuine innovator, he never lost the sense of play he had as a child. Or was he always really a child?

Paul Klee
Still Life with Dice (1923)

Paul Klee's aim was not to "reproduce the visible" but to "make visible." He combined his concern for accuracy with the propensity for satire he found in children's drawings (including his own) to achieve looseness in his drawings—which he then colored in a precise, hardly humorous manner.



THYSSEN COLLECTION/EPA SCALA

BY KATIE LEISHMAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER DAVENPORT

OF CLANS AND KILTS

MICHEIL MACDONALD STIRS THE IMAGINATION WITH HIS MUSEUM OF SCOTTISH TARTANS

No subject is so obscure that somewhere there are not thousands of people who want to know everything about it, and one person who already does. That expertise may render him the curator of a small museum—a very small museum—as happened to Dr. Micheil MacDonald, whose archive of Scottish tartans occupies an eighteenth-century merchant's home in the Highlands town of Comrie.

The thought sometimes nettles him that the entire collection of old kilts and papers would be consigned to storage by any big gallery. He wearies of the question "Why did you ever get interested in this?" and if asked it once too often, his usually eloquent defense of his specialty grows a bit nutty. What sustains him are those 20,000 devotees—clansvestites, he calls them—who rap on the door at odd hours in all seasons to browse and pay their respects. The problem is that he never knows when they will be coming.

On a quiet Saturday afternoon he locked up the museum just long enough to fetch his laundry. When he returned, an American was waiting, whom he greeted with his habitual warning: "The place is not very big, you know." In fact, although the collection is worth nearly a million dollars, its presentation recalls those exhibits that high-school students erect for Parents' Night. Handwritten captions are taped to mismatched display cases. Remarkable tartan costumes are on view, but so are plaid biscuit tins, plaid pencils, and a photograph of a bagpiper entertaining a penguin during the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition of 1902–04.

MacDonald, a handsome, bearded man of forty-seven, invariably kilted, is accustomed to visitors' initial discomposure. "Elegant museums spoil people. They can wander around for hours without really noticing a thing," he says. "Little museums cannot afford to be beautiful. Instead, we must stir the imagination." That is easy to do with a subject as romantic as tartans, which evoke those chieftains and clansmen who ruled the Highlands from the 1200s through the 1700s, regarded as savages by all Europe.

The tartan, which took months to weave, was a length of plaid wool approximately sixteen feet by five feet, made to be worn, or that could in special cases adorn ceremonial tables, biers, and nuptial beds. Men wore a slightly smaller plaid into battle, belting it around themselves to create a loose-fitting garment that helped make the Highlanders one of the finest irregular fighting forces in the world. A picture in the museum entryway shows the Battle of Culloden, in 1746, where the clansmen, serving under "Bonnie" Prince Charles, confronted the impeccable British. "In wintry April the Brits had to stop at every icy stream, pull off their great Hessian boots and trousers, and wade across," says MacDonald. "The Scots merely hoisted their kilts to their waists and proceeded. It was a galling sight to the pursuing troops."

Although ultimately victorious, the English did not forget the enemy's performance. George II banned all tartan, with one exception: any man who would fight for His Majesty could do so in his kilt. This recruiting device produced the Highland Regiments, who met the French in Canada and India, the Spaniards in South America, and, of course, the rebel American colonists.

The weaving firm that out-

Plaids identified clans as well as individual families. Above, clockwise from left: Oliver, Napier, Rankin, McCrae, MacTaggart, Morrison, and another Rankin. At right, Micheil MacDonald, outside Comrie.

fitted most of these units, Wilson and Son of Bannockburn, also kept files of its civilian orders, now in the museum's collection. The letters of the early nineteenth century reveal an international fascination with the skirted warriors: dandies from Paris to Rio strolled the boulevards in short kilts; Kaiser Wilhelm adopted a plaid; and Russian estate owners, impressed by the bond between chieftains and clansmen, clapped their serfs into tartan.

The Museum of Scottish Tartans, in Comrie, Perthshire, Scotland, is an hour's bus ride from Perth. Admission is sixty pence (about $1), with money back if not completely satisfied. The museum is open Monday to Friday, 9:00 to 5:00, and Sunday, from 2:00 to 5:00, and by appointment. Telephone: 44-764-70779.

The vogue owed its global proportions to three eccentrics: Sir Walter Scott, Queen Victoria, and her husband, whom MacDonald refers to only as "deadly boring Albert." Scott's novels of Highlands fealty, war, and love ennobled the clansmen's image just as James Fenimore Cooper's work had the American Indians'. In 1822 Scott masterminded the royal visit to Edinburgh of George IV, who, says MacDonald, "was reluctantly squeezed into a corseted kilt and fainted dead away." Victoria, however, took to tartan with alacrity. In 1848 she acquired and her husband decorated the Scottish manor of Balmoral, one parlor of which is replicated in the museum. "He created a tartan schloss," says MacDonald. "Plaid walls, drapes, rugs, and pillows everywhere." Prince Albert also designed the Balmoral tartan, a blend of grays so subtle that virtually no one could weave it.

Countless new patterns were invented after the royal ban on tartan was repealed in 1782. Because weaving instructions had always been passed down orally, many traditional plaids had been forgotten. To complicate matters, Scott's novels popularized the fallacy that each family had its own tartan, so nostalgic Scots began requesting designs by family name. "When a customer asked for his family tartan, merchants simply nodded and brought out whatever they had in the back room, and the duped client happily wore it home," says MacDonald. The official MacLaren, Calhoun, and MacPherson patterns date only from the early nineteenth century. Although the museum has identified 1,500 separate patterns, just fifty can reliably be linked to a specific family or clan any earlier than the Battle of Culloden.

The lost history of tartan is reconstructed in a cramped research office upstairs, where two local recruits help MacDonald answer the 6,000 inquiries that arrive each year. "The plaid is clearly a powerful symbol, some link to a tribal memory, which modern people need and cherish," he says. Many letters contain puzzling scraps of tartan, all that remains of a family blanket some ancestor carried to America, Australia, or Canada two centuries ago. "Sometimes we need to see more cloth to extrapolate the entire pattern," says MacDonald. "For instance, the Ogilvy plaid has one hundred and twelve color changes before the pattern repeats, over three feet later."

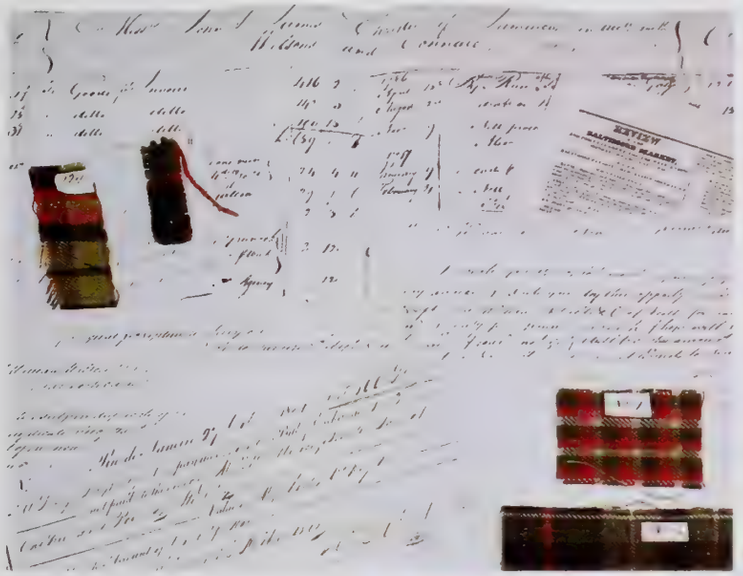
Americans send faded photographs of Great-Great-Grandfather in a kilt. Dr. MacDonald and his twenty-five-year-old son, Peter, have mastered the laborious task of translating the photographic grays and whites into the corresponding hues of green, red, and blue. Volunteer crafts people re-create the indicated tartan in a weaver's cottage behind the museum. A garden patch provides ingredients for experiments with natural dyes, for the ancient weaver's concoction of formulas from heather, bark, flowers, berries, or lichen is today a mystery. "We have learned patience," says MacDonald. "Toss a lichen in a pot, boil it for a week, and absolutely nothing happens. Wait another hour and suddenly the liquid turns a remarkable color." On a brilliant afternoon, cloth just dyed a berry purple was set out to dry. Within minutes, the sun's photoelectric effect turned the wool a light blue—a peculiar color that appears in many early-seventeenth-century patterns, and whose derivation had baffled artisans for years.

MacDonald would be lost without volunteers. His till is cleaned out with any new acquisition, as in 1980, when Christie's sold a rare Highlands outfit made for a gentleman's coming of age in 1838, which included pistols, belt, and buckles, all silver-mounted and bejeweled. Two days before the sale, MacDonald learned that a Japanese and a Dutch dealer each wanted the costume, to break up and sell piecemeal. He scrounged £10,000 from the government and an anonymous philanthropic group; this gave him enough, should it be needed, to carry the bidding above the £8,000 level, at which special government approval is required for exporting artworks of national importance. He had already run up against unexpected foreign competition at Sotheby's in 1978, when a private collector announced the sale of a kilt with matching underbreeches that had belonged to Queen Victoria's personal attendant John Brown. MacDonald had assumed he would be the only interested party until a representative of Idi Amin appeared at the auction, compelling him to cough up £1,600 for a winning bid.

At such improbable moments Micheil MacDonald mentally retraces the steps that brought him from his boyhood in the hills near Loch Ness to a kilt protectorate. After graduating in anthropology from the University of London, he went on to become an international personnel consultant, marry four times, and have six children. Wherever he traveled, he took time to study the indigenous tribes—the Bantu, the aborigines, and the American Indians—and sometimes encountered odd reminders of his own country's tribal tradition: portraits, for example, of Indian chiefs wearing tartan badges. "It seems the Indians were fascinated by the Highlanders. the only Caucasians who, like themselves, went into battle half-naked with a war cry," he says. "There was a real affinity, and when Scots later settled on the frontier, they occasionally married Indians. One chief of the Creeks was a fellow by the name of Waldo MacIntosh."

MacDonald pursued his hobby to its natural end. After a business trip to Melbourne

in 1969, he wandered into the Simpson Desert and waited for aborigines to happen upon him, which some did, two weeks later. "To be frank, I was not particularly useful to them," he says. "Fortunately, they do not make the distinctions about age that we do. Given my skills, I was accepted as a young boy and kept with the children, to fetch water and so forth. But I was able to learn the methods of tribal communication, which apply in the Highlands as well as the desert."



Ten months later he returned to Scotland and resumed his work and studies in a farmhouse overlooking Comrie. He read in a local paper that the Scottish Tartans Society's collection, which had always been haphazardly displayed in various castles, was to be put in permanent storage. He wrote to suggest that the costumes and artifacts be moved to Comrie, an old weaving center, where he would prepare a place to exhibit them. That was eight years ago. "Yes, well, you just get sucked into things, you know," he says. He has almost single-handedly renovated the museum building, raised funds, and edited a newsletter. Many evenings at home are interrupted by a phone call from a tourist in the village, prompting him to hurry down the hill.

These inconveniences are the fate of curators like I[illegible] MacDonald. He found encouragement in a British association of like-minded specialists, whose collections treat themes from Victorian taxidermy to lamp posts. "The members tend to be of two sorts," he says. "Those who have always had an obsession, and others, like me, who stumble across a threatened archive and become absorbed in maintaining it."

Their jobs, however, involve unique pleasures, including a closeness to visitors that is impossible in busier galleries. MacDonald shepherds schoolchildren through the exhibit and quizzes them afterward. ("They always remember reading that a clan boiled an unpopular judge and drank him as soup," he says. "What tells more about a cul[illegible]

Tartan treasures: nineteenth-century records from the manufacturers Wilson and Son of Bannockburn, costumes in the Royal Stewart plaid, and curios from the Balmoral manor.

office window and saw a convoy of limousines pulling up. The minister of agriculture of New Zealand had traveled from Edinburgh to look at tartans and ask questions about his Scottish ancestry. The same desire brought a young Iroquois from New York, who had been adopted by a Scottish-American family and grown up reading about Indian braves and Highlanders alike. MacDonald closed the museum, jumped in his car, and drove the man to the Western Isles, where his adoptive clan originated, and even introduced him to his clan chief.

He always seizes the chance for such excursions; the tartan collection interests him no more than people's unpredictable response to it. In case someone should show up while he's away, he leaves the key with the veterinarian across the road, whose wife keeps a lookout for any stranger with a camera around his neck. "I have vowed that no one shall ever be turned away," he declares. It is a promise no museum much larger than his would venture to make.□

Katie Leishman is a New York editor and free-lance writer.

COLLECTING BEAUTIES

Lacey Ford and the art of picking the faces that sell

By Corby Kummer
Photographs by Douglas Kirkland

The average person sees blond hair, nice features, and a good figure, and thinks he's seeing a beautiful girl," says Lacey Ford, daughter of Eileen Ford, the cofounder and head of Ford Models, Inc., the top modeling agency in New York. "We've refined that." It is Lacey's job to look at hundreds of young women a week and decide which can make it in the competitive world of modeling. Will she photograph well? Will a fashion editor or photographer want to work with her? Will she be able to adapt her face, her hair, and her body to the needs of both a high-fashion runway and a toothpaste ad? Will she be able to get to bed early, stay away from drugs and fattening food? Will she, in short, sell?

To arrive at the answer demands a combination of instinct and experience, plus the self-confidence and courage to make a fast decision. Lacey, twenty-five, works with her parents and her brother, Billy, thirty, and sister Katie, twenty-seven, all of whom know the importance of acting quickly. Ever since the mid-1970s, when the Zoli and Elite agencies entered the field, the race to sign models who will sell has become especially fierce. Although each Ford works in separate branches of the small business, they all keep their eyes honed, traveling the world and looking at faces constantly. They are face experts, who take the fine points of recognizing and pursuing a beautiful face as seriously as any other kind of collector or dealer does with a work of art.

Insiders insist that modeling isn't glamorous, and the Ford offices, a haphazardly converted town house on the East Side of Manhattan, support the claim. The appointments are spartan and worn. Any of the aspiring young women who make their way to Ford Models each day must wait at a small window before being admitted to an area that is very like a dentist's waiting room, except bare. There, under a portrait of Eileen Ford, they sit, sometimes clutching the hand of a friend they have asked along for moral support. The length of the wait depends on the schedules of the family members, who descend from their offices upstairs when they have a free half hour.

Corby Kummer is an associate editor of the Atlantic magazine.

Lauren Hutton

Renee Simonsen

Cheryl Tiegs

Christina Ferrare

Christie Brinkley

Anette Sta

One very cold morning in January, Lacey goes down the stairs and takes a seat in a small, dark, nearly unheated room with freshly plastered walls, where she receives hopefuls until her patience breaks. In the room is a conference table, a few chairs, and a measuring tape hanging on the wall. Nothing else. With nervous smiles and forced pleasantries, each girl sits down across from Lacey, who is intimidatingly pretty and friendly in a breezy, detached way. The girls look terrified. They should. Each one is about to be told that she should not try to be a model.

"Janice, did you bring any photographs with you?" Lacey begins, after a half minute of talk about the weather. "You look a little small." Lacey leafs through a small album of snapshots, which she prefers to amateur "modeling" photographs, which are usually misleading. "How tall are you?"

"Five seven and a half, five eight."

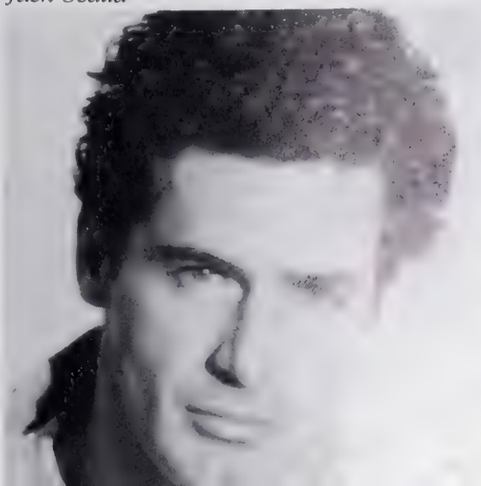
"Can I measure you?" Lacey asks brightly. She leads Janice to the tape. "You're five six," she says.

"Oh?"

"But you're a very pretty girl. I'm sorry you're not taller." Lacey hands her a small mimeographed sheet listing several reputable model agencies in the city, underlining the ones she thinks best for her, as if filling out a prescription blank.

Lacey tells the next candidate, a small

Jack Scalia



Kalani Dundon

Thom Heming

blonde in her midtwenties, "Trish, you are beautiful, but to get started you have to be eighteen or so." Trish is in and out in less than three minutes.

"Monica, how tall are you?" Lacey asks a black girl, who offers snapshots of herself at a birthday party. "Five eight," the girl says with little conviction. "How old?" Sixteen. "Monica, you're much prettier in real life than in pictures," Lacey says. "You have circles under your eyes that make you look much older in photos, so I don't think you'll make a good model."

Monica is enough for the moment; Lacey has shown me what Ford's screening involves. "You really could have a room with a two-way mirror and a red and green light," she says as we go upstairs. "It's only for propriety that we hold interviews. I give the girls the list of other agents to help them, not to get rid of them."

The climate is warmer on the second floor, where the Ford women and Billy Ford have their offices. In a makeshift office space at the top of the stairs, the promotion department—four women and one man—arrange for survivors of the screening process to be photographed by aspiring photographers. The rounds the model makes, from makeup artist to stylist to photographer back to Ford and, with luck, to a magazine, are called "go-sees." If a model is lucky, magazines and advertisers will want to use her. If, however, she does not get enough work to more than cover Ford's cost of promoting her—roughly $25,000 a year—she is "ruthlessly rejected," says one longtime observer of the modeling business.

In the back room is the heart of the business—nine computer screens arranged in a circle, each operated by one of seven "bookers." Each booker, all of them women, oversees the schedules of a dozen or so models (there are about 150 Ford women models and 71 men). Using guidelines set by the Fords, the booker decides whether or not to accept an engagement for a model. The bookers become very close to their models: they know what each one does nearly every minute of the day. "You couldn't hear yourself think

This superb photograph, taken by Irving Penn for Vogue *in 1947, still hangs in the Ford agency. It shows the top Ford models of the time, from left: Meg Mundy, Marilyn Ambrose, Helen Bennett, Dana Jenney (front, holding hat), Betty McLauchlen (on ladder), Lisa Fonssagrives, Lily Carlson, Dorian Leigh (recumbent), Elizabeth Gibbons (hand on chin), Andrea Johnson (middle, seated), Muriel Maxwell (in profile, at rear), and Kay Herman.*

before my father got terminals," Lacey says. "But the high board, which is what we still call it, is where you really learn the ins and outs of the business." Lacey apprenticed on the high board at the time when bookers shouted questions to each other about when each others' models were free. Now they press "FREE" and a time on the terminal and have an answer. Although the noise level may be lower than what it was, the mood at the high board still seems like that of a war room; the bookers have the camaraderie that comes with shared battle fatigue.

Ford Men is on the third floor. It is a smaller version of Ford Women and seems calmer. Ford Models has recently begun several other divisions: one for big women, "a tiny part of our billings," Lacey says; "Today's Woman"—models around thirty who are really "yesterday's woman"; and "Classic Woman"—"the day-before-yesterday's woman." There is also a children's division, bought eight years ago.

The most important skill in choosing models is knowing how the camera will change a face. Many of the models walking up and down the stairs look far from prepossessing. Some look . . . well, ugly. "Occasionally you're startled by how well someone photographs," Lacey explains. "I could look at someone you'd think was very plain and *tell* they'd look good in pictures." How does Lacey know who's worth a second look? "It's hard to generalize," she says. "They need a definite bone structure, although even with one they could lack charm or softness. A full mouth. A straight nose, although that's less important than one that isn't wide. A strong jawline, a good brow line, wide-set eyes. Height is really important. They lack versatility if all they can do is beauty shots."

Billy emphasizes the importance of long limbs. "If a girl has bad legs, or wide hips, it limits you," he says. He points to a recent cover of *Town & Country* showing a Ford model in a bathing suit. "If she didn't have good legs," he says, "she never would have gotten that cover. She is not a young model." What does "not young" mean? "Oh, twenty-eight or so. But she has exceptional legs. Girls wear a skirt when they come to see me. I can tell, anyway, by looking at a girl's wrist. If it's thick, her ankle probably will be too."

"You know what's exquisitely beautiful," Lacey says. "When your name is Ford, you do," says Eileen Ford. She joins us for a discussion of who really determines the new look in beauty, picking the chair in her office nearest the phone.

"A lot of who decides what's next," Eileen says, "is me. Every so often you have

Above, the Ford family in their Manhattan home; right, Lacey counseling a model about an upcoming assignment in her office; below, Lacey and Katie Ford at work in their mother's cluttered office; bottom right, the two sisters checking the results of a shoot to see if a new model has the classic Ford look.

a different feeling about what people should look like. Suddenly other people look old-fashioned. Now mouths are more sensual, larger, more voluptuous. I'm a strong believer in fashion trends. I saw waist cinches in London. I haven't seen them since the New Look. Tiny waists will come in strong next fall. The look will be more refined. No more big mouths. They don't come with tiny waists." When does she know it's time for a change? "It's in the air. I see it in my own head because it's time. For example, at one point you could sell only round faces with blond hair and button noses. As an agent, I had to think what I could change to be creative."

It is fashion editors and photographers who finally decide new looks, however, not agents. Lisa Taylor, a Ford model for twelve years, says, "It takes place during shootings. Agents don't have much to say. It's much more on the creative than the business end." Even Eileen Ford admits, "Magazines make a model. You send a girl to *Harper's Bazaar* or *Vogue*, and they may use her. Editors and agents all decide the same thing at the same time." An editor who has worked at both magazines agrees, though in her view, current fashion in feminine beauty is determined by the top fashion photographers and art directors, who occasionally see a new sort of face that interests them. "The middleman known as the agent is not the *grande chose*," she maintains.

Lacey says, in defense of agents, "The girl has to start with an agency." One of her competitors, Francis Grill, of the Click Agency, says, "My reputation depends on which girl I send to which magazine. When I look at a new face, she conjures an image of a particular magazine—either what they're doing now, or what I think they should be doing. It's something in the eyes. She has to reflect this moment or tomorrow. Most girls look like yesterday."

The Fords like to think of themselves as above trends.

The Fords like to think of themselves as above trends. "The Ford look is aristocratic," Lacey says. As a result, some fashion editors accuse the Fords of never venturing outside the perfect blond looks of most of their models. "No one at Ford is startlingly new or exciting [illegible] Wintour, fashion editor [illegible] they have any good new [illegible] tainly aren't showing thos[illegible] cis Grill agrees. "Eileen [illegible] pretty look that is passé," she says. "She's hung up on the era when she made her reputation. Her children were trained by her, and they're after the same kind of look, as far as I can tell. It's very midwestern. I think of the Ford look as the prettiest of seven children."

Eileen Ford, however, believes that her resistance to trendiness is the source of her agency's strength. "I never bent to freaky looks," she says. "They don't last. Classic beauty stays. Christie Brinkley or Cheryl Tiegs or Jacki Adams," she says, naming some of her best-known models, "you'd pick anytime." She points to an Irving Penn photograph taken in 1947 showing a dozen models. "Most of them had retired when that was taken," she says. "But they could all work now."

Moreover, even a corn-fed blonde can adapt to a new look if she is talented. Lisa Taylor, who exemplifies the Ford look and is still very successful, says, "I've got a thousand looks. So do most models." And those that last end up proving their adaptability, as well as their professionalism. "I love working with Ford models because they know how to wear clothes," says an experienced writer. "If you photograph forty outfits in one day, you can't waste time showing a model how to pose or how to do her makeup. Their models are superprofessional."

The only way to stay competitive, according to Lacey, is to go out and find talent. To show her determination to carry on her parents' leadership, she has organized "The Face of the Eighties," an annual televised competition of models from twenty-four countries. Much of her time is spent away from New York choosing competitors at any of eighteen preliminary competitions, held under the auspices of various fashion magazines and judged by their editors; either she or her mother attends each competition. The search allows them to see which models are working where—and to snap up the best ones. "If you see a real winner, you make sure she's on the plane with you," she says, although she adds that after a few weeks on the road spent looking at thousands of faces, she has to be careful whom she gets enthusiastic over. The Fords occasionally disagree about each other's discoveries. While her parents were in [illegible] for example, Lacey signed a new model. "When Mom came back, she said, 'Where did you get that gorilla?' "

The winners of the Face of the Eighties [illegible] fashion editors. The final judges are leading international agents, and this year they will include representatives from Clairol and Cover Girl, who are sponsors of the competition. The benefits to the agency are obvious, because both the winners and the contestants turn first to Ford.

"I always thought we were broke," Lacey says. "It's a big motivating force."

Once they start, Lacey makes sure they stay. "It's such a personal business," she says, listing her engagements in the coming week—many lunches and dinners with models, during which she will ask how they liked their last job, if they would like to go to Europe, if they would rather do editorial or commercial work. Most models who have the choice prefer editorial work, because it establishes their reputation. Others want quick money. A good agent will do what the model wants, while looking out for her best interests. "The Fords are the best because I trust them," Lisa Taylor says. "They screw up the least. And the kids have been around the business long enough to know what it takes."

The senior Fords are still the heads of Ford Models, which makes Lacey happy. "It's a wonderful time for us," she says, speaking for the three children. "We wouldn't have a moment to worry about special projects if we had to run the agency." One of Lacey's current projects is assembling an exercise book based on what the top Ford models eat and how they work out at the gym, with a section of advice on looking one's best. Between the book and the Face of the Eighties competition, Lacey has little free time. "My parents inculcated in us a sense of duty and the idea of working when we weren't in school," she says. She began working at the agency part-time when she was sixteen. "I always thought we were broke. It's a big motivating force."

Her sister Katie's business-school training and experience as a management consultant, her brother Billy's years finding models and promoting them, and her own zest for finding new models make her think that the children will have no trouble keeping the Ford agency at the top. Does Lacey have the acumen and predictive powers that her mother is famous for? "I don't question that for a minute," she says. Right now, at least, no one is disagreeing with her.□

TOPKAPI

A JEWEL OF OTTOMAN ART AND ARCHITECTURE IS THE SITE OF A GREAT EXHIBITION THIS SUMMER

BY ANNE TURNER BRUNO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARA GULER

The domed roofs and pointed chimneys of Topkapi's Harem have the look of a vast stone encampment.

More splendid than Versailles, more bloody than the Kremlin, and more mysterious than the Imperial Palace of Peking"—this is the classic description of Topkapi Palace, crowning the high promontory of Old Istanbul that overlooks the commingling waters of the Bosporus Strait, the Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmara. During the past twenty years, tourists have flocked to Topkapi to see its intriguing Harem, the Imperial Treasury of fabulous jewels, and its glorious works of art. This summer there is another compelling reason to seek out Topkapi, the most impressive building complex of Ottoman secular architecture, for it is a key showplace in an ambitious exhibition.

Opened on May 22 under the auspices of the Council of Europe to help celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Republic of Turkey, the exhibition, "Anatolian Civilizations," runs through October, chronicling the origin and development of sculpture, painting, ceramics, wood carving, metalwork, and jewelry on the Anatolian peninsula, the Asia Minor of old. Seljuk and Ottoman works of art, some on loan, are displayed at Topkapi (hours: 9–5, closed Tuesdays; admission: seventy-five cents); other museums and palaces in Istanbul are showing prehistoric, Hittite, Greek, Roman, and Byzantine work, as well as musical instruments, Turkish tents, carpets, and costumes.

Dr. Sabahattin Türkoğlu, the museum's director.

On the strength of its own treasures alone, Topkapi rivals any of the great museums of the West—though architecturally it is utterly unlike any European palace. Begun in 1462 by Sultan Mehmet II, the conqueror of Constantinople, who erected ramparts and kiosks, Topkapi (meaning "Gate of the Cannon") was enlarged by his successors until it comprised four great courtyards and a baffling congeries of stone buildings. For nearly four centuries, this great seraglio, or *saray* (from the Persian word for palace), served as an opulent living quarters for the Ottoman rulers and as the administrative center of an empire that extended from the Persian Gulf to the gates of Vienna. In 1853 it was abandoned for a European-style palace, and Topkapi became an old-women's home. Hundreds of discarded concubines and their aging slaves languished without men, in the "Palace of Tears."

After 1923, when Kemal Atatürk founded the Turkish Republic, the rambling complex was converted into a museum. The buildings were dilapidated, and little heed was paid to the priceless jewelry, porcelain, paintings, costumes, carpets, and beautifully illuminated manuscripts displayed in dusty cases. It was the film *Topkapi*, about the theft of a famous dagger, that revived interest in the seraglio some twenty years ago.

Starting in 1980, Topkapi underwent restoration, and the museum director and archaeologist Sabahattin Türkoğlu was named general director. He hastened to clean, repair, and refurbish the neglected seraglio. Now palace cupolas, pointed chimneys, and domed roofs that echo the beloved tents of the Turks glint in the sun. Plaques with the sultans' names freshly painted in red and gold blaze on gray stone walls. To help visitors understand the wealth around them, an excellent twenty-minute multivision color film explains the Ottoman sultanate from the time of Osman I (fl. 1290) and tells the story of Topkapi.

This summer's exhibition is Sabahattin Bey's greatest challenge, but even before it opened, some three thousand visitors a day were repeopling the palace grounds. Entrance to the seraglio is gained through the unprepossessing Imperial Gate, a nineteenth-century replacement of an earlier gate on which the sultans hung the severed heads of their enemies. Within is the First Court, a thousand feet long, where the Janissary guards lived and imperial processions formed.

The Middle Gate leads to the tree-shaded second courtyard, the Court of the Divan—the building in which affairs of state were conducted, while the sultan sometimes observed proceedings and commented on them from a hidden chamber. Looming over the council chamber is a square tower with a conical roof, a landmark visible all over Istanbul.

On one side of the court are the imperial kitchens, ten great vaulted rooms where meals for five thousand were prepared. Here, some ten thousand rare Chinese porcelains made to order for the sultans are now exhibited. The collection is rich in celadon, the greenish ware popular because it was thought to betray the presence of poisoned food by changing color. Cases of Sèvres, Limoges, and Meissen and Turkish dishes, tureens, vases, and glassware round off a display that seems to impress visitors even more than the arms and armor displayed nearby.

The Third Court, sacred to the sultan and his family, is approached through the Gate of Felicity, under whose flaring roof the sultan took power seated on a gem-studded gold throne, made by the melting down of 80,000 gold ducats.

On one side of the court, overlooking the Sea of Marmara, stands a row of porticoed buildings. The first houses the imperial wardrobe, containing thirteen hundred garments. The kaftans are of vibrantly colored velvet, silk, and satin brocade, richly embroidered in gold and colored silks, sometimes trimmed or lined with sable or ermine. Some—among them the child-size kaftans of the crown princes murdered by the jealous mothers of other contenders for the throne—are torn and spattered with dry blood.

Next door, in the high-vaulted rooms of the Imperial Treasury, a staggering array of jewels and bejeweled swords, daggers, quiver cases, saddles, dishes, cups, *nargileh* (water pipes), Koran covers, cradles, and clocks is displayed in glass cases. Pendants of emeralds as big as doorknobs, peacock blood rubies, huge blister pearls, and rose and white diamonds dazzle from the sultans' turbans and thrones. Even among all this splendor two objects stand out: the Nadir Shah Persian throne studded with precious gems, and the Spoonmaker's diamond, a stone of eighty-six carats shaped rather like the bowl of a spoon.

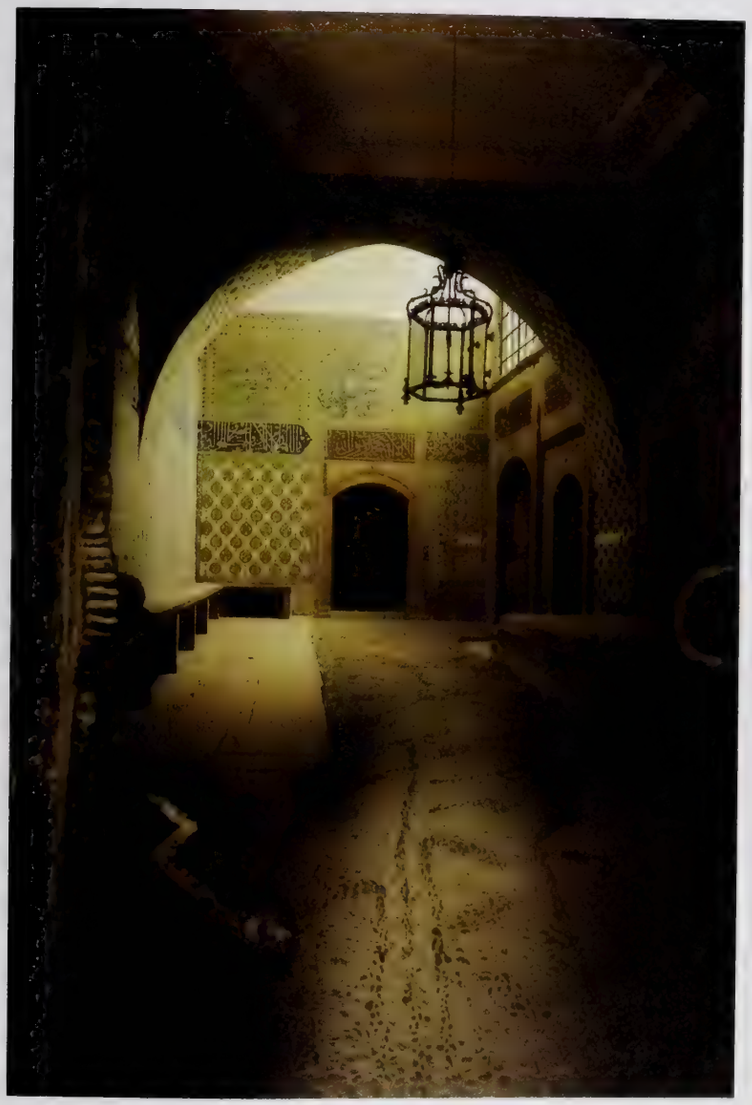
But the palace's supreme treasure, perhaps, is the finest collection of Islamic art in the world: thirty thousand magnificent miniatures in pungent, gay colors, depicting hunting, military, court, and festival scenes; realistic portraits of the sultans; and matchless illuminated manuscripts.

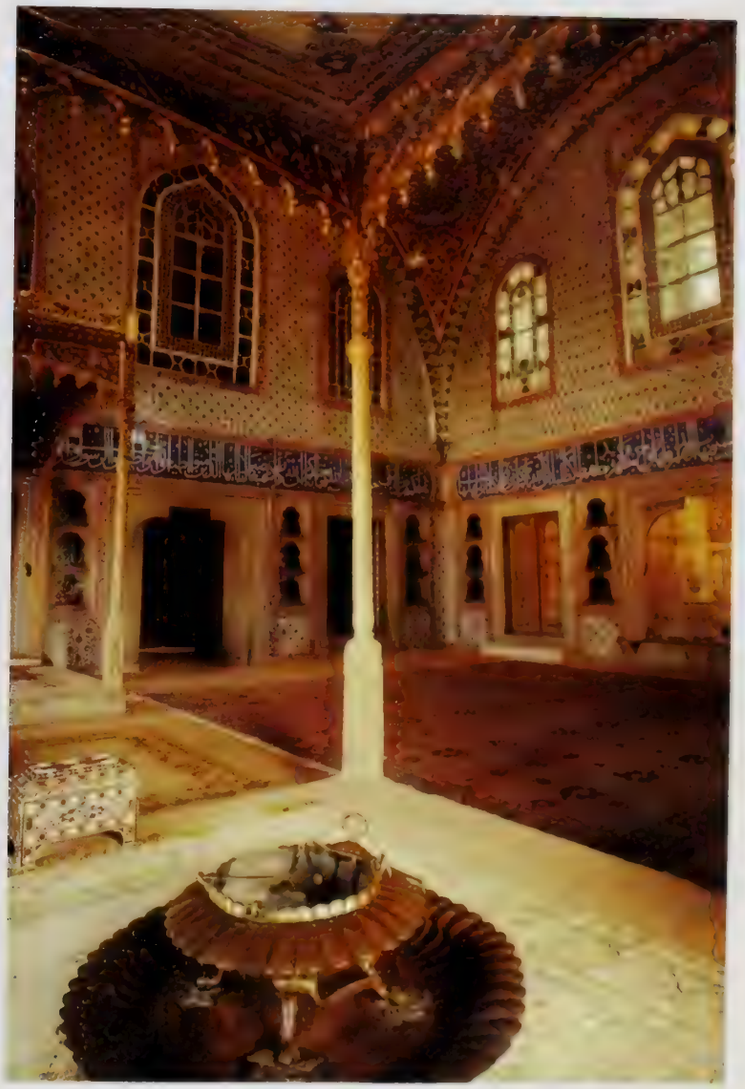
Down a passage beyond the treasury is the fourth courtyard, now only a series of faded terraced gardens and kiosks where brilliant beds of tulips were planted in the eighteenth century. Ten among the thirty-six sultans were accomplished poets, and one courted his muse by setting gilded turtles loose with lighted candles on their backs to wander among the flowers in the dusk.

Across the courtyard is the octagonal Baghdad Kiosk, a fine example of seventeenth-century Ottoman architecture, and, on a marble terrace, a gold-domed baldachin where the sultans

Anne Turner Bruno is a writer formerly based in Istanbul.

Formerly the home of sultans and their vast entourages, Topkapi Palace is now a superb museum of art. At its heart is the Harem, seen from the air (overleaf), with a maze of corridors (below, left) and sumptuous royal chambers, like the exquisite sixteenth-century tiled bedroom of Murat III (right). Below is the emerald-studded dagger made fabulous by a film about its theft.





could sit enjoying a magical view of the Golden Horn.

Beyond this terrace lies the splendid Circumcision Room, where the sultan's heir and as many as fifty other sons were feted for weeks after the circumcision ceremony. Near it is the Pavilion of the Blessed Mantle, where hairs from the prophet Mohammed's beard, a mold of his footprint, a piece of his tooth, his sword, and other relics are kept amid a clutter of gold.

At Topkapi's heart is the Harem, built up of individual whims given labyrinthine shape over the centuries. Its 380 rooms housed more than a thousand women and slaves—all foreigners, so as to avoid nepotism and the enslavement of Moslems—as well as their children and the black eunuch guards. About thirty rooms have been fully restored.

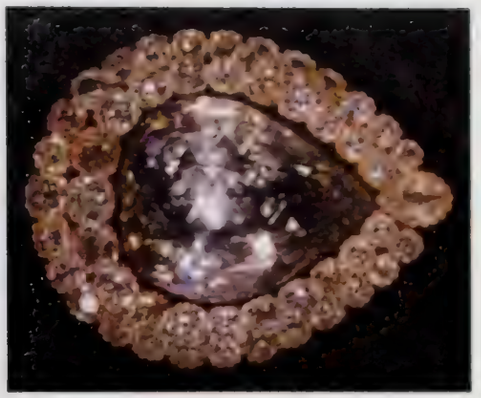
At the Harem's entrance are the dark cubicles of the head eunuchs, whose job was to protect the women from any male eyes but the sultan's and to discipline their lives. Winding to the sultan's inner sanctum is the Golden Way, its walls lined with floral-patterned tiles. Beyond the [illegible] ries of the slave women lay the [illegible] four officially favored [illegible] wives, whose children were [illegible] heirs to the throne. Close [illegible] chambers were the rooms of his mother, whose influence was second only to his own. Her apartments, with their superbly tiled walls and tulip-shaped windows, were overdecorated but harmonious.

Lying beyond all this gracious splendor is the Cage, in whose dark, gilded rooms the sultan's heirs were confined for up to fifty years before either ascending the throne or being strangled on orders of the new sultan.

The largest and most public part of the sultan's own quarters was the Sultan's Hall, a reception room whose original decorative elements have been lost in alterations. The bedroom of Murat III, though, built in 1578, is untouched: a square, domed room, the most beautiful in the Harem, with walls lined by fine floral-spray tiles.

Topkapi lost most of its mystique when the sultans turned to Western dress and their families clamored for European decor. The lasting impression its palatial wealth leaves is of the amazing delicacy of the taste and art of the sultans, whether the early warriors [illegible] who created the Ottoman Empire, or the repressive dilettantes who presided over its downfall. This summer's exhibition offers an occasion to enjoy it.□

Ottoman painting was a court art, under the patronage and control of the sultans. It was a synthetic art as well, borrowing influences from the rest of the world—Europe, China, Persia—and transforming them into a peculiarly Turkish expression: vital, robust, and personal. In the portrait (opposite) of the bloodthirsty Sultan Murat IV (1623–40), the keenly observed real image assumes the power of a symbolic form. Turkish painting could be lyrical, satirical, and humorous as well. Observe the portrait (left) of the popular seventeenth-century humorist and storyteller Nasrettin Hoca, on his donkey. The other great side of Ottoman pictorial art is calligraphy, with its arabesques and floral patterns, exemplified (below) with delicacy and power on the first page of a seventeenth-century Koran.



The Ottomans raised calligraphy to heights never achieved elsewhere in Islam. It is an art that rejoices in mastery of the past. Thus, from 1281 to 1922, the exuberant *tuğras*, or monograms, of the sultans (left) varied only by subtle modulations within a persistent pattern. To decipher the sultan's name intricately laced into the design is an art in itself. The Spoonmaker's diamond, above, is one of the prizes of the Imperial Treasury. It trails clouds of legends, including one explaining its name; its eighty-six carats and its beauty are beyond question. The severe simplicity of the kaftan's form was a foil for the endlessly inventive elements of its decoration. The one below belonged to an eighteenth-century child prince.

THE GOTHICIST

SHADES OF CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE

BY BARRYMORE LAURENCE SCHERER

Now that interest in later-nineteenth-century decorative arts is awakening, the name Eastlake is being bandied about more and more by auctioneers, dealers, and collectors as a synonym for "desirable." If a chest of drawers is embellished with parallel rows of machined grooves, it is an "Eastlake chest." If a hanging cabinet sports a spindled gallery, it is an "Eastlake design." The turned legs of a footstool, the straight lines of a bed or sofa automatically sanction these pieces as Eastlake. Unfortunately, apart from specialists, neither buyers nor sellers make much distinction between pieces based upon Eastlakean principles and mere corruptions.

In truth, Charles Locke Eastlake (1836–1906) was more an arbiter of taste than a designer. It was his influence rather than his active participation in the manufacture of furniture that governed the appearance of many an English and American interior between 1870 and 1890.

Born in Plymouth, Eastlake came from artistic stock. As a child he was a close companion of his uncle and namesake Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A. (1793–1865), a distinguished academic painter who virtually adopted him. At the Royal Academy schools, the young Eastlake won a silver medal for his architectural designs in 1854, and two of his architectural drawings were exhibited at the academy in 1855 and 1856. During this period he was also apprenticed to the celebrated architect Philip Hardwick, the elder. Later he toured Europe for three years to study painting and sculpture, and fell in love with medieval architecture. The Gothic style, with its strength, its shallow stone carving, its interweaving tracery of windows and arches, was to be his lifelong passion.

Above: Charles Locke Eastlake, arbiter of household taste. Opposite: Ebonized cherry china cabinet, made by Kimbel and Cabus according to Eastlake principles.

Back in England, Eastlake became a free-lance journalist. Though fully qualified to practice architecture, he limited himself to furniture design, with the occasional side trip into wallpaper, metalwork, jewelry, and interior decoration. Thus, while his name has been linked with the so-called stick-style houses that are a notable feature of San Francisco and Newport, Rhode Island, Eastlake never actually designed a building.

In 1864, his essay "The Fashion of Furniture" was published in the *Cornhill* magazine. It contained several strikingly critical opinions that led to an invitation from the editor of *The Queen* to contribute a series of articles on interior decoration. The first appeared in June 1865 under the pseudonym "Jack Easel." Entitled "Hints on Household Taste," the series ran for over a year and was later expanded as the book *Hints on Household Taste, in Furniture, Upholstery and Other Details*, published in 1868. Sales were brisk, and four years later *Hints* was published in the United States, edited by Charles C. Perkins, a noted art authority, who added copious footnotes. Six American editions eventually appeared, and four in England.

As its title suggests, the book is not devoted merely to furniture. Eastlake covers nearly every facet of interior design, from the tiled pavement of an entrance hall to crockery, table glass, and cutlery. Furniture, however, plays the major part in his philosophy of reform. Without mincing words, this confirmed Gothicist declared war on the two most popular substyles of the day—Rococo revival and Renaissance revival—and opened fire upon the "sham and pretense" that he felt were too easily

achieved by machinery.

Not for him the imposing Renaissance-revival bedroom suites with towering headboards veneered in crotch walnut and surmounted by leafy crests. Not for him the polished mahogany dining-room tables "supported by four gouty legs, ornamented by the turner with mouldings which look like inverted cups and saucers piled upon an attic baluster." To Eastlake, the curves and swirls of Louis XV–style chairs made them structurally unsound, and the custom of applying realistically carved swags of fruit or groups of slaughtered game in high relief upon the doors and backboards of buffets was anathema. "Renounce them henceforth," he exclaimed; "they are in a bad and vicious style of art."

Instead of baronial magnificence freely based upon designs of sixteenth-century Italian or eighteenth-century French origin, Eastlake offered a style with roots in medieval, Elizabethan, and Jacobean England that often reproduced almost exactly the sturdy oaken pieces found at that time in many old

English country houses.

His principles were fundamental and few. He demanded honesty of construction. The method by which an article of furniture was put together should be apparent to the eye: joints should not be hidden beneath ornaments; frames should not be enveloped in upholstery. Eastlake advocated functionalism: chairs were to be comfortable, tables strong, cabinets sturdily joined by means of mortise and tenon, not glue. He strove for simplicity and appropriateness of decoration: geometric or stylized floral carving in the shallowest relief, for example, and restrained marquetry in contrasting woods. Eastlake endorsed hammered metal or leather inlay, ceramic tiles or painted panels in the medieval manner, and figured veneer—so long as it was not employed to hide inferior wood. Turned spindles and balusters, chamfered edges, gouge-carved lines, and obvious use of such structural hardware as strap hinges and bail handles were often hallmarks of the Eastlake look.

In general, Eastlake favored rich surface embellishment that did not obstruct the lines of a piece. Above all, he championed rectilinear forms. His reasons were three: straight lines were most pleasing to the eye; they produced the least waste (the carving and molding machines used in the manufacture of the elaborate revival styles left enormous amounts of useless scrap); and straight-lined furniture was strong.

Eastlake's book was never intended to serve as a cabinetmaker's directory, as were Owen Jones's *Grammar of Ornament* (1856) and Bruce Talbert's *Gothic Forms Applied to Furniture, Metal Work and Decoration for Domestic Purposes* (1867). Its aim was only to present "some fixed principles of taste for the popular guidance of those who are not accustomed to hear such principles defined." Of the seventy-eight wood engravings in the first American edition of *Hints*, only nine depict pieces of furniture actually designed by the author. This number was later brought up to fifteen. Depending upon which edition is at hand, readers will find other plates showing one or two Eastlake designs for lighting fixtures, and several of his designs for such appointments as wallpaper, table plate, and vases.

Above: A pedestal of ebonized cherry. The crane is an emblem of the Aesthetic movement. Below: A rosewood table with elephant-hide top, attributed to Herter Brothers.

Beyond designing furnishings for his own home and the occasional piece for a friend, Eastlake did not become a professional decorator, nor did he continue to publish specific designs or ally himself with a particular furniture manufacturer. Thus, when new merchandise was demanded, especially in America, furniture manufacturers had little more to guide them than a handful of sketches and a body of principles. Moreover, Eastlake's designs looked nothing like the elaborate furniture their machines had been designed to produce.

At first many of them worried that the abandonment of extravagant goods would ruin business. "We hope the fashion won't live very long or extend to this city," wrote a contributor to the *Cincinnati Trade List* in 1874. "Of all the clumsy, ugly inventions, or rather copies, the sort advocated with bigoted zeal by Eastlake deserves to be most condemned."

To be sure, Eastlake was hardly an inspired draftsman, and the dry, linear engravings of his designs in *Hints* lend them a coarse and rather lumpish appearance—as though the furniture were constructed from rough lumber. Nevertheless, the gospel of reform was being spread by Eastlake's American disciples, among them the architect Henry Hudson Holly, who plagiarized him; the landscape designer and culture enthusiast Charles Wyllys Elliott, who criticized his designs while copying them; and the novelist Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose praise was unstinting.

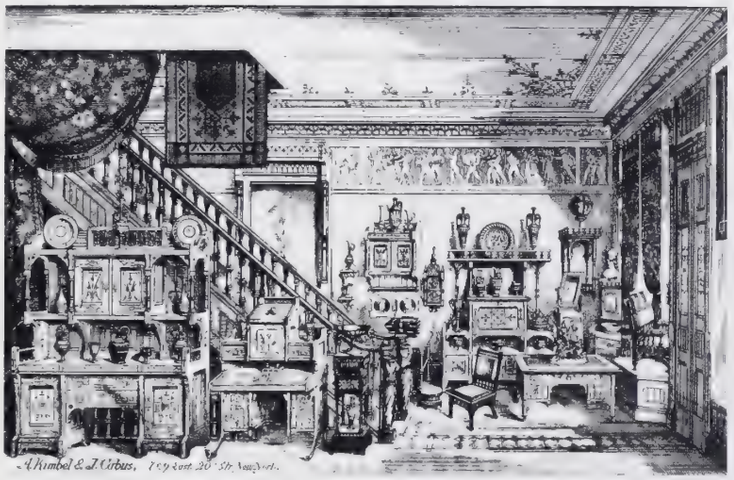
Apart from Eastlake's own book and the writings of his followers, the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition gave the American reform movement its biggest boost. Leading manufacturers sent to Philadelphia examples of furnishing inspired more or less by Eastlake: a handsome sideboard designed by Collinson and Locke of London, with rows of turned spindles and bevel-paneled surfaces that were features of the so-called Queen Anne revival; a Gothic oak sideboard by Mitchell and Rammelsburg of Cincinnati, along with a mirrored hallstand in a similar vein; the "Modern Gothic" drawing room by Kimbel and Cabus of New York, boasting furniture of ebonized cherry with gilt gouge carving, a medieval-style frieze, stylized floral wallpaper, diaper-patterned carpet, and a huge mantelpiece surmounted by a pier mirror with an elaborate gouge-carved and scalloped crest. However rich the overall effect of this room, it followed Eastlake's principles of homogeneous opulence rather than eclectic ostentation; moreover, the furniture was extremely well made.

Eastlake-influenced furniture that appeared during the succeeding decade or so can be divided into four categories: best, excellent, good, and run-of-the-mill. The best pieces were, of course, the most expensive ones, mostly handmade to order by cabinetmakers and decorating companies patronized by the carriage trade, like the well-known New York firm of

An Eastlake bed of cherry, made in Grand Rapids ca. 1880, with simple decoration to accommodate mass production.

Herter Brothers, who made an ebonized cherry desk for the financier Jay Gould in 1882. Its simple, almost austere lines were relieved by intricate yet abstract floral marquetry in contrasting light wood.

Kimbel and Cabus, whose display caused a stir at the Centennial Exhibition, be-



From American Architect and Building News, *1877: a New York showroom of Kimbel and Cabus.*

longed to the second category. Their furniture was moderately expensive, their stock of each piece fairly small. They would also modify or elaborate upon a design to order. Though machinery was used, work was often done by hand. Eastlake accepted machine work as long as the results were honest.

Several pieces by Kimbel and Cabus are now in the Hudson River Museum, in Yonkers, New York, where pioneering scholars, led by Mary Jean Madigan, produced the first Eastlake show, in 1973–74. They include a fine ebonized cherry cabinet with gilded, incised decoration and inlaid tiles depicting medieval figures made by the Minton-Hollins Company of England. The spindled gallery atop the piece is notably substantial, as are the brass strap hinges so dear to Eastlake. There is also an ebonized library table of handsome proportions with turned columnar legs and a galleried lower shelf.

In the third category were the numerous factories of the East and Middle West that turned out hundreds of bedroom, drawing-room, and dining-room suites for the thriving middle classes. Usually of walnut, they were well constructed, mostly by machine, but Eastlake's principles began to be misinterpreted. While the lines were straight, simple, and—to use a favorite adjective of the period—chaste, there is often a profusion of applied ornamentation. Not content to let their machines stand idle, the manufacturers retooled them. Now, instead of carving realistic flora and fauna, they saw-cut columns, pilasters, dentelations, crenellations, friezes, panels, pierced and relief-carved blossoms, finials, rows of spindles, and plenty of burl veneer to be glued to every surface. Much of this work is pleasing enough, though overwrought. Eastlake inspired? Yes. True Eastlake style? Hardly.

The fourth, run-of-the-mill category shows the most corruption. Made by such factories as the Brooklyn Furniture Company—"the largest, cheapest, and most reliable furniture maker in the world"—and other mills of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Grand Rapids, this merchandise was mass-produced by machine for sale to the working classes. Cheaper grades of walnut were used, as well as chestnut, soft maple, ash, poplar, and pine. These light-colored woods were usually stained in imita-

Below: A massive bookcase and cabinet of walnut, its upper part closely resembling "Library Book Case" (opposite), from Hints on Household Taste.

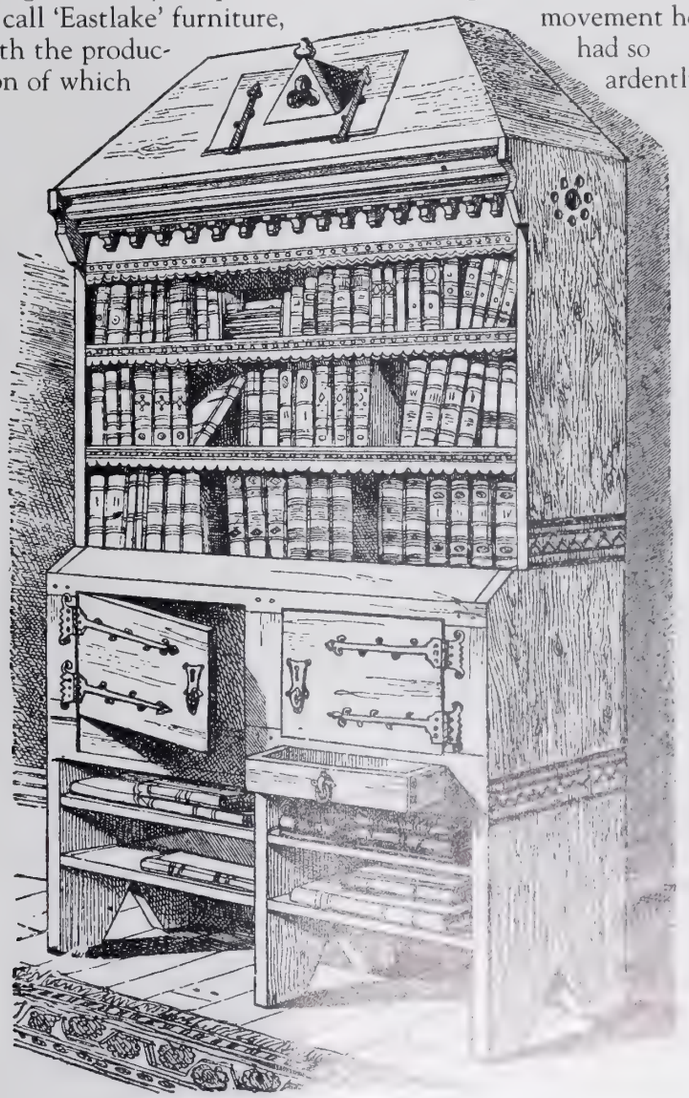
tion of dark walnut or mahogany; hardware was stamped, not cast. Joinery was crude; secondary woods used for the sides and bottoms of drawers were soft and thinly cut. These goods share a stodgy flimsiness held together by too many coats of glue and varnish.

Though dutifully embellished with machine-turned legs and spindles, incised lines, and gouge-carved floral forms, the designs were generally square and graceless, more like a flattened and straightened Renaissance-revival style than anything suggested by Eastlake or his followers. Nevertheless, his name was used with abandon. It was from such merchandise that Eastlake defended himself in the preface to the fourth edition of *Hints:* "I find American tradesmen continually advertising what they are pleased to call 'Eastlake' furniture, with the production of which I have had nothing whatever to do, and for the taste of which I should be very sorry to be considered responsible."

Protest as he might, the vast torrent of cheap, poorly designed "Eastlake furniture" continued to flow until it had overwhelmed the much smaller body of what had been faithfully made. By the turn of the century, when art nouveau and second Georgian superseded it, Eastlake-inspired designs had been relegated to the attic or thrown away.

Eastlake himself lived on in retirement for eight years after relinquishing his post as keeper of the National Gallery, in London, in 1898. In his little house in Bayswater, nicknamed "terra cottage" for its color, he spent his last days among books, paintings, furniture, "and a hundred nicknacks" he loved.

Although the reform movement he had so ardently supported eventually backfired—like many other well-laid plans during the Victorian industrial age—Charles Eastlake could honestly congratulate himself for liberating "young housekeepers of the present age" (1895) from "that terrible time" when homes were filled with "heavy and graceless objects . . . the sprawling sofas, funereal buffets, horticultural carpets and zoological hearthrugs."



A carved detail from Glenview, a Hudson River mansion of the 1870s, now a museum.

Now that the fruits of his inspiration—both genuine and spurious—are re-emerging as antiques, it is up to the modern collector to enter the marketplace with an educated eye. He will then recognize the infinite variations of shape and character that make the difference between the flimsy, machine-made products of the "Eastlake style" and the solid simplicity and honesty of the true Eastlake influence.

WHERE TO BUY IT

Prospective collectors may sometimes find examples of high-quality Eastlake furniture in the smaller auction houses. In addition, there are specialist dealers. Among the best are Richard McGeehan, P.O. Box 1000, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113 (212 875-1441); Newel Art Galleries, 425 East Fifty-third Street, New York, NY 10022 (212 758-1970); Margot Johnson Gallery, Inc., 40 West Fortieth Street, New York, NY 10018 (212 840-5472); and Fred DiMaio, Inglenook Antiques, 523 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014 (212 675-0890).

Barrymore L. Scherer is a writer and lecturer on the arts

A FIRM SENSE

OF PLACE

AT BEAUMARIS, TRADITION IS WHAT COUNTS

BY MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

Almost everybody has a favorite summer retreat: a mountain town, seaside resort, or forest hideaway. But how many of these wonderful spots are authentic communities—places remarkable not only for their beauty and style but for their constancy as well? One that admirably fits that description is the lake village of Beaumaris, in Canada's Province of Ontario. There, the same families remain for many years, through many generations, and almost the only newcomers are invited guests. Each summer this group reunites to bask as much in their sense of place as in the sun. Vacations depend on tradition, not just good weather.

The residents have solid WASP names like Burke, Walker, Kennedy, and Stevenson. They do not draw attention to

Some of Beaumaris's finest treasures—antique, handmade runabouts—drive crowds at a summer boat show nearby.

Michael Kimmelman often writes about architecture, music, and art.

themselves. Quite the contrary: they insist on their privacy. But in detesting ostentation, paradoxically they cultivate something that makes them equally noticeable—good taste. Consider the architecture. While the houses in many summer resorts try to stand out and seem special—those in the Hamptons, on Long Island, come immediately to mind—the ones in Beaumaris simply fit in. They thus complement the community's sense of cohesion and tradition, as do the boathouses and even the boats.

This doesn't mean that the buildings are dull. Each house is different and undeniably impressive, yet clearly related to its neighbors. All share graceful roof lines that echo the soft surrounding hills; their warm exterior colors—dark brown, deep blue, somber green—blend modestly into the wooded setting; they are often huge, containing a dozen bedrooms or more, but their style is never pompous. In fact, their very unpretentiousness has a grandeur. This is the quiet, distinctive architecture of old money and old values, and of the self-confidence that goes with them.

Each Beaumaris house, like its accompanying boathouse and boats, is a model of conservation. Their preservation not only shows the community's concern for tradition but also helps to maintain its way of life—a leisurely existence belonging to a distant and much more leisurely style of life.

The town itself has changed little since these summerhouses were first built, almost a century ago. Its single road connects Beaumaris's only buildings: a church, a grocery, a marina, and a post office. The last is run by Norman Willmott, whose family is itself a sign of stasis. It has been in Beaumaris since the territory was opened to settlers; the Willmotts—along with another English family, named Prowse—were among the first to buy land and build around the lake, during the 1870s. In 1874, Edward Prowse decided his property was an appealing site for vacationing fishermen, and so he constructed a hotel. He soon attracted many wealthy Canadians and a large group of Americans, many from Pittsburgh, including members of the Mellon family.

The Americans liked the place. By the 1890s they had bought many of the numerous islands that dot the lake, as well as property along the shores, and begun to erect summerhouses, hiring local, now-forgotten builders. The spot seemed perfect. The well-to-do Americans wanted isolation and space without losing a sense of community. The heavily wooded islands gave each family that kind of privacy and also plenty of room, while the lake itself helped unify their group.

Almost all those original families remain, most in the same houses, many now related through marriage. As any visitor will tell you, the residents certainly act like an extended family. A vacation there can be a lot like dropping in on a family reunion.

Almost all the usual summer activities are missing. There are no lakeside beaches, no restaurants or theaters. Instead, "the summer is a succession of family things," explained one young resident who lives in the house her great-grandfather built. Much time is spent lounging on the docks, riding in the boats, picnicking on nearby islands, or visiting friends. During the chilly Canadian evenings, parties usually bring everyone together. Sometimes these are held in the large, rickety, shingle-style building misleadingly called the Yacht Club—there are no yachts—but most often in someone's home. Days often feel simply like quiet lulls before these lively, informal, and friendly affairs.

Day or night, life revolves around the homes. They are the center of attention and activity, the places where friendships and family ties are made and affirmed.

The most public side of the community is its boathouses, most of which contain room enough for several boats and several bedrooms.

A sparsely decorated bedroom embodies the Beaumaris style—unpretentious and so tradition bound as to discourage any change.

Most of the houses—built by simple, wood-frame, post-and-lintel construction—are set back on the islands, discreetly sheltered from view behind rows of tall pine trees (which makes them extremely difficult to photograph). They are typically entered through expansive screen porches. Like the trees, these act as guardians of privacy, blocking an outsider's view of the interior. From them, the residents can watch, but they cannot be watched.

Dark interiors are dominated by enormous, hearth-filled living rooms, where aging family photographs decorate walls and family albums sit on coffee tables. A second floor usually contains bedrooms; but some homes are single-story, with sleeping porches and servants' quarters housed in wings connected to the living room or kitchen. These frequently unheated bedrooms are sparsely furnished with rough pine dressers and amber-shaded lanterns, preserved as they have always been. Heating and many other modern

The shape of the boathouses often echoes that of the main homes, usually hidden behind trees on the hills overlooking the lake.

An infinite care goes first into the making of these beautiful, sleek double-ended rowboats and then into their maintenance.

amenities are often avoided, for at Beaumaris what was good enough yesterday is probably quite good enough today.

Take the handcrafted wicker chairs that populate living rooms and porches. As old as the houses themselves, they include armrests with holders for drinks and racks for magazines to assure the minimum of effort and the maximum of leisure. True, an Eames chair would be more comfortable, but it simply wouldn't be right. Wicker is fitting, elegant, unpretentious, and old; and in Beaumaris, those are the values that count.

The place may be solemn, but it isn't humorless. What could be less serious than a tiny lakeside cabin with heart-shaped windows—and that houses a laundry room? The same gentle wit carries over to the boathouses; they often have porthole windows more appropriate on some stately ocean liner steaming over some exotic sea. Although the boathouses are often miniature replicas of the main buildings, most are spacious enough to be mistaken for lavish waterfront dwellings. They usually contain a small navy at water level and several bedrooms above.

The boathouses are the gateways to Beaumaris, for the comings and goings of visitors and family are by boat. They add a sense of ritual and ceremony that is, like the community itself, very traditional and distinctly genteel. And they make the point that architecture can emphatically speak for itself, even when those who occupy it wish to be utterly silent.

Perhaps the most fitting symbol of this summer community is the extraordinary fleet of wooden vessels parked in these boathouses. Demanding constant care and expense, these antique craft provide conspicuous evidence of the community's accumulated wealth and refined taste. If the homes and boathouses affect a studied modesty, the boats are the community's grand gesture at high living.

Masterpieces of design, the boats were hand built between roughly 1890 and 1935. They are essentially the work of four local craftsmen: Herbert Ditchburn, Charles Duke, Billy Johnston, and H. C. Minett. Working on commission, one order at a time, and almost never repeating themselves, the builders furnished Beaumaris residents with a group of unique and indigenous vessels called inland-lake runabouts. While other boats ride on the

DUDLEY WITNEY

Antique runabouts are used every day to travel around the lake; here one has put in for fuel at the marina in a neighboring town

water, these exceptionally long bowed craft slice through it, making for a smoother but slower ride; their old-fashioned, in-line, six-cylinder engines usually cannot push them at a speed of more than twenty miles per hour.

Their distinctive decks are made of thin mahogany boards, highlighted by painted yellow stripes. The all-mahogany hulls are covered with up to ten coats of varnish, giving the boats a deep, rich shine. So finely are they finished, in fact, that even the engine compartments are carefully varnished. Brass fittings and leather seats are standard, and on some larger boats there are even a separate area for the boatman and wicker lounge chairs for the passengers.

Few of these Beaumaris gems were made after production-line companies (such as Century and Chris-Craft) came along in the 1920s with cheaper models. Yet virtually all of them—some more than eight decades old—are still running as well as ever. Their quality has not been underestimated: originally bought for under $5,000, they can sell today for over $100,000.

Minett was probably the finest builder of these classics, but Johnston may have invented the most unusual, if ridiculous, model. Called the "disappearing propeller" boat, its propeller retracts into the hull whenever it strikes an underwater object—hardly an essential extra in the waters around Beaumaris, but one of which the residents are particularly fond. They treat it in the same playful spirit that inspires them to name these sputtering, elegant antiques *Snorf, It,* or *Pardon Me.*

Pride of place eventually translates into neighborly camaraderie at Beaumaris. What makes the warmth between fellow residents so strong is probably its ephemerality—it is as fleeting as the warmth of the summer sun. Only for a few precious weeks each year do these people come together; and for that reason, transience seems to add a special intensity to the friendships—"a kind of romance," as one youthful resident said. But while summer romances are notoriously hard to repeat among people, they persist between Beaumaris and its residents. Everything—architecture, [illegible] place is kept so intact, so unchanging, so timeless, that the romance can be renewed [illegible]

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ANTHONY WOLFF

THE PERFECT PANAMA

A SEARCH IN THE HINTERLANDS OF ECUADOR

The fashion for Panama hats as well as the name, according to one account, originated on November 16, 1906, when President Theodore Roosevelt was photographed wearing one while trying the controls of a ninety-five-ton Bucyrus steam shovel during a three-day tour of the Panama Canal works. Through the ensuing decades the Panama became increasingly popular as summer wear. The best ones—tightly woven of the finest straw, almost weightless, creamy white and silky smooth, costing as much as two hundred dollars—were worn by statesmen and sportsmen, socialites and movie stars, gamblers and gangsters. Warner Oland wore one as Charlie Chan. Sydney Greenstreet made a Panama an accessory to tropical mischief. For less famous heads there were less elegant hats, priced as low as two dollars. By the late 1940s, the Trans American Panama Hat Corporation, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, only one of many importers, was selling 360,000 Panamas in a season.

Suddenly, after World War II, men stopped wearing hats. After seeing its business dwindle to one-tenth its former volume, Trans American recently sold what was left to the Stetson Hat Company, whose illustrious name was also picked up in a distress sale. "The consumer today doesn't know what a Panama is," laments a Stetson vice-president, George Goldberg, thirty-five years in the business, who wears a hat "even when I get up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom." Now that men's hats are making something of a comeback, good Panamas are hard to find. Most of the so-called Panamas that Stetson and others have to offer are machine-made, glue-stiffened models, so bleached and dyed that it is sometimes hard to tell whether the fiber is natural or plastic. "I would almost kill for a few really good Panamas," says Burt Berinsky, of Jay Lord Hatters, a leading New York manufacturer and retailer. "I have customers for them, but I can't get them."

The most likely place to look for fine Panamas is in the lowland tropics of Latin America, the habitat of a perennial herb—*Carloduvica palmata,* called *toquilla* in Spanish—whose immature leaves can be split into straws of wondrous strength, fineness, and flexibility. Straw hats are made in several countries in Central and South America—but not notably in Panama. Most Panama hats, and the best ones, are marked "Made in Ecuador," where the craft of weaving *toquilla* straw into elegant sombreros seems to have originated, and where it persists among a declining number of village weavers.

On a narrow street just off the busy waterfront of Guayaquil, Ecuador's major port and largest city, at the rear of a small shop selling all kinds of souvenirs for tourists, Carlos Elias Barberán is practically buried under Panama hats of every conceivable size and shape. Hats are stacked on tables and shelves and in

Left: Carlos Elias Barberán, fifty years in the trade, shows off the best Panama in his stock. Price: two hundred dollars. Above: His shop, in Guayaquil, advertises hats from Montecristi, synonymous with the finest Panamas.

the wall of glass showcases that separates Barberán's private office from the rest of the store. A visitor's request for enlightenment on the subject of Panama hats elicits a recital of Barberán's credentials. He has been in the business, he says, for more than fifty years. He is the biggest dealer not only in Guayaquil, but in all of Ecuador. The inventory in his warehouse numbers 120,000 hats; his annual turnover is twice that many. On all questions pertaining to Panama hats, Barberán proclaims, he is the ultimate—the only—authority. "Everything you need to know," he promises, "I will tell you."

Without waiting for a question, the old man launches into a lecture on the proper classification of Panama hats. Lowest in order of quality and price is the "ordinary." Rummaging among his stock, Barberán comes up with an example, shapeless, loosely woven of coarse straw. In Manabí Province, the hat-making region north of Guayaquil on the Pacific coast, he says, such a hat represents no more than two days' work for a cottage weaver. Barberán retails the hat for less than three dollars and makes a profit. Most of his business is in the next grade, *medium finos*. Without much enthusiasm, Barberán holds up a bleached, unnaturally white model, its pinched crown and snapped brim fixed forever with glue stiffener. Such *medium finos*, he says, wholesale for seventy-two dollars a dozen.

From one of his showcases, Barberán draws a stack of *finos*, still soft and shaped like the blocks on which they were woven, ready to be formed to the customers' individual desires. The prices, lightly marked in pencil inside each crown, range from twenty dollars all the way to a hundred. A *fino*, Barberán says, is two months in the making by an expert weaver. His operatives in Manabí Province, roaming the hills from village to village, making down payments to weavers for hats they have barely begun, and paying more each week or so until the hat is finished, can bring Barberán only fifty *finos* a month.

Held up to the light, the *fino* reveals the hallmark of its quality. A series of concentric rings, or *vueltas*, around the cen-

Above: Jorge Alvía weaves for two months—several hours a day, six days a week—on a good hat. María Agripina, his sister, finishes the brims. Right: Soaked and steamed, straw is hung up to dry in the house of José Monserrate Lucas.

ter of the crown are the evidence of new straws added to the growing circumference of the work. The finer the straw and the tighter the weave, the more *vueltas* and the better the sombrero. One of Barberán's fifty-dollar *finos* has thirteen *vueltas.*

The best of all Panamas, he says, bringing forth a short stack of hats from a shelf in the rear of his domain, is the *fino fino.* He takes one between his two hands, gently, as though it might break, and turns it this way and that to display its graceful conformation, soft, ivory color, and smooth texture. Suddenly, with a practiced gesture, like a magician manipulating a deck of cards, the old man pinches the crown of the hat between his fingers, folding it in half, then rolls the hat into a tight cone and fits it into a long balsa-wood box. Reversing the procedure, he instantly restores the hat to its original shape. A fine Panama, Barberán says, can be rolled and unrolled, even crumpled like a handkerchief, during years of use, without damage. The *fino fino* he is holding, with about sixteen *vueltas* so closely spaced they are hard to count, is marked 10,000 sucres—two hundred dollars at the going rate. Sometimes he gets even finer ones, costing twice as much, but he hasn't had any lately.

If better Panamas are to be found anywhere, it must be in the town of Montecristi, the most famous name for hat weaving, not just in Manabí Province, or in all Ecuador, but in the entire world. Jorge Alvía, seventy-six, a widower who lives with his widowed sister, María Agripina, on a steep street beside the wooden cathedral that dominates the town, has been making hats for forty years. "Everyone in town used to make hats," he says. "Now only a few do it." About ten years ago, he explains, some Americans came to Montecristi with ideas for toys and souvenir items—cigarette cases, purses, dolls, and such—that could be made from the same *toquilla* straw as the hats, but much faster. "There was more money in it" is all he says.

To learn how to make hats, says Alvía, "First a person has to like what he's going to do. It can take one week, two weeks, months. If he doesn't like it, he'll never learn." The most difficult thing, according to Alvía, is to master the pain in his back from working in one position, hunched over his hat block, for three or four hours at a time. He also gets pains in the tips of his fingers from weaving the straw.

The hat he is working on now has eleven *vueltas*: it is a *fino,* but not a *fino fino.* The best hats that Alvía knows of have twenty to twenty-five *vueltas.* In his lifetime, he guesses, he has made more than fifty such hats, but he doesn't make them anymore. The best hats, he says, are made in La Pila, a village way back in the hills, he doesn't know how far. Alvía offers to

accompany the visitors as far as Bajo del Pechiche, a few miles by dirt road. Perhaps someone there is working on a *fino fino.*

Bajo del Pechiche, amid desiccated farm fields and drought-stunted scrubwoods, is a collection of houses raised above the dusty ground on stilts, shading livestock, fowl, and people alike from the equatorial sun. Most of the houses have walls and floors of split bamboo slats and roofs of corrugated tin or of thatch. The arrival of a car full of visitors attracts a crowd; after the formalities, the conversation turns to hats.

"All the men in the village used to make them," says Segundo Benceslão Pilligua, sixty-three, who learned from his mother when he was ten. "Now they farm, or make bricks, or they make other things of straw. It's more profitable. A man can make a cigarette case in one hour," he explains. "He gets fifteen sucres"—about twenty-five cents. A hat of ten *vueltas* will take him about a month or a month and a half; he will sell it to a middleman for less than ten dollars. The younger men in the crowd want no part of the business. "If I make hats," says one, "with the money I could make in a month, I couldn't even eat."

José Monserrate Lucas, seventy-three, has been making hats for sixty years. The only furniture in the main room of his bamboo house is a sturdy tripod made from a forked tree branch. The tripod supports a rounded wooden block, on which Lucas has formed the crown of a hat. He works standing up, bending over with his chest bearing down on the block to hold the crown while he weaves the brim, hour after hour.

Lucas has never tried to make a *fino fino.* "I have other things to do," he explains. "With a *fino* you almost have to live with it. You have to be careful that the straw doesn't dry out, or that the hat doesn't get a stain or something that makes it no good." The best place to find a *fino fino* would be in La Pila, he says, far away. In Las Pampas, a nearer village, there may be someone working on a fine hat. He will come along to see.

Inquiries in Las Pampas lead to a farm on the outskirts of the village. Just the week before, the farmer tells the carload of visitors, he sold a sombrero of twenty-two *vueltas*—surely a *fino fino.* The only hat in the house now is one his daughter is working on. He produces the unfinished work, lifts it carefully from its block, and hands it to José Monserrate Lucas. The old man holds the crown against the window light; the *vueltas* are so close together that they can hardly be counted. After several recounts and some discussion, Lucas and Jorge Alvía agree that there are eighteen *vueltas*—a *fino,* a good one. If anyone is making a better one, says the farmer, pointing the way down the road leading out of the village, it would only be in La Pila.

Mile after mile, the dirt track becomes narrower and more deeply rutted, running steeply over the knobby hills. The overloaded Volvo labors over the terrain; the air conditioning is off in order to conserve fuel, and the windows are closed against the dust that overtakes and envelops the car when it slows on the hill crests. No one in the car is sure of the route; there is no one to ask. Finally, more than twenty miles from Montecristi, the Panama hat expedition arrives in La Pila, at the bamboo house of José Raúl Alarcón.

Alarcón, forty-seven, and his wife, Evangelita Justina Espinales, are making *paja*—straw. Newly harvested, bright green *toquilla* leaves are piled in the main room of the house. The mature *toquilla* leaf is a palmate fan, deeply cleft into long, slender leaflets; immature leaflets, from which *paja* is made, are tightly bunched and sheathed in a protective outer layer, like a husk. Alarcón strips off the outer leaflets, pierces the bunch at its base with a pointed tool made from the jawbone of a deer, and pulls the tool, tearing the leaflets in two lengthwise. He repeats the operation, dividing and subdividing the leaf until it looks like a horse's tail. When the tool can do no more, he plucks a single straw from the bunch, splits it with his long, sharp thumbnail, then splits it again, until the straw is reduced to a mere thread of cellulose. This, Alarcón says, is the straw he uses for a *fino fino.*

How fine would such a sombrero be? one of the visitors asks. Four years ago, Alarcón replies, he made a sombrero of forty-one *vueltas.* A murmur rises from the villagers and visitors crowded into the room. Jorge Alvía and José Monserrate agree that they have never seen such a hat, never even heard of one. Would he make such a hat again? Alarcón shakes his head: he is not sure he can do it again; it has been too long. The question is pressed. Perhaps he would try? For a visitor? One who will tell the world of the wondrous sombreros that are woven in La Pila? Alarcón hesitates a moment before agreeing.

Measurements are taken; a deal is struck. The hat will cost less than eighty dollars, and it will be finished in three and a half months. Alarcón will deliver the hat to Jorge Alvía in Montecristi; Alvía will get word to the visitor's friend in Manta, the provincial capital, ten miles away; the friend will call New York for the money, complete the transaction, and forward the hat by the first countryman flying north. The visitor, thinking to add substance to what seems a tenuous deal, offers full payment in advance. Alarcón declines even a down payment.

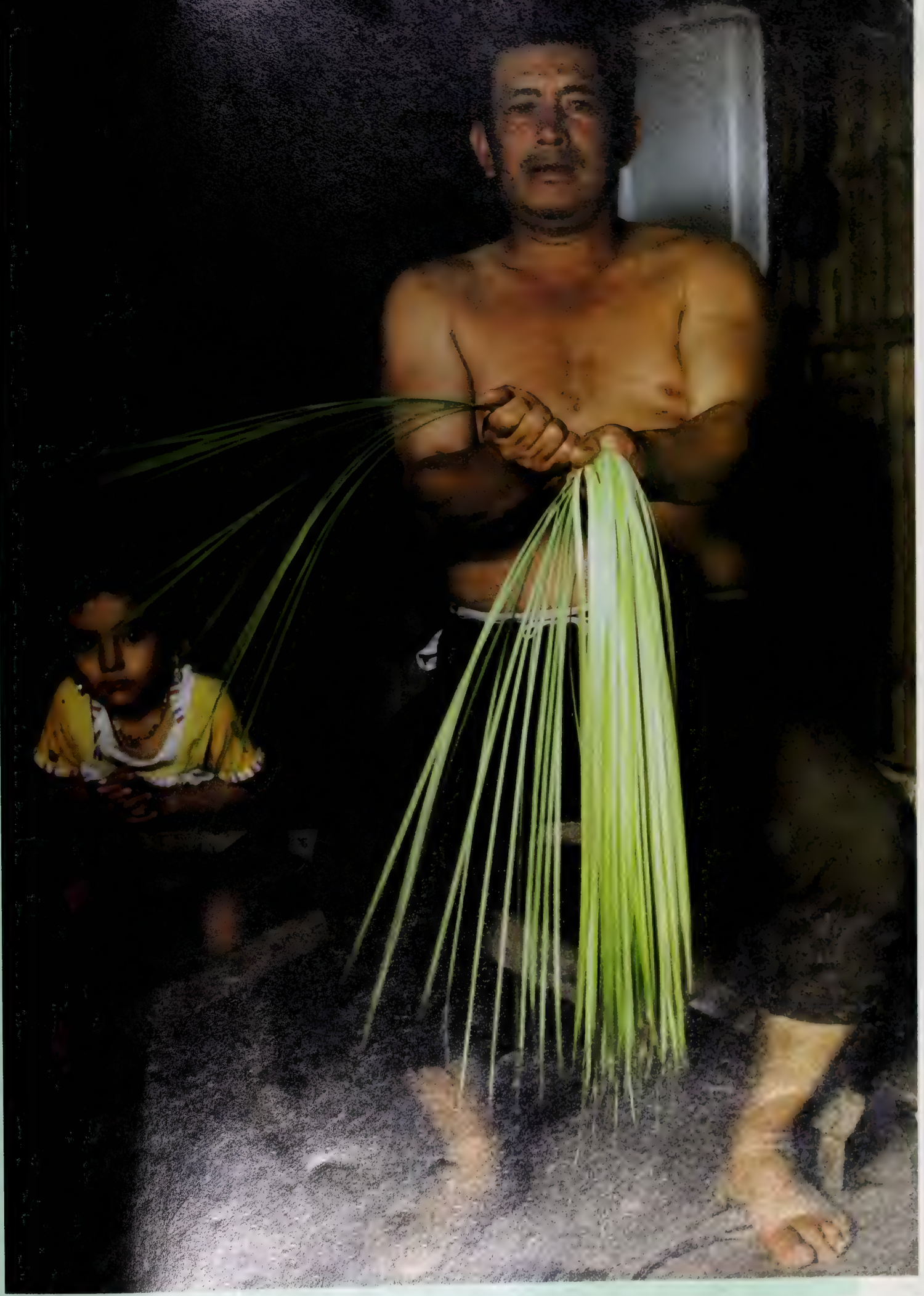
The visitor goes home to New York with a fifty-dollar *fino* from Barberán's store, in Guayaquil. "It's okay," he tells admiring friends, "but wait till you see the *fino fino* that's coming from La Pila." He examines his *fino* often, counts its thirteen *vueltas,* tries to imagine what a hat of forty *vueltas* will be like: how much lighter, finer, smoother; how much better than any worn by Charlie Chan or Sydney Greenstreet, or even Theodore Roosevelt. In truth, however, he only half believes he will ever see the promised sombrero. Surely Alarcón will forget his commission, or give up on it; or the hat will be lost or diverted en route from La Pila to Montecristi to Manta to New York.

Three and a half months later, almost to the day, a call comes from Guayaquil, relaying a message from Manta: word has come from Montecristi, the hat is ready. Money is dispatched. Two more months pass. Finally, a call from an Ecuadorian in Queens announces that the hat has arrived.

Released from its balsa-wood coffin and unfurled to its proper shape, the hat is plainly a masterpiece, an aristocrat of Panamas. The weave is as close and soft and supple as linen, with the color and sheen of old ivory. Against the light, the crown is translucent, so fine that the *vueltas* are impossible to discern. There seem to be at least ten within an inch of the center. The prize is taken to Jay Lord Hatters for expert appraisal. "That," announces Bert Berinsky, "is a two-thousand-dollar hat." At a scant two ounces without the band, it is five times as good as gold. No longer mere haberdashery, it is almost, alas, too good to wear.□

Anthony Wolff never wore hats before he went to Ecuador on this assignment.

José Raúl Alarcón, master weaver of the village of La Pila, begins a new sombrero by splitting hair-thin straws from unopened *toquilla* leaves. For a *fino fino* he will select only the most perfect straws from the inner portion of each leaf spear.



The hat woven by José Raúl Alarcón in La Pila was later returned to Guayaquil to be blocked by Carlos Elias Barberán. This classic shape, called a *naturale* or an *optimo*, was the one favored by both Theodore Roosevelt and Charlie Chan.

WHERE TO FIND A FINO

What passes for a Panama hat these days, though made in Ecuador, bears little resemblance to the masterpiece on our cover. Any hat or department store is likely to carry a few ordinary examples, for $25 to $50—hats that would retail for less than $5 in Ecuador. The markup is the inevitable result of the hat's passage through many hands from its maker to the retail outlet in the United States. The real thing can be found, to be sure, though not so fine as our hat, and costing ten times as much. The buyer must be prepared to pay from $200 to $1,000. Three sources:

Montecristi Custom Hat Works, in Santa Fe, New Mexico (118 Galisteo Street; 505 983-9598), sells a wide range of stylish Panamas, including popular models from the city of Cuenca and Montecristi *finos*. The owner, Milton Johnson, visits Ecuador regularly and is the exclusive U.S. representative of some of Ecuador's most experienced hatmakers. His showroom displays some of the best imports available in North America. Downstairs, the staff blocks and shapes custom orders, which take one to two weeks to fill.

Lone Star Hatters in Austin, Texas (4112 South First Street; 512 447-2656), now carries lightweight Panamas, which come from the weavers who supply the Hat Works in Santa Fe.

The best Panama hat selection on the West Coast is at Paul's Hat Works, in San Francisco (6128 Geary Boulevard; 415 221-5332), opened by a Peruvian émigré in 1918. Its owner, Michael Harris, selects his Panamas from merchant seamen who have shipped out from Guayaquil, travelers, import professionals, and free-lance hat brokers. Paul's blocks and shapes Panama hats. Expect expert work but be prepared to wait two months for custom orders.—*Tom Miller*

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LOVE AND BOOKS

Bibliophilia begins with reading and then it grows.

By William Rees-Mogg

All collecting is an affair of the heart first, and of the mind second. All true collectors know the surge of excitement with which they respond to an object that they find truly desirable. If a certain thrill is the test of real poetry, so it is in collecting; and the heights of any collection, if not the broader supporting material, are all likely to have aroused the collector's passion.

In this respect, book collecting is like all other types of collecting. No one should try to collect where he does not have a real sympathy; such collections may be formed, but they seldom go far toward completeness, and they seldom contain the best things. The advantage of forming a library—an advantage that in the eyes of bibliophiles makes it the queen of all forms of collecting—is precisely that so wide a variety of sympathies can be simultaneously engaged.

The strongest sympathy, I suspect, is usually that between a collector and his author, such as that between Mary and Donald Hyde and Samuel Johnson, or W. S. Lewis and Horace Walpole, a collection now bequeathed to Yale. Such collectors love and understand their authors and have, without doubt, learned from their authors. I have never collected Johnson more than sporadically, but I have read him in early editions for the past forty years, and have a set of the first London edition of his *Lives of the Poets* (1781) by my bedside, in Somerset; his combination of Tory realism and compassion has been an important part of my life.

For other collectors, the sympathy is with the subject matter. There are many doctors who find their imaginative grasp of their profession extended by reading the works of the great physicians and surgeons of the past. Some of these represent milestones of human achievement, like Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; others, like the writings of William Osler, are contributions to what might be called the civilization of medicine; still others, like William Hunter's *Gravid Uterus* (1774), printed by Baskerville, are examples of both developments in medicine and fine printing.

The book as a book attracts the sympathy of another group of collectors, sometimes for its quality of printing, sometimes for its interest as part of the history of making books, sometimes for its binding, sometimes for its illustrations—either the clarity of old engravings or the watercolor quality of aquatints. To the true collector, there is likely to be something of beauty in almost all books, from great folios of the fifteenth century or later, down to the little books, like *Goody Two-Shoes*, bound in inexpensive sheepskin for eighteenth-century children. There are, however, many books which are of great and obvious beauty to all beholders, and many of the most beautiful come in the first few decades after Gutenberg, when printing with movable type was first being developed.

Then again there are collectors who are much attracted by association, and indeed it is very moving to hold a book that Queen Elizabeth once held in her hands, and that has her coat of arms on the cover. Many authors have been book lovers, and some, book collectors. It would be possible to form a collection that included books from John Donne's library, or Ben Jonson's, or John Evelyn's, Samuel Pepys's, or John Locke's. It is possible to buy books from the libraries of Alexander Pope or Samuel Johnson (though Johnson was careless about the condition of his books) or Edward Gibbon, either with his bookplate, or with a printed book label—which is, I think, even more attractive. And, of course, apart from authors, statesmen and scholars formed libraries, and in time books have escaped from them.

All of this tends to stimulate the imagination. Every collector of paintings or drawings knows how different is one's appreciation of a painting in one's own collection from one's appreciation of even the best-loved, and greater, paintings in public galleries. There is something about living with a painting and seeing it day by day, in different lights and in different moods, that undoubtedly allows one to penetrate the artist's mind and achievement more completely. There is also, human nature being what it is, a different relationship in ownership.

This is, if anything, even more true of books: I will not say of first editions only, but of editions contemporary with the author. There are those who say that any edition will do, that a paperback can be read more conveniently than a first edition, and that talk of the imaginative link formed with an author by reading a contemporary copy of his work is so much mumbo jumbo, unworthy of true scholarship. I most certainly am not of that school. Good reading is, I believe, an art in itself, for it involves establishing a kind of friendship with an author, listening for what he has to say, not trying to force him into saying something else. Good readers are humble and affectionate toward their authors. What better preliminary can there be than to shift oneself to the author's own century, and eliminate at least some of the obstacles to sympathy?

Most book collectors find that the real point of collecting has been this widening of sympathies, together with a widening of knowledge. By its nature, collecting books is educational; too many people cease their education when they leave school or college, but the book collector can hardly do so. Indeed, it becomes almost an instinct with a book collector to push his reading into the byways, to connect like a spider's web

Sir William Rees-Mogg, formerly the editor of the London Times, *is chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain. He is also the owner of an antiquarian bookshop and is an avid book collector.*

from one knot of interest (what Johnson in his *Dictionary* called a "reticulation") to the next. This summer, on holiday in Plymouth, Massachusetts, I found myself reading the New England authors, from Emerson—simply in an early collected edition—to William James and his brother Henry James. I should like now to collect the writings of William James, a man of indisputable genius.

I have been a collector for forty years and am now a dealer. I bought Pickering and Chatto, a firm founded in 1820 by William Pickering, one of the most creative of the early-nineteenth-century publishers, the man who invented cloth bindings (his are most attractive) and did much to revive fine printing and some major poets. He printed Coleridge, reprinted Blake, and published the first collected edition of Christopher Marlowe. Yet, if I decide to collect William James, I shall set about it exactly as I would recommend any friend's doing. I shall start by looking for a dealer who already stocks William James. Such a dealer will possibly be in New England (for James was a Harvard man) and will likely be a specialist, probably in psychology (which usually goes with medicine) or perhaps in religion, since William James's most famous book is *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. What I do know is that forming an author collection of William James would not be unduly expensive. The highest price recently paid for a James book, a first edition of his *Principles of Psychology,* was only $750.

It is always the experienced dealer one should go to first. Dealers have two functions that auction rooms do not have. The first is that they carry stock. Pickering and Chatto has long had a special, though by no means exclusive, interest in the eighteenth century. We [illegible] edition of, say, Boswell's [illegible] *Johnson* as a matter of [illegible] present four in stock and h[illegible] the last two years: it is a [illegible]

but not a rare one. A collector interested in a new subject needs to start by looking at stock, to see what is available and what the level of prices is. The second function of a dealer is his experience. He knows which books are important in the subjects and authors that he covers. He knows which books are common. He has experience of the condition in which they can

be found. He also takes responsibility for his books: if they turn out to be imperfect or wrongly described, he will, if he is a dealer of good repute, take them back.

The auction room comes later. When one has half formed a collection, when one begins to be an expert in the subject—perhaps more of an expert than the dealers—the auction room may well be the only place where one can buy the books that are needed to fill the gaps, or some special association copies. One will sometimes buy them more cheaply, sometimes more expensively, than at a dealer's. Every dealer knows the experience of seeing a book go at auction for a fraction of the price he has it marked on his shelves, but [illegible]

seeing a book at auction go for a multiple of his marked price. The auction market is essential to both bookselling and book collecting, but it is by its nature volatile.

The first step in book collecting is therefore to establish one's interest; the second is to find a dealer who is knowledgeable in that special area. The third is to assess how one's resources relate to the subject in hand, and how freely available the material is. There are, in books, only a very few areas where scarcity and previous collections make it impossible to form a representative collection. No one, however rich, could now form a major collection of Shakespeare quartos, that is, of the first editions of the individual plays. To achieve that, one needed to be collecting in or around 1750. But that is a rare exception.

It is in general possible to form a better book collection at any given level of means than it is to form a collection of any comparable type of object. Oil paintings are out of the question, but watercolors are many times as expensive as books. A complete author collection of Keats could be

formed for the price of a comparatively minor Turner. Indeed, the price of the visual arts exceeds that of books by so much that one could probably form a complete author collection of Milton—though that would be difficult to do—for the price of a really fine and rare Rembrandt etching.

It is certainly possible to follow the most major interests on reasonable means. For instance, the scholarship on Shakespeare is as fascinating as the earliest editions. Leaving aside the twentieth-century private presses, no edition of Shakespeare after the four folios and Rowe's first octavo is a particularly expensive book, not even Pope's edition or Johnson's. Most of the eighteenth-century editions could be found for around $500; all of these, again excepting Rowe, for less than $1,000; some of them for no more than $200. One could perhaps halve those figures for the nineteenth-century editions. A good collection of scholarly editions of Shakespeare from 1700 to 1900 could be formed for perhaps an expenditure of $2,000 a year for fifteen years—and Shakespeare is the summit of English literature. Some good twentieth-century collections could be formed on $200 a year.

have been criticized in my time for arguing that book collecting is a good investment. It is certainly not a good speculation; no one should collect books on an in-and-out basis. In general, rare books seem to fetch about fifty times what they did when I was first collecting, in the 1940s, and about a hundred times what they did in 1900. Just after the turn of the century, Pickering and Chatto sold a fine set of the four Shakespeare folios for £2,500; we would buy them back for £250,000 if so good a set were offered us. That is the monetary standing of big books. In percentage terms, little books have risen more rather than less; it is easier for books to increase in value from $1 to $100 than from $5,000 to $500,000.

I do not think people who are not interested in books should buy them for investment; that would be silliness, for all successful investment depends upon knowledge and all successful collecting depends on love. But I do believe that book lovers, and even potential book lovers, should not be deterred from investing their money in books. Rare books have in this century outperformed the stock market, gold, and real estate, and over a period of time that profit takes care of the admittedly substantial costs of dealing.

There have been periods in book collecting in which many great libraries were disturbed, as they were in Europe by the Napoleonic Wars and the two world wars of this century. Then great opportunities arise; several copies of the rarest books may be on the market at once, some of them fine. That is not the case now. A modern collector who wants the right books for him should seek those in the finest condition, but must accept that he will have to content himself with some books rebound, some a little soiled, some second issues. He should not buy imperfect books unless he is collecting the very rare or the very early. I would be happy to buy a single leaf of the first quarto of *Hamlet*—let alone an imperfect copy. Even the books published by the great fifteenth-century printer William Caxton are often imperfect.

Yet what is remarkable about book collecting is that great collections are still possible to form. In the 1940s, John Maynard Keynes, himself a great collector (though a less significant collector than his brother, Geoffrey, the surgeon-bibliographer), believed that he belonged to the last generation for whom a great collection would be possible. Certainly the prices are much higher than they were then, but the possibility still exists. Most of the books that represent the summit of human thought or imagination are or recently have been on the market in their first printing and in good condition.

ithin the last five years it would have been possible to buy at least one Gutenberg Bible, perhaps a couple of first folios of Shakespeare, several copies of Locke's *Essay concerning Human Understanding,* three or four copies of Gray's *Elegy,* more than one or two copies of Marx's *Capital,* several Caxtons, several copies of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations,* one copy of More's *Utopia,* one or two copies of Voltaire's *Candide,* perhaps twenty copies of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—any number of the most beautifully printed and bound books. One could have bought a copy of the first score of *Don Giovanni.* I did.

If one were to make a list of the hundred greatest books since the invention of movable type—itself a rather arbitrary proceeding—one could, I believe, have bought perhaps eighty of them in the last five years, and more than ninety since 1970. The price of a Gutenberg Bible is around $2,000,000. The rest of the eighty would, I guess, have cost about $2,000,000 more, allowing for the best available condition and association copies where they were available. It is difficult to think of any other important branch of collecting in which a major international collection could be formed for this sort of money; it is, after all, the price of a single great painting. There is no doubt that an annual acquisitions budget of $500,000 would still make it possible to form a library of historic quality. It is a large sum, but not an impossibly large one.

So, for the collector who wants Johnson's own copy of *Rambler,* which he gave to his wife on her deathbed, or John Evelyn's copy of Boyle's *Sceptical Chemist* or the Foulis Press *Homer,* bound in red morocco for presentation by the University of Glasgow to the earl of Mansfield, the future is still open. And no collector fails to be changed and expanded in his own character and life by such contact with the masterpieces of human history.□

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TEMPTED BY SAINT ANTHONY

Those who went into the desert 1,800 years ago to prepare for the future life tell us something important about this one.

By David Park

The Desert Fathers. Translations from the Latin, with an introduction by Helen Waddell. University of Michigan Press.

It helps to imagine a desert landscape. The earth is pale brown, the thin vegetation a paler brown. A dusty road leads between a few scattered huts, low and poor. Most have a garden plot with a few vegetables growing. There must be a well somewhere, but you do not see it. An old man walks down the road and enters one of the huts. There are no dogs, there are no voices. In the distance is a range of low mountains.

Remember pictures you have seen of the temptation of Saint Anthony. An old man meditates while the air is filled with demons who try to distract him. You think at first they will be symbols of lust, but when you look at them you find they represent ugly and malevolent force. What is at stake here is very large, much more than one man's soul. It is the success or failure of an entire way of life. Saint Anthony is winning. Who is Saint Anthony, anyhow; where is he, and when?

Generally when you first read a book you don't know whether it is going to do anything much for you. I found *The Desert Fathers* years ago in the bin of fifty-cent books in front of a shop in Ann Arbor. Now it lives in the shelf by my bed, along with the other indispensables. The pale brown of this cheap edition is the color of my desert.

I had run across Helen Waddell before as the author of several good books: *The Wandering Scholars,* about medieval university students who sang their way over the French countryside; a book of translations, *Medieval Latin Lyrics;* and a novel about Peter Abelard. She combined wide reading with great literary sensitivity, and though she had something of a university career, she was probably of the last generation of academic women who were seriously impeded by gender prejudice. The texts in *The Desert Fathers,* which first appeared in 1936, are selected and translated from Rosweyde's edition (1615) of the immense Latin compilation *Vitae Patrum,* "The Lives of the Fathers." They open up for us the lives of Saint Anthony and of the thousands of men and women who followed him into the desert of Egypt or set up as hermits in Palestine and Syria.

You can read in Edward Gibbon a

Martin Schongauer's *Temptation of Saint Anthony.*

David Park, a professor of physics at Williams College, is the author of The [illegible] Eternity, *which won the Phi Beta Kappa Science Book Award for 1981.*

What is at stake here is more than one man's soul. It is the success or failure of a way of life.

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***The Meeting of Saint Anthony and Saint Paul,* by Sassetta.**

scornful account of Anthony's followers. They are "a swarm of fanatics, incapable of fear, or reason, or humanity. . . . The actions of a monk, his words or even his thoughts, were determined by an inflexible rule, or a capricious superior; the slightest offences were corrected by disgrace or confinement, extraordinary fasts or bloody flagellation; and disobedience, murmur, or delay were ranked in the catalogue of the most heinous sins." Obviously the Roman Empire was declining and falling if it could produce a popular movement like this. But if life in the desert was really so inhuman, it is hard to see how it attracted so many. Besides, the witnesses paint a rather different picture.

Though Saint Anthony is generally known as the movement's founder, legends tell that Saint Paul the hermit came first. But Paul may be only a legend, so let us look first at Saint Anthony, whose life was originally recorded by Athanasius, archbishop of Alexandria.

He was an Egyptian, born in about the year 250. When his parents died they left a large estate to him and his sister, but Anthony gave it all away, put his sister into a religious community, and went off into the desert to live a life of Christian contemplation. Most of the time, according to one history, he lived in a ruined fort that he found. It contained a well, and the walls kept out unwelcome visitors. It was here that the Devil, knowing what would otherwise happen, tried to destroy him by tempting him with visions of respect and family responsibility and money and the good life.

To escape him, Anthony fled to a tomb that someone had built in the desert, but Satan found him there, tried to overawe him with great noises and apparitions of animals, and beat him half to death. When the saint recovered consciousness, he pointed out to his opponent that if he really wanted to get rid of him the obvious move would be to kill him instead of filling the place with goats and scorpions, and he challenged him to try. Satan never succeeded; in fact, the saint lived more than a hundred years.

As news of him spread around, more and more men and women moved into the desert to be near this founder of a new and holy way of life. Imagine Anthony's surprise when, at the age of ninety, it came into his mind one night that there was a man in the desert who was older and better than he was, and who had been there first. He set out the next morning to find him. In the heat of noon he met a centaur and asked him where the holy man was to be found. "The creature gnashed out some kind of barbarous speech, and rather grinding his words than speaking them, sought with his bristling jaws to utter as gentle discourse as he might"; then he pointed the way, received Anthony's blessing, and galloped off.

On the third day of the journey Anthony saw a panting and thirsty she-wolf disappear into a cave. Bravely he followed her and found that the cave was a tunnel leading into a minimal paradise, a cleft in a hill where there was a stream and a tiny hut sheltered by a palm tree. There was no other entrance.

Saint Paul, another Egyptian, was then 113 years old and did not at first welcome the visitor, but when Anthony said that

he proposed to lie down in front of the hut and die there, Paul opened the door with a mild little joke: Anthony should not have been surprised at the closed door; nobody wants a dying man in the house. The old men called each other by name and fell into each other's arms. Paul's words to Anthony are for me one of the high points of a lifetime's reading: "Thou lookest on a man who is soon to be dust. Yet because love endureth all things, tell me, I pray thee, how fares the human race: if new roofs be risen in the ancient cities, whose empire is it that now sways the world; and if any still survive snared in the error of the demons."

The old man did die soon, having sent Anthony away on an unimportant errand so as to spare him the pain of his departure. Later, Anthony too passed away among his disciples. "Farewell, you that are my heartstrings," he said to them, "for Anthony is going and will not be with you in this world any more." They kissed him, and he, "stretching out his feet a little, looked joyously on death."

The passages Helen Waddell chose from *The History of the Monks of Egypt* and *The Sayings of the Fathers* and other such books allow us a glimpse of that strange time and place, and it is hard to find any trace of Gibbon's raving fanatics. For example:

One day one of the brothers in Scete was found guilty of some offense (I transcribe loosely, and modernize speech a little); the others sent to the abbot Moses asking him to come, but he would not. Then the priest sent for him, so he had to come. But taking a very old basket, he filled it with sand and trailed it behind him. As he approached they asked him, "Father, what is this?" The old man said to them, "My sins are running behind me so I cannot see them, and I am come today to judge the sins of another man." They decided not to say anything to the other man.

If you believe Gibbon, the only things worse than the indignities the hermits inflicted on one another were the tortures they inflicted on themselves. But asceticism was for these pioneers not an end in itself or even much admired. At the height of the movement there weren't any spiked beds or scourges or hair shirts. The evils to be overcome were anger, lust, and pride, and the way to succeed was through the exercise of humility and patience and love. But these are social virtues and not much exercised in the solitude of a desert cell, so people gather into loose communities

***The Death of Saint Anthony*, by Sassetta.**

but coming together companionably for worship and conversation.

The cell was a place of peace and shelter from temptation. "A certain brother came to the abbot Moses in Scete, seeking a word from him. And the old man said to him, 'Go and sit in thy cell, and thy cell shall teach thee all things.' " Any effort to impress the community with extraordinary feats of wakefulness and fasting was sure to be seen as showing off, and one dear old abbot got rid of an ostentatious nuisance without hurting his feelings by telling him that he was really too holy for the community he had joined and should try to find one more in line with his immense spiritual powers.

The object of all the prayer and fasting, the dirt and smell and lack of sleep, was to become virtuous. And even if not all could succeed, they at least knew how it ought to be done. Someone asked the abbot John, "These fasts and vigils we keep, what do they do?" The old man answered, "They bring it about that the soul becomes humble." Another time, the abbot Poemen groaned and said, "All the virtues come into my cell but one, and [illegible] man stand." They asked him what it was. "That a man should always be rebuking himself."

One of the fathers fell ill and his disciple made him some little honey cakes, only he reached for the wrong pot and put in linseed oil instead. The old man ate two and politely declined a third. The disciple said, "Look, Father, they are good cakes," and ate one himself, then fell on his face in anguish and shame. But the old man comforted him, saying, "If God had willed that I should have a good cake, you would have put in the honey, instead of whatever it was you did put in."

The desert welcomed people of many kinds: the stories tell of merchants and harlots, of rich and poor. I can't help thinking that some of the conditions of life that sent these wise and humorous people away from the city and into the heart of the desert are still around today. We may react similarly by going off on a boat or to an isolated cottage, but we do not go for good. What I think many of us do is try to bring into the thick of life some of the same affectionate and amused detachment that was cultivated by the desert fathers. At least, that is the lesson I would like to have learned.□

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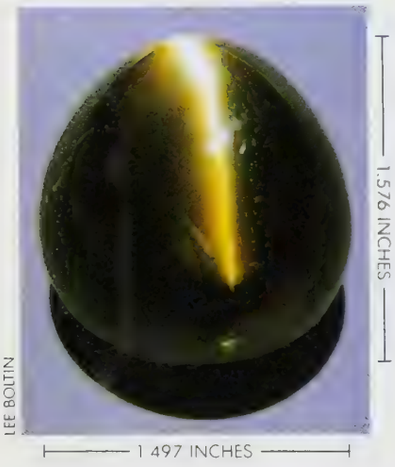


LEE BOLTIN

Recognizing that it takes a special person to love a cat's-eye, Tiffany & Co. has thought up a surprising and ingenious way to attract that person. The famous Fifth Avenue jewelry establishment recently became the proud holder of the world's rarest chrysoberyl cat's-eye, a 465.87 carat cabochon-shaped hard gemstone colored with the translucent green-brown hue of the ocean, a streak of golden, opalescent light beaming from deep within. Known as chatoyancy, this iridescent gleam warms the heart of cat's-eye fanciers; in this stone the chatoyancy is especially intense and striking.

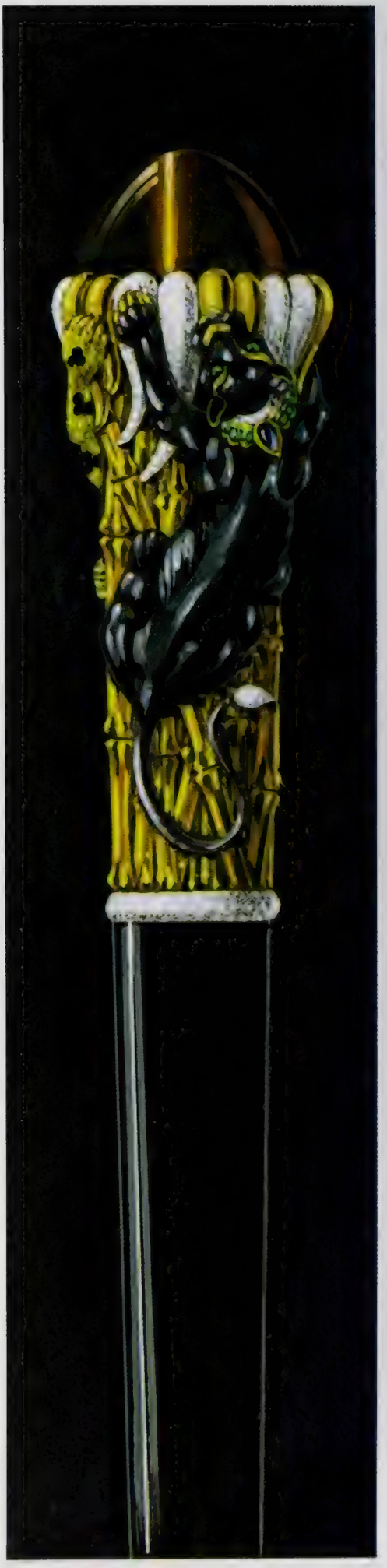
According to the respected mineralogist Paul E. Desautels, the gem would make a superb museum piece. He himself coveted it for the Smithsonian Institution while he was the curator of mineralogy there, but to his regret no donor was ever found. Tiffany's challenge was to find a way to show off this rare gem. The particular attraction of this cat's-eye is its dark mystery rather than its conventional beauty. What was needed was a spectacular scheme to entice a discriminating customer.

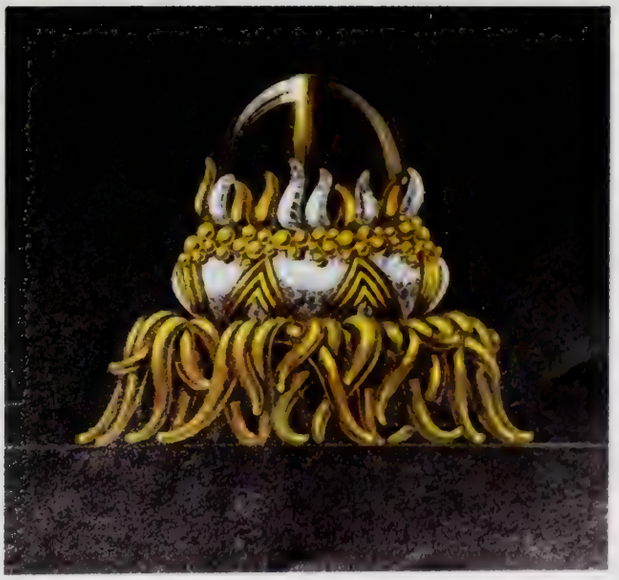
To encourage their design workshop (which tends to be overshadowed by the famous outsiders in the Tiffany stable), the jewelry firm passed along the job of creating a setting to their own staff. Specifically, a master was asked to come up with three totally different designs for three imaginary customers. His first response: a gentleman's walking stick with the cat's-eye mounted at its top. In this proposal, two bejeweled jungle animals reach up to hold the gem aloft in an offertory gesture. It is a lavish and intriguing scheme, to put it mildly.

The second design finds straightforward use for the huge stone—as a paperweight. This imaginative concept treats the cat's-eye as if it were a great, precious egg; it lies in a diamond-studded golden nest resting on brambles of gold. Finally, the designer created a proposal to use the gem in a dazzling piece of jewelry. Here the cat's-eye is clutched between the claws of a tiger as the centerpiece of a golden necklace. The links surrounding the neck have an appropriately feline sinuosity.

Which of the schemes, if any, will actually be followed depends, of course, on the purchaser. Meantime, Tiffany & Co. is giving *Connoisseur* readers this first, exclusive public look—not only at a rare gemstone but also at the process of creating jewelry.

—Nancy Hoving





At left: The design for the walking stick features a gem-studded black enamel panther on one side, a leopard on the other. Top: In the proposal for the necklace, a fantastic golden tiger seems to clutch the cat's-eye in its claws. Above: The gem, nestling in a diamond-studded golden cup, is used as a paperweight.

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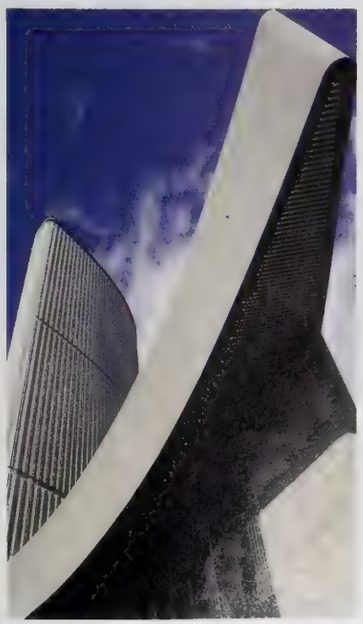

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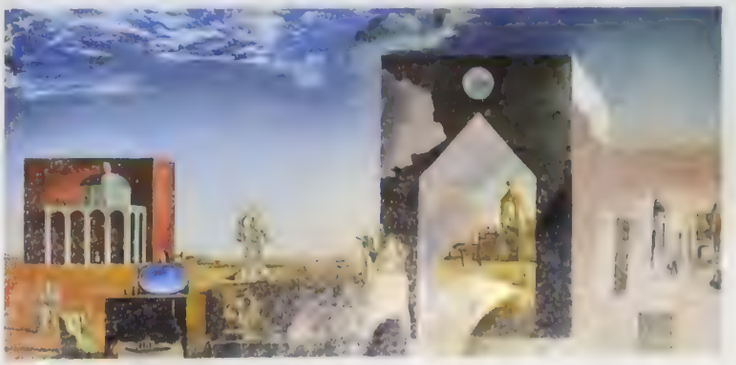

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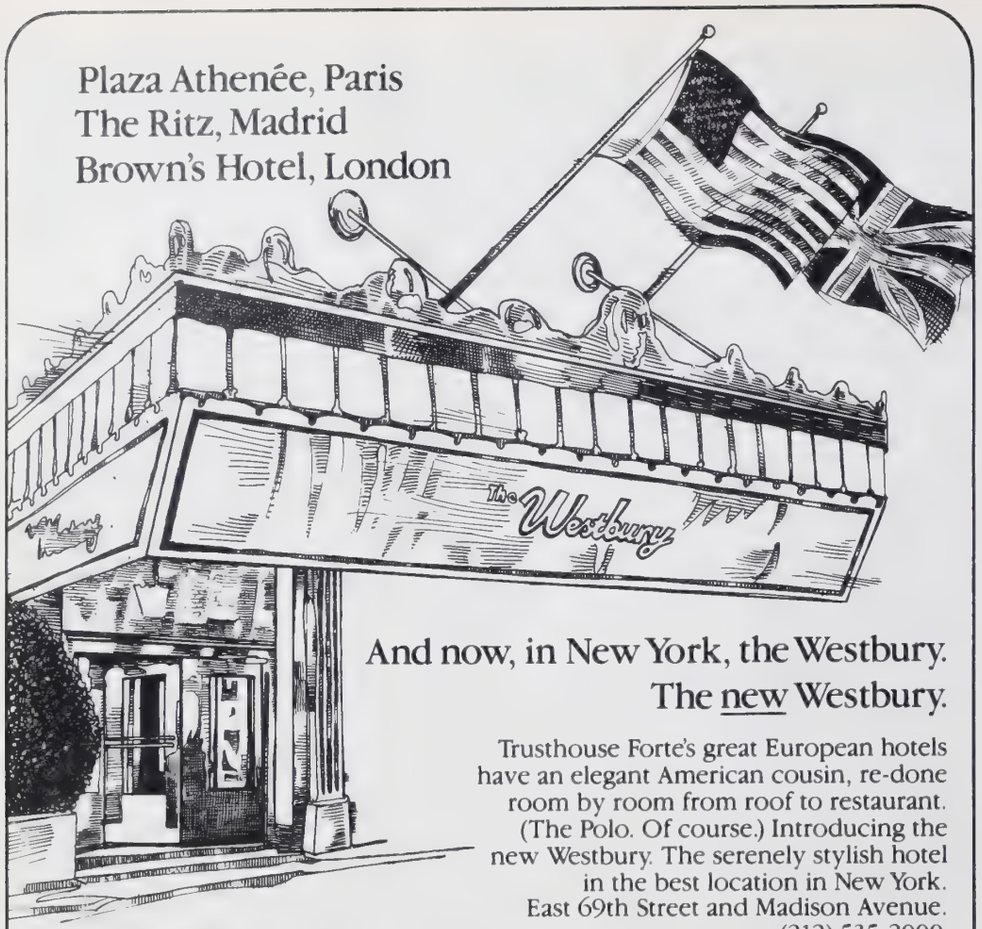

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CATALOGUED

Ralston Crawford, by Richard B. Freeman (University of Alabama Press: 1953), No. 39.1, page 45; reproduced page 18

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

PORTLAND LIGHT

About a year and a half ago I began to suspect that an exceptional art museum might be in the making Down East in Portland, Maine. The ingredients seemed very promising: 1) a supergenerous donor, a man by the name of Charles Shipman Payson; 2) his prime collection of seventeen oils and watercolors by Winslow Homer; 3) a design by Henry N. Cobb, a partner in the firm of I. M. Pei & Partners and one of America's most cerebral and sensitive architects; and 4) a top museum director in John Holverson, who had the brains and charm to coordinate all of the above. Add to all this an intense local pride, a city council ready to commit money to a scheme to rehabilitate a downtown square, plus the startling clarity of the local atmosphere, known as "Portland light," and you can certainly see why my expectations were high.

The new Payson building opened this spring, and I'm happy to report that it's a modern classic. You've simply got to see it, particularly this month, while two historic shows are still on view.

When you look at the museum, you'll say to yourself, "Now, there's a building with a solid personality." It is located on Congress Square amid a choir of other brick buildings. Although clearly the dominating voice, it isn't shrill or arrogant. Henry Cobb has given it a postmodern accent, echoing (vaguely) the Palazzo Ducale in Venice, while moving your eye around pleasantly without shock or bewilderment.

The cadence of the façade is Italianate, straightforward, and honest, with a baroque surprise at the top. The building rises from a low, beam-and-lintel arcade on the ground floor to four imposing semicircular lunettes on the second floor, one of which extends into the lofty main entrance. The third floor consists of a marvelously broad expanse of bright waterstruck red brick decorated by an elegant granite stringcourse and four small apertures. Above this the fourth floor bursts open with alternating squares and circles, which open to the sky. Why make such a flamboyant gesture? To inform viewers that the building is flooded with natural light.

On the sides, the structure steps down to three stories, then two, and then one, politely giving way to a garden and bowing to the modest profiles of the two original buildings of this, the first public art museum in the state: the McLellan-Sweat House (1800), and the L.D.M. Sweat Memorial gallery, built in 1911.

Upon entering, you feel, as one of the visitors whispered, that "you're in a quality building right off the bat." You come through an imposing barrel vault into a low vestibule, which prepares you nicely for the great, shimmering hall, two stories high, crowned by a striking hexagonal clerestory through which a crisp white

BRIAN VANDEN BRINK

A faintly Italianate look came to C[illegible] in Portland, Me[illegible] as an [illegible] was inaugurated, late last spring.

light pours lavishly over the first work of art you encounter, one of Gaston Lachaise's monumental (and saucy) bronze nudes balancing on tiptoe.

The interior is what a museum should be all about—hospitality, comfort, repose—no cute tricks, no jarring elements. It's simple and readable: the three shapes that bind the building together on the outside—the circle, the square, and the rectangle—also harmonize the inside. The peaceful square forms the gallery spaces; moving from one gallery to another you go through more-active rectangles. The circles in the clerestories provide the crystalline light. The detailing of gray granite and pine is superb. And there's something I regret I hardly ever find in contemporary museums—an abundance of handsome and cushiony benches, here by Knoll.

In the spacious ground-floor gallery there'll be through Labor Day a retrospective of the paintings and works on paper (fifty-eight of them, covering the years 1946 to 1982) of the Abstract Expressionist James Brooks. Particularly fine are numbers 20,36, and 38—the last, entitled *Jorah,* an invigorating explosion of red and blue with an afterblast of green.

To reach the upper galleries, you climb a gentle series of stairs, almost as if you were ascending a rectangular Guggenheim Museum. At each midway landing there's a bay window that gives you a welcome view right into the town and its streets. As you wend your way you begin to be influenced, gently and subliminally, by the colors on the walls of the stairs, corridors, galleries, and clerestories: pink grays, beiges with soupçons of lavender, an off-white with subtexts of ivory, a lilac gray that makes the paintings and sculptures pop out at you and that makes you feel like sitting down for a while and contemplating the art—something I haven't experienced in a museum in years. These subtle hues, I learned, were concocted by a colorist who's becoming a legend among architects, Donald Kaufman.

A Hidden Bottle of Wine

Charles Shipman Payson's Winslow Homers are terrific, especially *Wild Geese in Flight* and *Weatherbeaten,* which is a splendid, mature image of waves crashing in spumes upon gray and rust-colored rocks. *Artists Sketching in the White Mountains* is a gem. (Try to find the artist's signature and the bottle of wine.) The watercolors are all superior, especially the beautifully luminescent study entitled *The Guide.*

The second summer show is a spectacular group of the temperas of Andrew Wyeth called "Maine Light." For people who admire his works, this show is an absolute must, incorporating twenty-six temperas never before shown together and including, in addition, a coterie of anonymous loans, comprising some of the most beautiful pieces Wyeth ever painted, such as *Barracoon* (of a reclining, naked black woman, which has to be seen to be believed) and *River Cove,* an enormous tempera depicting a slice of a beach where thousands of broken shells are illuminated by one startling blue-black mussel.

Obviously, one can get quite captivated at the new Portland Museum. The State of Maine Galleries are full of goodies—Marin, Hopper, Hartley, Zorach, Codman. And there's a gracious hexagonal pavilion containing a host of nineteenth-century marble sculptures including *Dead Pearl Diver,* by Benjamin Paul Akers (1825–61), which was the Portland Museum's first acquisition, back in 1888, and whose languid sense of drama begins to look good again today—though in this place everything looks good.□

RIVERS HITS SIXTY

Literacy and wit are not the art world's strongest suit, and Larry Rivers's reputation has suffered as a result. He will be sixty this month, and he has been painting since 1945. Recently he talked to us about his career and his latest work.

Rivers has always gone his own, distinctive way, first sweeping to prominence in 1953 with his big, bravura painting after Emanuel Leutze's familiar *Washington Crossing the Delaware.* "The subject matter at that time was painting, style—art itself," he remembers. "The preoccupation of artists was 'What is art?' Can it be a drip? Can it be some shapes? Finally it got to be that the shapes sufficed themselves. So when I painted *Washington Crossing the Delaware* it seemed as if I were criticizing what they were doing with old clichés. But actually I was somewhere else," he insists. "My parents were foreigners and hardly spoke English, and so by the time I came to literature it seemed to be such a terrific thing that I developed a great reverence for it, almost out of keeping with what it really was. The idea behind my *Washington Crossing the Delaware* was grandiose and old-fashioned, trying to imitate Tolstoy's *War and Peace* in painting. I was much more interested in Tolstoy's making art from Russian history than I was in poking fun at the self-importance of abstract painting."

DIANE RAINES KEIM

Larry Rivers today: no sign of letting up.

Rivers has often explored the connection between art, literature, and history, collaborating with such writer friends as Frank O'Hara, Kenneth Koch, John Ashbery, and Jack Kerouac. He also produced a series of works that pay homage to old masters from Rembrandt to David, and that are notable for their brilliant draftsmanship and their wit. "Everything I do has to have an element of play in it," he says; his 1978 version of David's well-known portrait of a preening Napoleon, for example, is entitled *The Greatest Homosexual.* Humor like that makes some critics uneasy.

For the past two years he has been at work on two mammoth paintings on the theme of Jewish history. With characteristic playfulness he has entitled them *History of the Matzoh: Parts I & II.* But as usual he is serious about the paintings themselves. They have made him "confront something in myself I had never clearly looked at before. When I was a kid in the neighborhood I saw Jewish paintings. I never liked them. Perhaps they had an exotic quality for other people, but I wasn't interested." Now he is. The huge canvases are crowded with suffering and survival. "I complain about art that's too easy," he says, "but now I find myself complaining about the huge effort of this project. Still, I'm glad to do this. It's a way of doing something about what the Jews have gone through."

Rivers has written of the "steadiness of spirit" of the artist Richard Lindner, "a man who was ignored and stuck to his

In *History of the Matzoh: Part I,* Rivers combines flawless technique with humor.

guns and was finally recognized. It makes you think about your own character, about your own way in art." He would like to take a year off from painting. He has other interests—he is a professional saxophone player, he is intrigued by video, and he'd like to see what life is like. "I've never had it. But I can't stop. I wish I were stronger. Maybe I still have doubts as to what I've accomplished, or maybe a man keeps working because there's nothing else to do that interests him as much."

Rivers is articulate, colorful, and controversial; his hawkish, sharp-eyed visage and his flamboyant persona often overshadow his work. But he has kept at it for nearly forty years now, shrugging off both adulation and criticism. "No critic has written anything about my work that has anything to do with what I've painted. You do what you have to do," he says, with fine steadiness of spirit.

—Diane Rames Keim

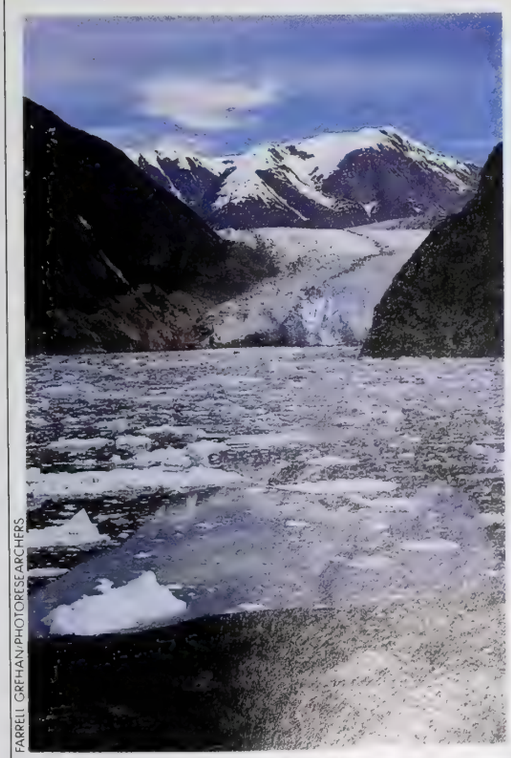
AUGUST AT HOME

The dollar may go further in Europe this year than at any other time in the last two decades, but for those who would rather spend a few idyllic weeks closer to home this summer, we asked six top travel writers to recommend a few of their favorite vacation spots in the United States.

To Jan Morris, Nantucket Island is worth a special visit for its whaling history and beauty. Morris also favors northern California, where she likes to "walk gently by the sea and eat abalone." Savoring the seedy characteristics of the area, she would "stay in a shambled motel—if I could find one shambled enough." Inland, she recommends the Tetons, that "really glamorous" stretch of the Rockies that extends through Wyoming and Idaho. Her own preference is to stay on a ranch, take long walks amid the mountains, and, thus refreshed, "come back a new person."

Stephen Birnbaum, the travel-guide author and editorial director of *Diversion,* is more sociable. He nominates the Saratoga racing season, describing it as "one of the most party-filled times for one of the most beautiful areas in New York State." Birnbaum also singles out Martha's Vineyard (crowded but "breathtaking") and, most surprising for a gregarious sort, Alaska. To reach the northern state, Birnbaum would board a ship in San Francisco or Seattle and cruise one of Alaska's inland waterways. Here the traveler can watch large, glittering glaciers "calve," shedding icebergs into the sea.

Caskie Stinnett, the travel editor at *Signature,* would drive along the shores of Oregon, making frequent stops in the small villages along the way. Another favorite shoreline is that of Maine from Camden to Bar Harbor, also dotted with small, unspoiled towns. Venturing southward, he would choose Virginia, because of its diversity. It has resorts (including Virginia Beach), history (Williamsburg), and splendid natural settings (the Blue Ridge Mountains). Stinnett [illegible] there is the Chesapeake Bay area, "for its exceptional seafood."



FARRELL GRIFFIN/PHOTOTRES/ARCHERS

For meditative spirits, th[illegible]

THOMAS KINKADE/PHOTOTRES/ARCHERS

The cranes' choice: Virginia's marshland.

Robert S. Kane, the author of the *A to Z* guidebooks, insists on a traditional resort atmosphere. He likes Waikiki Beach, a place equipped with superb golf and tennis facilities and close to the cultural amenities of "handsome, cosmopolitan" [illegible] Boca Raton, in Florida, distinguished for its numerous similar facilities and proximity to Fort Lauderdale; and San Francisco, a pleasant base from which he might launch excursions to the wine country or the "very scenic suburb" of Sausalito.

Tim Cahill, the renowned free-lancer, conceived of cool holidays to evade the

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August heat. He, too, chooses San Francisco, quoting Mark Twain: "The coldest winter I ever spent was a summer in San Francisco." He also suggests a vacation spent muskie fishing in northern Wisconsin, near Eagle River. The muskie is "a big fish, rather like a northern pike," found in lakes near the giant-treed forests of Cahill's personal "Paul Bunyan Land." Another great trip is through Yellowstone Park, "our equivalent of the Serengeti Plain." The drive starts in Gardiner, Montana, goes through Cooke City to the Beartooth Pass, and ends up in Red Lodge, Montana. At the top of the pass, he says, most summers you can ski cross-country.

Even these cold comforts can't tempt Paul Theroux, the author of *The Great Railway Bazaar* and other popular travelogues. Theroux hates vacations and hasn't taken one in years. "I am away in the normal course of events," he says; "my idea of a vacation is going home," which in his case happens to be in London, England. *—Rose Kernochan*

STAR POWER

All year round, a team of twelve men and women roams the restaurants of France. Michelin's Red Guide inspectors, cloaked in secrecy, are out to record the rising and falling stars of culinary creation.

The Michelin guide may have less sass and sex appeal than its fashionable competitor Gault Millau, but its star system sells 700,000 guides a year worldwide and rules as if by divine right. One star means the restaurant is worth a trip; two, that it merits a special visit. Three signifies the sublime. When Maxim's, traditionally a three star, was demoted some years ago, the restaurant simply disappeared from the guide. "The chef preferred it that way," explains an anonymous Michelin inspector, coolly.

Talking to a Michelin inspector is like trying to penetrate a monk's cell; these closet epicureans reveal little—a discreet cough, a brief sigh—no more. This year, the twelve judges struck hard, stripping two Paris classics of their third star, and bestowing five new two-star classifications in Paris (the restaurants at the Ritz and Crillon hotels have finally made it) and four in the provinces.

Down to two stars from three, but still alive and kicking, are the chefs Raymond Oliver, of the Grand Véfour, and Claude Peyrot, of Le Vivarois. Both were sanctioned for absenteeism. Oliver, the grand old man of classic cuisine, had honored

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CLAUDE VAUJANY

Crestfallen: Chef Peyrot, of Le Vivarois.

his three stars for thirty years, but recently illness kept him away from his ovens; he is philosophically silent about his fall from grace. As for Claude Peyrot, who in middle age is considered the genius of his generation—his reaction is modest to a fault. "It serves me right," he says. "It's a lesson in humility."

Born in the Ardeche region to a chef father, Peyrot is the antithesis of the plump, jolly cook. He is an artist, with all the doubts, creative anguish, and impossible ideals. "I'm a pathological perfectionist," he admits. He won't even wear his chef's hat: "I love the toque, I find it beautiful, but I worry about being worthy." Peyrot's *états d'âme* don't seem to shake off his faithful clientele, although he does note a certain slack in tourist trade since his third star was dropped.

Despite the stark postmodern decor and steep prices, dining at the Vivarois, at 192, avenue Victor Hugo, is an exceptional experience, from the exquisite oysters with curry and spinach to the lyric *interlude de trois poissons,* served with a cool Menetou-Salon, a red Maine-et-Loire wine. During dessert, a tart, foamy *mousse de cassis,* Peyrot emerges to take a deferential bow. "The problem is not to create," he explains. "Creating is easy, but great cooking involves risk; I find it harder to take risks. Now, if you want taste adventure, go to L'Ambroisie, where my disciple Bernard Pacaud is chef."

Set across from Notre Dame, L'Ambroisie just received its second star, and its nine tables are full every night. "The second star helped," says Pacaud. "With one star you can count on a 30 percent increase in business, with two, 60 percent, and with three, up to 80 percent."

Pacaud is talked about as a bright new comet on the Paris scene. His menu, a very short list, has a tried-and-tested look, although in fact he is always introducing an innovative touch. "I go by what is available at the market. Today my fish man had lobster and so it's lobster salad," he says, pointing to a fine concoction spiced with slivers of truffles. Pacaud's masterwork is probably his *mousse de poivrons doux au coulis de tomates,* a unique blend of sweet peppers and essence of tomato. The wine list is impressive, including good years of excellent Bordeaux, such as the suave, dry Alegre 1970.

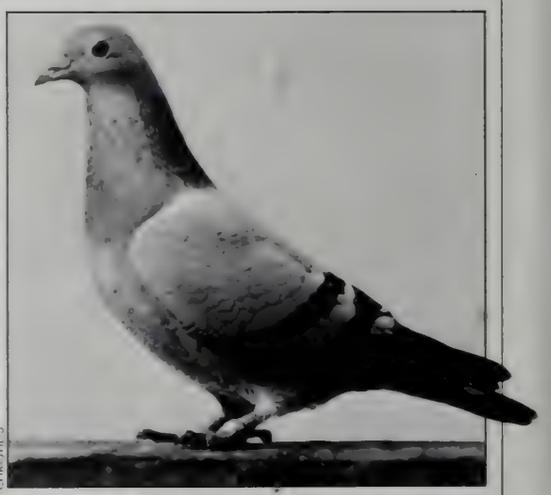
Diners at L'Ambroisie wear concentrated expressions, as if doing some very serious testing in a laboratory. You can never tell, in fact, whether they're Michelin inspectors on the job. —*Joan Dupont*

CHOICE AUCTIONS

As ever in August, the auction houses aren't offering any grandiose sales this month, so we can now announce our First Annual End-of-Season Honors List, featuring the stories behind the scenes that may do nothing more than remind us of the extent to which luck, whim, whimsy, and sometimes patent nonsense lie behind the bespoke aura with which the lords of the hammer clothe themselves. And the winners are . . .

Best Press Release of the Season to Sotheby's, December 22, 1982, in which the reigning pooh-bahs scold their would-be acquirers Messrs. Stephen Swid and Marshall Cogan (or *Swogan,* as the wits have it) for "acquiring a significant shareholding . . . in Sotheby Parke Bernet without consultation with the Board" (a sort of "Mother, may I?" theory of acquisition). The publicity surrounding the fiscal misfortunes of Sotheby's last year created a flurry of trading in its stock and plenty of takeover rumors. Swogan, among others, bought in—"merely a passive investment," says Swid—reaching 14.2 percent by year's end, and dutifully reported their position. Evidently, according to the release, Swogan's naughtiness "created uncertainty which was clearly undesirable." One assumes our esteemed directors will distinguish this uncertainty from that created by the otherwise incomprehensible action of Lord Cockfield (the British secretary of state for trade) in "referring" the matter to his monopolies-and-mergers commission to ascertain whether Swogan's subsequent tender offer in April for the whole bag was in the British public's interest. Question, Your Lordship: How to reconcile such behavior with the significant sell-offs over the past five years by virtually all SPB directors of their own shares (directors held 26 percent in '77, less than 10 percent today); and with the facts that fewer than half the remaining shares are held by Britons, that less than half the staff is British and fewer than half of Sotheby's sales are in Britain, and finally that Swogan bought their shares in the public market? And why would Swogan be any less desirable than Messrs. Taubman, Ford, et al.?

The Order of Merit for Service beyond the Call to Leigh Keno, of William Doyle Galleries. We thought we had heard all the stories about the extremes to which specialists will go to land a consignment, but *sleeping* with the consignment?! Recently in Vermont on an otherwise unsuccessful house call, Keno noticed a primitive portrait of a young woman which aroused his curiosity. Driving with the painting back to New York and needing to rest for the night, he checked into a motel with this two-dimensional lady friend and proceeded to tie her to his arm for security while he slept. Back in New York, we are glad to report, considerable research confirmed his taste: the painting, by the itinerant nineteenth-century American artist Ammi Phillips, sold for $11,000 in November 1982.



CHRISTIE'S

An award to the war heroine Mercury, here photographed after her daring mission.

The Parkinson's Law Presentation Sword (for cutting your nose off to spite everyone's face) to the commonwealth of Massachusetts for demonstrating again that there is nothing more awful than a bureaucrat hiding behind principle. It all began last fall, when the executors of a mid-

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western estate consigned some documents to Phillips New York. Among the papers was a handwritten bill for £15 13s. 6d. presented by the American patriot-goldsmith Paul Revere to the commonwealth in 1785 for making eleven small brass copies of the state's Great Seal. Phillips scheduled it for a January sale.

Now, what is the obvious thing for a good Massachusetts bureaucrat to do? Dispatch someone from the state archivist's office to the sale and quietly buy the lot, which likely would have fetched something in the estimate range of $1,000 to $1,500? Wrong. First you simply decide you want it (as Assistant Attorney General Stephen Ostrach made clear in the Boston *Globe:* "This is not a Declaration of Independence or a Gutenberg Bible, but . . . we want it!"). Desire becomes tantamount to deed and, *voilà,* your principle! Then you get a Massachusetts Superior Court to enjoin Phillips from selling the document, claiming it as rightful state property. You tie up your lawyers, Phillips's lawyers, the estate lawyers, the executors, and any beneficiaries in a long war over ownership—which is still raging as this goes to press—costing many, many thousands of dollars. Amazing with what celerity the state can move, with what regard for the public purse, when bureaucrats want something. Certainly Mr. Revere would not be amused: it took the Massachusetts officials of his own day over two years to pay his bill, and that only after adjusting it downward by almost 25 percent. Stay tuned!

Judges' Honorable Mention Award for Most Endearing Story of the Season to Christie's London. At the other end of the spectrum from the record-smashing million-dollar extravaganzas of November and May are the more charming stories, such as the following, as presented by the auctioneers in a background piece from which I shall quote liberally.

A top lot in the medals sale on April 19, 1983, was the " 'Animal VC' medal awarded for gallantry to Mercury, a Blue Hen pigeon, after a 480-mile non-stop flight the 30th July 1942 with a secret message"—from (we assume) the Danish Resistance. It brought £5,000 from the Royal Pigeon Racing Association.

Mercury was "the most famous of 31 pigeons to have been given the Dickin medal, to give it its correct title . . . other recipients have included 13 dogs, 3 horses and . . . Simon the cat who was on board HMS Amethyst when she made her famous dash down the Yangtze River.

"Following her heroic flight Mercury lived out her days in retirement at Mr. Catchpole Sr.'s loft in Cemetary Road, Ipswich . . . She died at the age of 10 and was buried in Mr. Catchpole's garden . . . with full military honours."

Do I hear £5,500? —*James R. Lyons*

In Edinburgh this summer it will all be waltzes and Mahler and twelve-tone rows.

VIENNA IN SCOTLAND

Though Edinburgh is always perceptibly a capital rather than just a provincial city, as far as the outside world is concerned it assumes its full stature for only three weeks of the year: the season of the Edinburgh International Festival, which this year starts on August 21. This is the thirty-seventh consecutive festival, but natives are still not altogether sure they like it. "It's not the taste of Edinburgh folk" is a frequent refrain as they smilingly overcharge visitors. Like it or not, it represents a vast income to many locals who would never themselves dream of going near the wretched thing.

A modicum of local doubt is natural, for the festival has had its ups and downs through the years. At the moment, though, it seems to be on an up: John Drummond, the present director, has used his three years of tenure to advantage by pulling the proceedings together and trying to give each year an overriding character and theme—this year it is "Vienna 1900." The key event is, unusually, part of the visual-arts program: a large-scale exhibition in the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland evoking the Vienna heyday of art nouveau with paintings, sculpture, and documents that have seldom been seen outside their homeland. This will provide a palpable context for the music of Mahler, Schönberg, and the assorted Strausses, as well as plays like Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Der Rosenkavalier,* presented without music as he originally intended. More remote, but still relevant, is a revival of Benjamin Britten's *Death in Venice,* while the Opera Theatre of St. Louis will break the fusty spell with Stephen Paulus's *The Postman Always Rings Twice.*

In the nature of things, Edinburgh's major hotels are booked well in advance, but latecomers can count on many agreeable secondary hotels and on the traditional boardinghouses with bed and breakfast, where you can often get splendid food and

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VIDI, VENI, VICI

Two and a half years ago, when most designers were adding layer upon layer of bulky, loose-fitting garments to American women, the Venezuelan socialite Carolina Herrera, at forty, decided to turn professional and introduce a new look to the New York fashion world. Of course, she was fully aware that she already influenced the way many women dressed. "I was lucky to be on the list of the international ten best-dressed women," she says, with just a touch of Caracas in her English. "I knew all the New York designers and had always designed some of my own clothes. So when people started asking, 'Where did you get that?', that gave me the idea to go into business."

With the help of one seamstress, she created twenty simple dresses. "I worked very hard from the beginning—twelve to fourteen hours a day—sketching and selecting fabric," she recalls, looking absolutely cool. "I spend a lot of time with the material before I begin to drape, to see how the fabrics will react with each other. Those first twenty dresses—I was like blind! I didn't know what people would think." But when she arrived in New York six months later and called the people she knew at Saks, Bergdorf, and Martha, they immediately fell for her fresh, new, tailored look, loved the "Elizabethan" sleeves, and "wanted to buy right away." Her timing was perfect, yes indeed. "My clothes are for women who are quite sophisticated, and thank God, elegance was coming back."

Fortunately, too, she feels she's not really in competition with anyone—well, she *does* keep an eye on Kamali, but "all the other designers I admire have been around for so many years, they don't need to compete with me. I can rely on people like Halston for advice because they are so successful that they are not threatened by me."

She aspires to the kind of popularity Kamali and McFadden enjoy. "They are so great, they go with their own ideas no matter what, and that's the most important thing. You don't mistake their clothes for anyone else's. That's beginning to happen for me—people are beginning to recognize my trademark, the shoulders and the straight lines."

Herrera has an alluring innocence that allows her to go after what she wants graciously in a business where other mortals have to scratch and claw their way to the top. "Everyone told me when I started that this was a very tough business, but I find everyone in America very nice. I'm not a tough person at all, and I think I get further if I treat people nice instead of going around shouting all the time. Everything isn't always easy. There are days I don't know where I'm going. But I'm very calm and relaxed. I'm just not a demanding person."

She no longer needs to put in twelve-hour days ("except when I'm producing the seasonal shows"), and she's got a little more help—a staff of forty and an assistant who helps to translate her designs into cloth. She travels constantly, spreading her name and meeting new stylists. "I'm so flattered when young people come to me and ask for advice. I have not been around too long myself, but I love to tell them what I think." —*Joyce Pendola*

PETER LANGER/WHEELER PICTURES

For the *Connoisseur* summer jacket, "I chose a simple style in an elegant fabric—satin-face piqué—that can be worn for any occasion," Herrera says. The jacket has now been added to her "Resort '83" summer collection.

SUSAN MC CARTNEY/PHOTOBESE ARCHERS

Some mornings the Black

THE ENCHANTED FOREST

Despite its name there is nothing forbidding about the Black Forest. Quite the contrary. The Black Forest is one of the loveliest corners of Germany, renowned for its pure, resin-scented air, idyllic inns, and delicate brook trout. The natives, like southerners anywhere, are an easygoing people who like to humor themselves with the motto "Work only in order to live well." Their diphthongal dialect stamps them as Alemans, an old Germanic tribe, which today straddles the borders of France and Switzerland in the "Three Country Corner," where the Rhine bends northward like a knee from Lake Constance to Strasbourg. On the left bank lies Alsace, fac-

ing the gentle foothills and vineyards of the Black Forest on the German side.

Just as there is more to Alsace than its famous choucroute and *foie gras frais,* there is more to the Black Forest than cuckoo clocks and the brothers Grimm. It is a rib of mountains a hundred miles long, covered with woods, with elevations up to 4,500 feet and sudden fairy-tale vistas of valley pastures dotted with wildflowers, cows, and thatched-roof farmhouses. Not a place for people who find true tranquillity boring, who detest walking in the woods under a lofty ceiling of pines, and who are shocked at seeing cold smoked ham served with coarse black bread for breakfast. But even they will enjoy venison served with wild mushrooms—the yellow *Pfifferling* that proliferates along the paths. The local Riesling or Gutedel wines more than rival those of Alsace, growing as they do on the sunny side of the river.

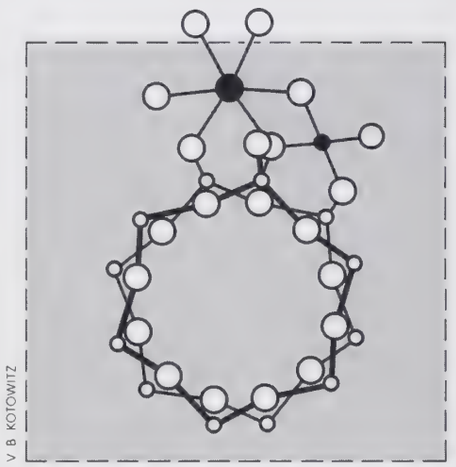
Baden-Baden, the last of the great Edwardian spas, is the best place to start on a motor tour south along the Black Forest's High Road (Hochstrasse). For those with three-star tastes, the Hotel Adler, in Hinterzarten, is the place to stop for the night. Others may prefer the rustic charm of the Hotel Halde, on top of the Schauinsland (literally, Look-into-the-Land) mountain, from which, on a clear day, one can see the Alps. Also recommended is a little side trip to Freiburg for a visit to its fine red-sandstone cathedral and colorful market square, old university, and patrician town houses, which were tastefully restored after World War II. A fast-flowing little brook in a bed of hewn flagstones irrigates the old town. Altogether, it is a place where man has remained the measure. *—Barbara Ungeheuer*

A NEW ALCHEMY

The alchemists' hope of turning lead into gold, though once shared by no less than Sir Isaac Newton, probably isn't much of a priority anymore. Yet the old dreams do die hard, and in recent years alchemists have changed focus. As a result, some varieties of man-made gemstones have begun to approach perfection re-creating virtually all the properties of the natural material. Carat-size diamonds of good color have been possible since the early seventies, though the costs involved are extremely high. Fine man-made emeralds are a simpler matter, routinely and inexpensively produced.

"There are advantages to man-made gemstones," says Ken Takada, sales manager for the Inamori Division of the Kyocera Company, a Japanese fabricator that has a store in Beverly Hills. "Price, for one thing. And quality. The perfection of our emeralds is almost impossible to find in nature."

Another important manufacturer, Pierre Gilson, of France, has carried on a sort of cat-and-mouse game with technicians at the Gemological Institute of America. No sooner had the institute found a way to distinguish Gilson's synthetic material from natural emerald than he would develop a new level of stone that beat the test. At present, without recourse to sophisticated laboratory instruments, even an expert cannot distinguish the best man-made emeralds except by the very treacherous criterion that they look "too good."



The molecular structure of real emeralds (above)—a combination of oxygen, aluminum, silicon, and beryllium—may soon be duplicated exactly in the laboratory.

Nor is there anything unethical about the creation of these stones. On the contrary, they represent an admirable level of scientific ingenuity—and a good deal of patience, since a year or more may be required to obtain one finished gem. In an oysterish process known as flux-growing, a seed fragment of natural stone is placed in a heated, circulating chemical solution. Gradually crystals begin to grow around the seed. Although most of the resulting "emerald" will be lost during the cutting and polishing work, jewels can be made for less than a tenth the cost of comparable natural stones.

In addition to emeralds, you can buy man-made rubies and opals—at a fraction of the cost. Alexandrite, a gem of extreme rarity in nature, is plentifully available. And the orange sapphire known as Padparadscha will be furnished upon demand, though only a few natural examples exist in the world. *—Mitch Sisskind*

TWO TASTINGS

Next month a series of new vintages will begin appearing on the American market, and during the recent preview season for wines, we attended two tastings in New York to judge a sampling of the new arrivals, from France and California.

Leading off was the Annual California Vintners Barrel Tasting, at the Four Seasons restaurant. There California's top wine makers display two of their best offerings. For its part, the Four Seasons puts on a feast against which to taste the wines: this year it included pheasant, hollowed-out oranges packed with duckling meat, Wellfleet scallops, ragout of lobster, and quail—twelve courses in all, for some thirty wines.

After a somewhat sticky aperitif of Wente Brothers "champagne," a flight of three mediocre Sauvignon Blancs led off the dinner. The score—an informal and amusing byplay carried on by the two hundred guests—was quickly Four Seasons, 3, California, 0. Three undistinguished Chardonnays followed, and by the first intermission the restaurant had built up a lead that seemed insurmountable. It was up to the Cabernet Sauvignons to save the day, and they did. Mayacamas Vineyards 1982 and 1972 both honored the tradition of this highly rated winery; they were big and stylish, with good acid balance. The Durney Vineyard Carmel Valley entries, 1982 and 1978, were a little softer, but gratifyingly full and rich. To my palate, the outstanding Cabernet Sau-

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vignon was Chappellet Vineyard's Napa Valley 1975, subtle and well-rounded. And the evening's overall winner, another red, was a Pinot Noir: Chalone Vineyard Monterey County, vintage 1978, which brought the wines up to the level of the banquet. To say that it was as good as a Corton is to belittle it.

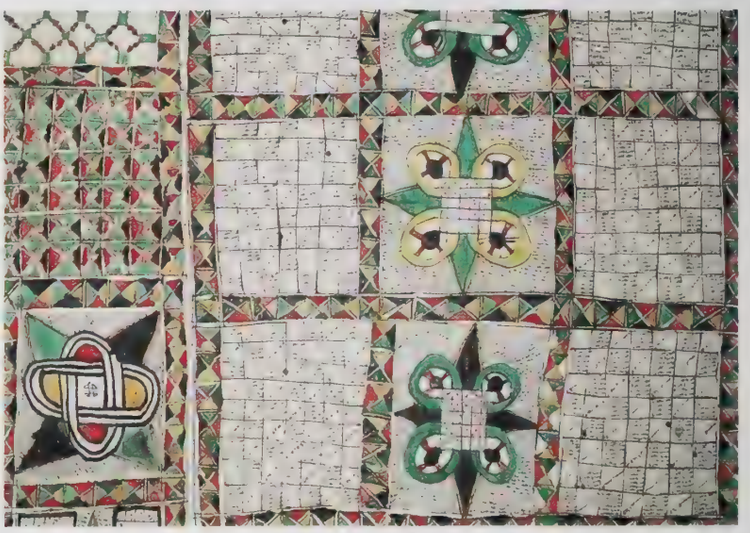
A few weeks later, to fill out what we called the great white-wine gap evident at the Barrel Tasting, *Connoisseur* held an informal blind tasting of French and Californian Chardonnays for a hundred selected guests. Here we uncovered some real gems well worth their price.

The participants didn't know what they were tasting except that it was Chardonnay, six brands from France and six from California, ranging in vintages from 1979 to 1981. In recent tastings, Calfornia wines, because of their size and initial burst of flavor, tend to submerge their French rivals, which are more subtle and complex in taste. This time the results were more balanced. Overall, the quality of the twelve was surprisingly high. Not one of them could be put down as unacceptable, and a few were almost as sublime as their reputations.

The general opinion—tabulated from a scoring system based on preference—placed a Louis Latour Auxey-Duresses (1979) at the top and a Chablis Vaudésir (Moreau, 1981) at the bottom. On my scorecard, however, a Puligny-Montrachet 1981, again Louis Latour, was first, closely followed by a Meursault Perrières 1979 (Matrot) and an Alexander Valley Vineyards 1980. A Clos du Val 1980 and a Girard 1981 (both from California) finished out a very nice group. The Auxey-Duresses, unfortunately, seemed to me too oaky and sulfurous, and placed near the bottom. But all the entries honored the Chardonnay style, some relying on "size" and others on complexity (the Puligny-Montrachet, especially, is almost a classic in subtlety); and the ones named above, along with the Barrel Tasting recommendations, are worth any special effort to get them.

—Fred Halliday

The "African Textiles" exhibition at New York's Museum of Natural History (through December 4) presents the oldest and most extensive collection of traditional textiles and weaving equipment in the world.



The appliquéd, quilted, and tie-dyed clothes and tapestries come from all over Africa. Left: Interwoven cotton and silk from Ghana. Right: An Ashanti cotton religious sheet, decorated with magical designs.

STUCK ON LABELS

If you look at the bottom left-hand corner of the front cover of this magazine, you will see the familiar zebra stripes of the Universal Product Code. It is the size of a large postage stamp and does nothing whatever for the cover's picture or its layout. The stripes are not themselves pleasing, and the numbers that cluster around them are positively offensive. It is late-twentieth-century commerce at its most intransigently technical, and it is not even a legal requirement. Why is it not on the back cover, at least? Why should it be there at all?

The UPC was introduced in 1972 and has been spreading ever since, a black-and-white tide that irresistibly affixes itself to all but the most stubbornly unpackageable merchandise. The code is read by optical scanners in supermarkets, and therefore practically everything has to have its UPC. There is a council in Dayton, Ohio, that distributes numbers to businesses as they fall reluctantly into line. It doesn't matter that only a small proportion of magazines like *Connoisseur* is sold in supermarkets—were it only 10 percent, it would be enough. There are now 7,500 supermarkets that use scanners, and they handle 40 percent (by volume) of all supermarket business. It is too much to ignore. Those 7,500 will not accept merchandise without the UPC, nor will the large magazine distributors, who use scanners to keep track of inventory, so what can a publisher do? He has the choice of losing 4 percent of his sales (a proportion that will rise rapidly as the stripes spread) or compromising with aesthetics and putting the beastly little stamp on his front cover.

The back cover is not an option, for reasons having to do with distributors' practices in returning unsold issues, and

How long before Renoir gets his own UPC?

"The worst part of my business is the paperwork and the waste of time - Passport eliminates all that."

Kalef Alaton, top interior designer, is based in Beverly Hills at 296 S. Spalding Avenue. It is from this HQ that he plans the "environments" that have gained him international repute with clients in Marbella, Aspen, Dallas, California and New York.

He travels to Britain five times a year in search of objects for projects as diverse as a 20,000 square foot villa in Beverly Hills; guest suites at the exclusive Bel Air Hotel; an apartment in New York and the Fleur du Lac resort at Lake Tahoe, California. Not to mention his current "challenge" – a private 747 jet!

Kalef brings an elegant style to his designs by selecting antiques to compliment modern furniture. Using pieces which he designs himself, he accents and adds colour to his environments with antiques that evoke a sense of spontaneous harmony.

An avid traveller who speaks five languages fluently, he considers hotels more home-like than home. Following a busy shopping excursion, he can relax in the un-cluttered surroundings and organize his next day's outing. "My main criteria when purchasing antiques is quality coupled with an innate design balance, attributes exemplified in Britain."

A fast shopper, who dislikes anything that distracts him from the business of designing, Kalef admits his artistic nature rebels against the neccessity of paperwork. With Passport, the international buying card specifically designed for the art and antiques buyer, Kalef Alaton pays for his purchases, shipping and insurance only when the goods have arrived in Los Angeles.

"Passport makes everything faster. I don't have to sit making notes, writing cheques or worrying about shipping complexities – Passport simplifies my life and gives me one less headache. Anything that makes my work easier is worth pursuing."

Passport uses the Michael Davis Shipping Organization, Britain's leading specialist packers and shippers of fine art and antiques and this connection means other important benefits to card holders: Before any buying trips to England, Kalef always plans his itinerary with Katharine Buckley who runs the Michael Davis New York office, where she makes his travel, hotel and car arrangements and lines up a professional buying guide to take him direct to the appropriate sources in the U.K.

"I make one phone call" says Kalef. "I don't have to think of anything because it's all done for me. I have to admit, I'm becoming very spoiled."

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JULIET

"It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
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Juliet by Paul Fairley © Artmark Sculptures Ltd. 1982 Height: 18" (including base) Edition Size: 999

with the prerogatives of advertisers. The only commercial magazines that can avoid marring their covers with the code are those that are sold exclusively by subscription or that print separate covers for subscribers. The rest bear the convict reminders that mass marketing has iron laws that must be obeyed. —*Patrick Brogan*

O, *VELSHEDA!*

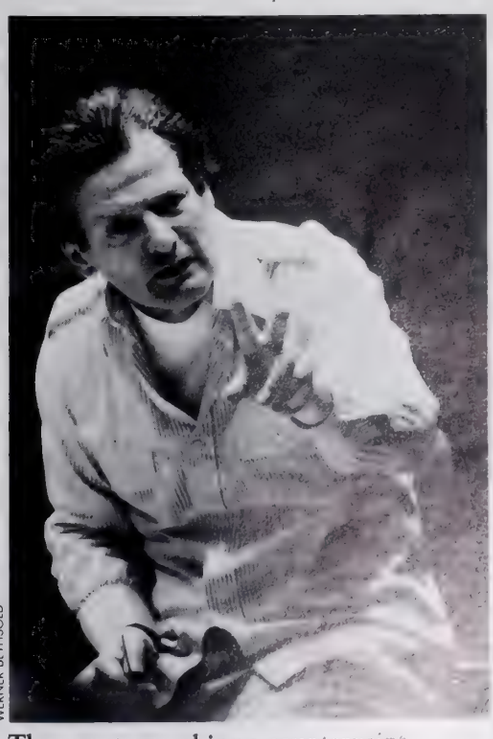
There is something about sailboat racing that is so lean, clean, and precise that not only yachtsmen but also watchmakers rejoice. This month, for example, as the America's Cup trials continue, the Corum watch people bring out their "Admiral's Cup" wrist models to celebrate microseconds in nautical style. And the *Velsheda*, the last survivor of the fabled J-boats of the 1930s (see story, page 88), will arrive in this country. Starting out from Cowes, in England, she will first stop in New York for a celebratory bash put on by none other than Piaget and then sail up to Newport for more of the same.

Built in 1933 for W. L. Stephenson, president of Woolworth in England, and recently restored to its original condition, the *Velsheda* was the only J-boat ever made that was not intended for racing. Nevertheless, its vital statistics remain the stuff of a boatman's dream: 128 feet of gleaming steel hull, a 160-foot mast, 7,500 square feet of sail. How speedy is she? Ask the timers.

***Velsheda* braving the waves recently.**

NEVILLE MARRINER CONDUCTING

Not knowing who he was, you'd never take him to be a conductor—at least not if you think of conductors in the old Toscanini style, inwardly coiled, with passion and fire in the eye. Neville Marriner—probably the most widely heard conductor in the world today—just won't run true to type.



WERNER BETHSOLD

The maestro evoking a counterpoint.

It's not simply the looks that throw you off—he is a trim and sporty Englishman of fifty-nine who appears to be much younger, with a touch of gray in his blond hair and quite handsome in a professorial way. What really clashes against the popular notion of the conductor as "dictator of the baton" is Marriner's bluff affability and a touch of the offhand manner that was once called Oxonian. But it's precisely this air of relaxed friendliness that helped him establish quick rapport with different orchestras around the world, a definite asset for jet-age maestros. Only when he is hammering out the details of a musical interpretation do firm conviction and iron will—indispensable to any conductor—emerge from beneath the resilient surface.

At present, Marriner splits the season across the Atlantic, holding simultaneous jobs as principal conductor of both the Minnesota Orchestra, in Minneapolis, and the Südwestfunk-Orchester, of Stuttgart. In addition, he is invited as

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"When I listened to my first 'takes,' they sounded terribly heavy-handed and lethargic," he recalls. "Then I realized that you have to take a slightly faster tempo in the studio than in the concert hall to help the home listener sustain attention. After a while, you make these adjustments almost instinctively. I think that's the secret of a successful recording artist."

The Woods from the Trees

Lately Marriner has had to make more difficult adjustments. During most of his career he had concentrated on music of the baroque and classical periods, most notably with the Academy of Saint Martin-in-the-Fields. Now, in Minneapolis and Stuttgart, he has to cover a wider range and is branching out into music of the Romantic era, including such heavy-textured composers as Brahms, Wagner, Bruckner, and Mahler.

"Finding my way to Brahms is hard," he admits. "Maybe that's because I thought I could do it easily." The difficulty, he finds, lies in the Brahmsian texture, where dark and subtle shadings must be preserved in the orchestral mass while the contrapuntal lines must be kept lucid. Marriner's first impulse was to strive for clarity. "I wanted to see all the trees," he explains, "and so you lighten the undergrowth. But then you discover all of a sudden that you no longer have a forest."

Does Marriner resent having to come to terms with new aspects of music at the height of his career? Not a bit. "I got rather concerned because my accustomed repertoire—Mozart, Handel, and Haydn—was getting too easy for me. I was afraid of becoming glib. So, broadening my interpretive range was a deliberate move. And there are great surprises for me. Ten years ago I would never have thought that I had any particular affinity for Wagner. Now I discover it comes quite naturally."

An expression of shy delight crosses Marriner's face. The delight of h[illegible] teners is far less reticent. —*Haas Fantel*

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A FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY

How modern art came to Toulon's art museum.

By Helen Dudar

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUNO BARBEY

Marie-Claude Beaud with recent acquisitions, including a "monster" by Nikki St. Phalle, a collage by Phyllis Bramson, and paintings by three young European artists.

"Who went to the Musée de Toulon?" a French weekly asked rhetorically last year in a review of a major show. The answer, nearly accurate, was "Nobody."

A more precise answer came when Marie-Claude Beaud arrived on the premises a while back to begin work as the new curator. She stopped to greet the drowsy doorkeeper, asked how many visitors had passed his way that summer, and was told, "Four."

That was in 1978. The museum, just a hundred years old, was lodged in a pretty apricot-colored Mediterranean building, and the display inside would have been familiar to any tourist who once paused at every small-town French museum in the path of a rented Renault: a late David, a sweet Fragonard, a superior Carrière, a multitude of time-darkened nineteenth-century works. The retiring curator was an amateur; picture hanging was left to one of the cleaning women, a Corsican who was so resentful of Beaud's intrusion that she was seen casting evil-eye signs in her direction.

It was not exactly an auspicious welcome for a young woman now privately considered the best of a new generation of museum keepers who have transformed France's regional art centers. Or, in the cautious words of Hubert Landais, director of the Museums of France, Toulon is a good example of what can be accomplished in a medium-sized city by one "capable and enthusiastic curator."

Toulon, France's major naval base, is not one of the garden spots of the Côte d'Azur. Even now that it is suddenly home to a noteworthy collection of new art, it's hard to say that it merits a detour. Except for the magnificent harbor and the encircling mountains, the city—severely damaged during World War II and too hastily rebuilt—is charmless: a cultural Sahara. Yet, Toulon owns hundreds of re-

Helen Dudar, a frequent contributor to this magazine, profiled the art collector Harry Torczyner in the December 1982 issue.

cent European and American paintings, sculptures, prints, and photographs, some of them piercingly avant-garde. To anyone who cares about contemporary art, the renovated, restocked Musée de Toulon is a place of bountiful surprises. It is also a monument to what can be done by one smart, fearless, opinionated, ardent professional.

A student and disciple of Maurice Besset, the art historian and twentieth-century specialist, Marie-Claude Beaud was thirty-two when she came to Toulon. A big man in the local establishment had seen her on a television show and was impressed by her intelligence and fervor; after being chosen from a field of twenty-four candidates, she was summoned from the Musée de Grenoble, where she was Besset's successor as curator. Beaud did not allow gratitude to cloud professional judgment. She wanted and got a solid starting acquisitions budget of 500,000 francs ($120,000), since tripled. More significantly, she required and was given carte blanche to do what seemed necessary to breathe life into a moribund institution.

Nobody could remember the last time the collection had grown by purchase—although the museum did have the beginnings of a fine photography department, gifts from three first-rate local professionals. Beaud decided that the museum was to have new art, a lot of it. Calculating that prime work done before 1960 would eat up her budget in no time, she made a bold decision: acquisitions would begin with works done since then. Regularly, every month, she set out for Paris or a provincial capital to tour galleries and artists' ateliers. By 1982, the building was crammed with the results of a glorious buying spree—more than 500 works by 200 artists, some of them household names, others recognizable only to the artists' families and the most knowledgeable students of contemporary styles.

While she was creating a collection, the new curator was also overseeing a major renovation of the interior. The museum had no office space and no storage space except for the attic; there, 300 paintings lay, dusty and forgotten; etchings had been used to plug holes in the roof. The immense exhibit halls were given new rubber flooring and track lighting; a mezzanine was built above part of the ground floor to provide an intimate setting for photography shows as well as a reading corner for students doing research. Beaud hired new people and refused to put them in uniform. Her guards

Le Chien, departed friend of the artist Daniel Spoerri, now "naturalized," i.e., dead.

Installation of work of the artist [illegible] shows influence of *nouvelle figuration*, says Beaud.

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often wear blue jeans to work.

Even while reconstruction was under way, the museum remained open. Beaud managed to organize ten shows in 1979, twelve in 1980, nine in 1981. With a faintly disdainful expression, she reports, "The show of nineteenth-century Toulon painters was my big success. It was a good exhibit, but not very interesting."

Toulon got a sense of what Beaud was about in the summer of 1979, when she put six immense Rauschenberg canvases on display. The new curator had persuaded him to lend his art, do a poster, and design the cover of the catalogue. Moreover, determined to broaden the scope of the museum as a cultural center, she had engaged the Trisha Brown Dance Company for a recital, complete with Rauschenberg-designed backdrops.

"Most people in Toulon had never heard of Rauschenberg," she says wryly. Other faults were found by both the unenlightened and the knowledgeable. "They complained I had sold out to the Americans." Moreover, tradition-bound Toulon was still adjusting to the presence of Beaud, who in some quarters had been classified as an exotic—"a strange hippie girl," one friendly resident told her. "It was too much at the beginning: my hair [a skillfully styled tousle], my clothes [chic Left Bank], my *sportif* car [a Spitfire]."

What seems finally to have polarized the city was the giant show in the summer of 1982 that she called "Untitled," a sampling of her acquisitions program. Having sensed it would stun some of the populace, Beaud set out to cushion the shock in an aggressive, thoroughly modern fashion: she hired a Paris publicist. The French media were fascinated by this feisty, independent woman holding down what in France is traditionally a man's job. They gave her, the show, and the city a lot of attention, most of it positive.

Now, on a busy day, 150 people were coming to this little provincial museum. Now a Friends of the Museum Committee was supporting Beaud. Now a petition circulated, bewailing her "misuse" of taxpayer money, demanding imposition of a watchdog system on her activities.

Nothing in Marie-Claude Beaud's experience had quite prepared her for the ferment, but she has taken it in her stride. Her native place is the mountain city of Besançon, and she is the child of "first-generation intellectuals," middle-class professionals who exposed their children to music, the arts, and the nation's cultural monuments, and expected them to excel. The second-born, Marie-Claude, turned out to have an exceptional eye. She was the resident expert consulted when furniture was to be moved about or flowers arranged.

"In a job like this you're on a hot seat. People are afraid. They feel threatened by art they don't understand."

Each summer, on the vacation drive to Brittany, the Beauds paused to introduce their children to Versailles or Chartres or Bourges. Marie-Claude did not encounter modern art until, at thirteen, she found herself in a small class conducted by a teacher who hung the walls with reproductions of twentieth-century art. There she saw her first Kandinsky, an object of immediate and intense interest to her.

At the University of Besançon, Beaud began studies in history, art history, and archaeology, without a notion of how they could be put to use. One day a week she would spend nine hours drawing at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, a labor of love thinly supported by talent.

Beaud's transformation from dabbler to professional began when she met Maurice Besset, then an assistant curator at the Paris Musée d'Art Moderne. A shy, abrupt, sometimes intimidating figure, he was also an object of some scorn in academic circles because he considered contemporary art worth studying. In that period, according to Beaud, art courses at the University of Aix-en-Provence stopped with the beginning of the twentieth century.

Once a week Besset traveled down from the capital to Besançon to teach two courses. "We were like a small family," she recalls. "Nine for the modern-art courses on Friday, twenty for Renaissance art Saturday morning. Through him, I learned about Malevich, Rauschenberg, pop art. He gave me a sense of modern life. More than information, Besset gave us a method of working. He is so honest: after each course, he tears up his notes so he will never do it exactly the same."

On the eve of graduation, Beaud learned that Besset was moving to the important Musée de Grenoble as curator and wanted her along as his assistant. He gave her

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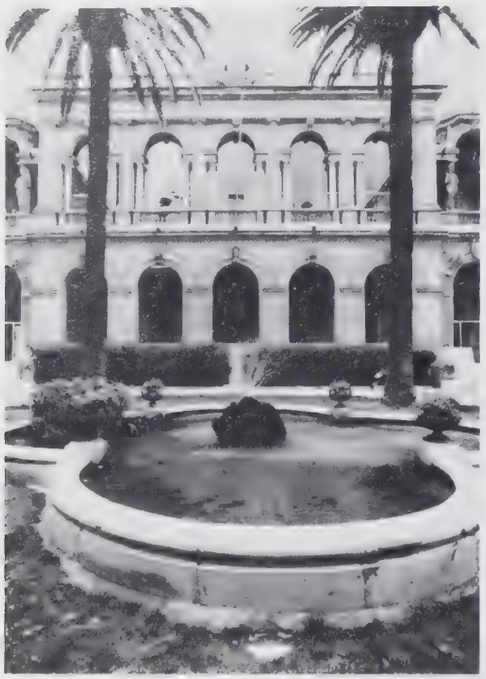


Presenting a meekly conventional façade, the Musée de Toulon.

three days to decide. She needed one. To this day, she insists she doesn't know why he chose her: "I wasn't his best student and I don't think I spoke with him more than three times in a year." Her best guess is that her character interested him. Both come from mountain country, where "you fight the elements and grow up strong."

Beaud arrived in Grenoble in September 1969 to begin an apprenticeship with a stern, autocratic figure who was frequently at the heart of controversy. Although Besset was never an easy man to work for, he was generous. One year he decided she should have direct contact with the American art scene, which he had studied and admired, and he shipped her off to the United States. "He had never been there, but he said, 'You need it more than I because I am old.' " For half a year she made her way through the country, met artists, explored museums, and discovered work that for her had been only small illustrations in art journals.

Besset left Grenoble after six politically harrowing years. Beaud, inheriting the job and the difficulties, stayed for three more. "I did not do too bad a job, but I was an outsider and was marked as a Besset follower. When someone called and said, 'Are you interested in coming to Toulon?' I said, 'Why not?' Then I saw the museum and was so dispirited."

Beaud has been on an emotional roller coaster ever since. On the one hand, she claims it's all right if people react aggressively to the unfamiliar art they find in the museum. "As long as you're getting a response, it's good." On the other hand, an organized drive that might impose committee supervision of her acquisitions policies would send her packing. "I am wrong sometimes, I know, but I am a professional." It took a strong declaration of support from Toulon's mayor to halt the latest assault on her administration, and there is no certainty that an anti-Beaud faction will not surface again.

Yet she understands fully what makes her a target for the conservative elements of the city. "In a job like this you're on a hot seat. People are afraid. They feel threatened by art they don't understand. Also it's a moralistic position. They feel that traditional values are disappearing. To them the new art reflects this."

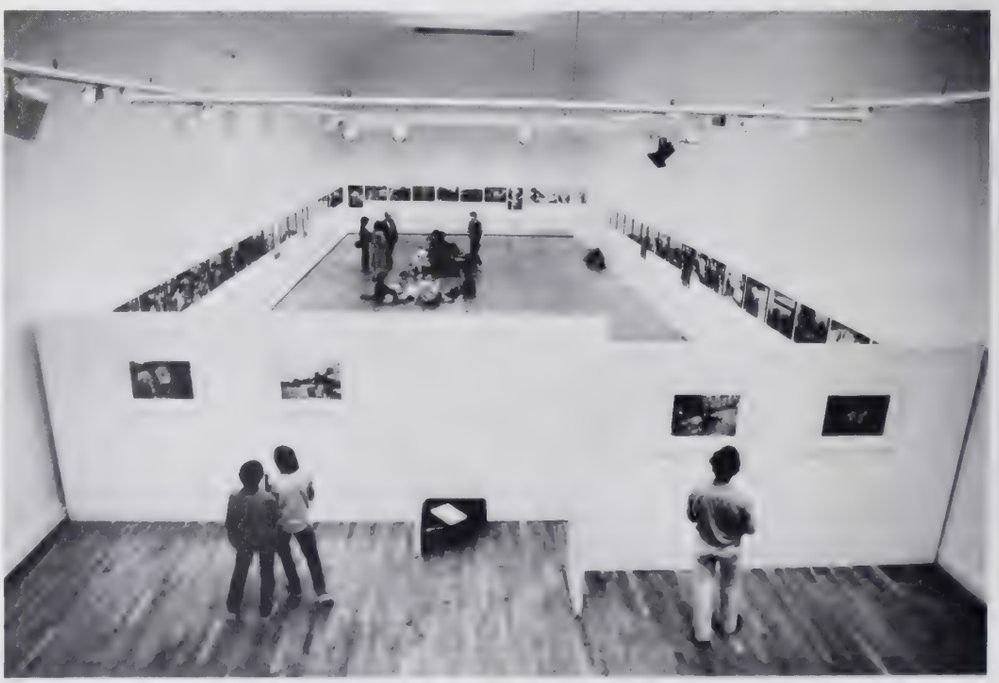
Toulon's new art pays homage to most of the major movements and fashions of the last two decades. The works range from notable to forgettable. As Beaud says, she makes mistakes, but always through an impulse to change the way people see things around them.

With her educated eye and adventurous spirit, Beaud, unless she is hobbled, will probably always have a lively show running. Some of the new purchases will also be on display, and they command attention. Considerations of money and geography have resulted in a permanent collection heavily weighted in European works. Unless the traveler has been in a position to make regular calls on a raft of galleries abroad, that is hardly a disadvantage. To mention just a few of Toulon's standout pieces, there are Arman's witty

To anyone who cares about contemporary art, the renovated, restocked museum is a place of bountiful surprises.

memorial to nostalgia, *O Tannenbaum*, a canvas with a scrap of sheet music, neatly aligned pieces of a cut-up zither, and strings flying in all directions; Richard Long's untitled evocation of the sea represented by a floor arrangement of 253 pieces of driftwood; a number of works by disciples of Europe's important Support Surface group, cousin to American minimalism; a sampling of the new figurism of Françoise Vergier, a young Frenchwoman who does mysterious little profiles; and an explosion of color and caricature by Hervé Di Rosa, who is twenty-three and may be the French Red Grooms.

At any time, visitors will find work arranged on the walls and floors with intelligence and acumen. The amenities include an abundance of good chairs. One comfort missing is a snack bar, which cannot be built until the museum acquires more space. In two respects Marie-Claude Beaud has managed to keep alive traditions that have almost vanished from other art institutions: the Musée de Toulon operates without an entry fee and is open seven days a week.□



Photographs on exhibition: foreground, Eve Sonneman; rear, François Hers.

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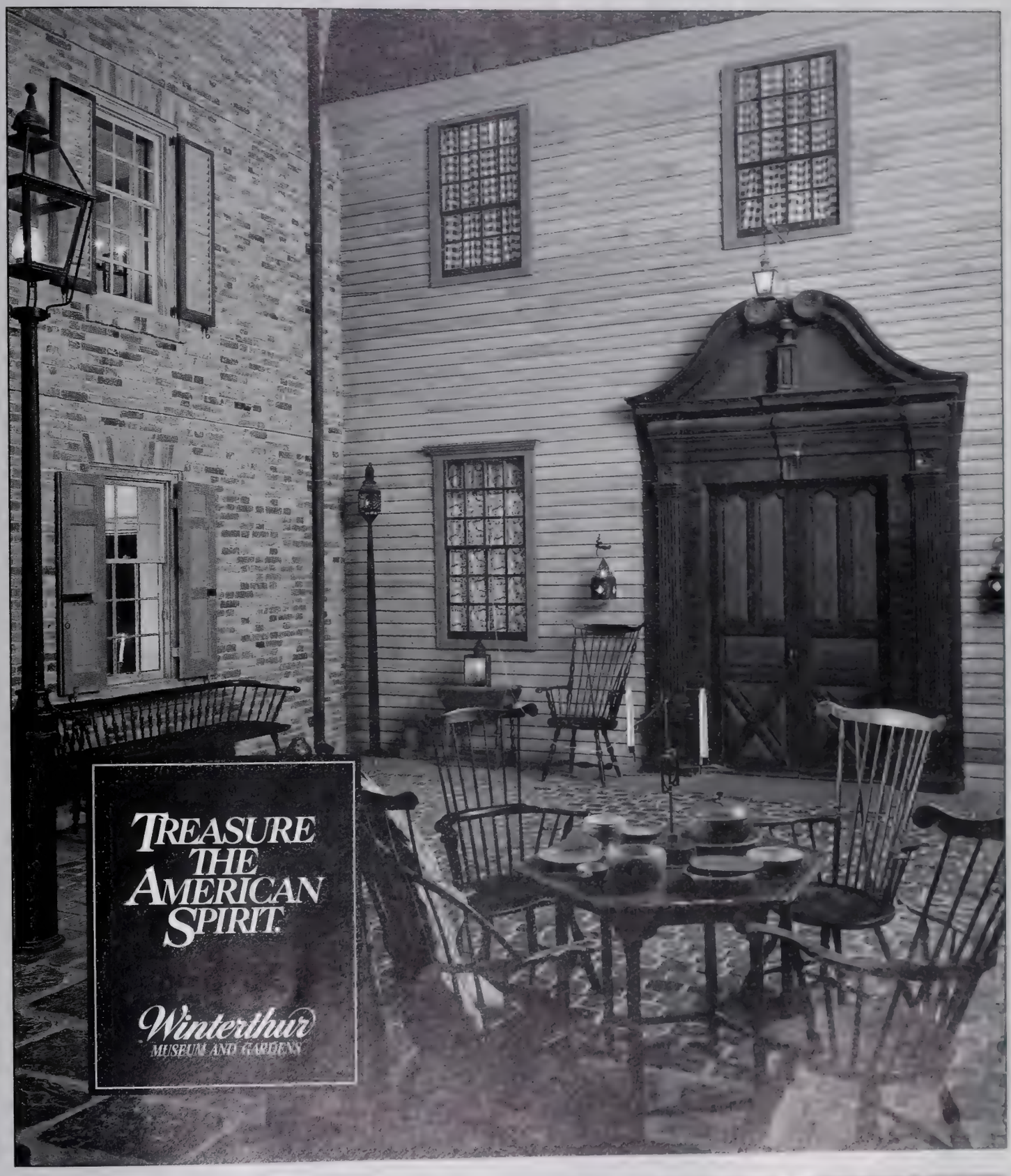

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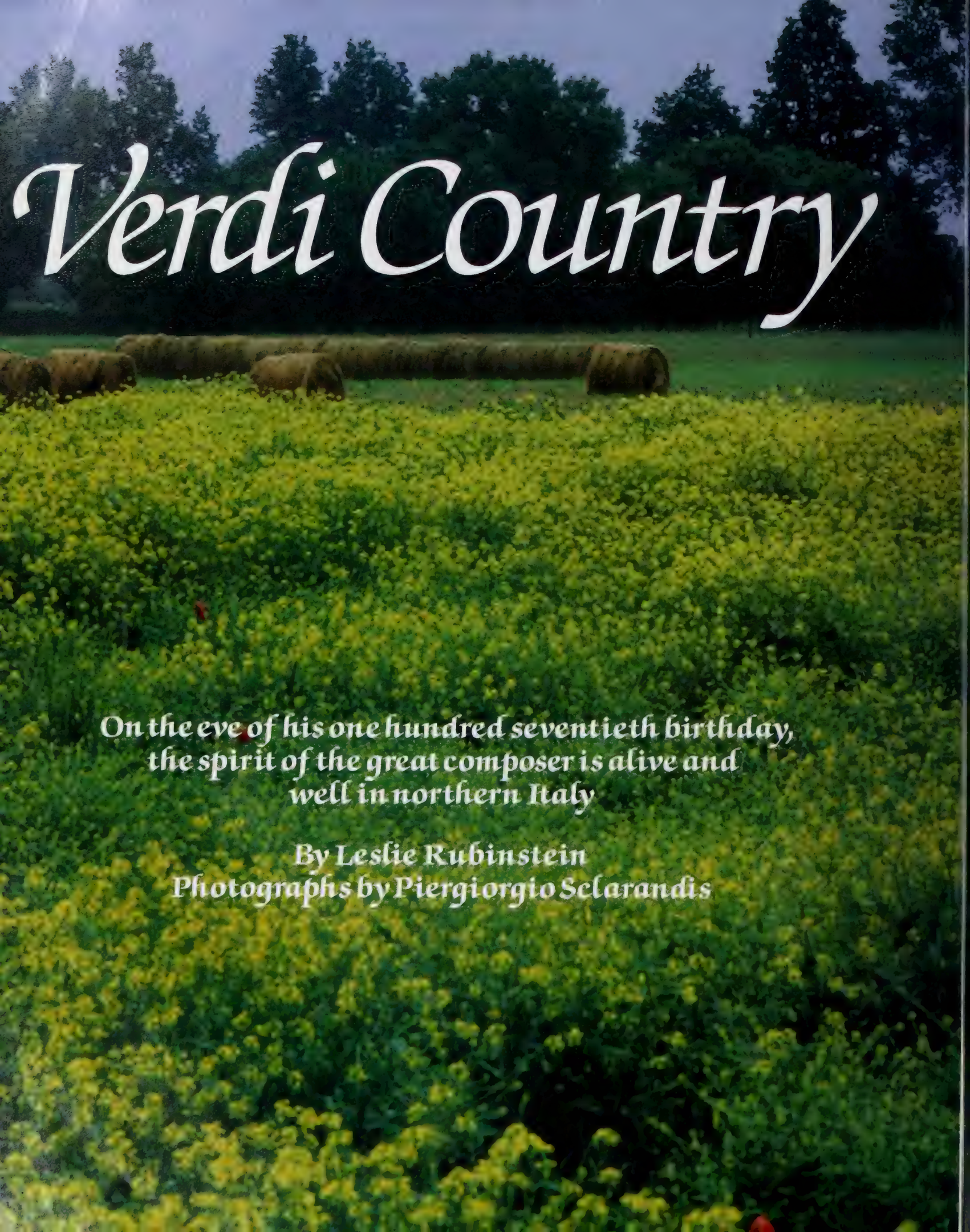
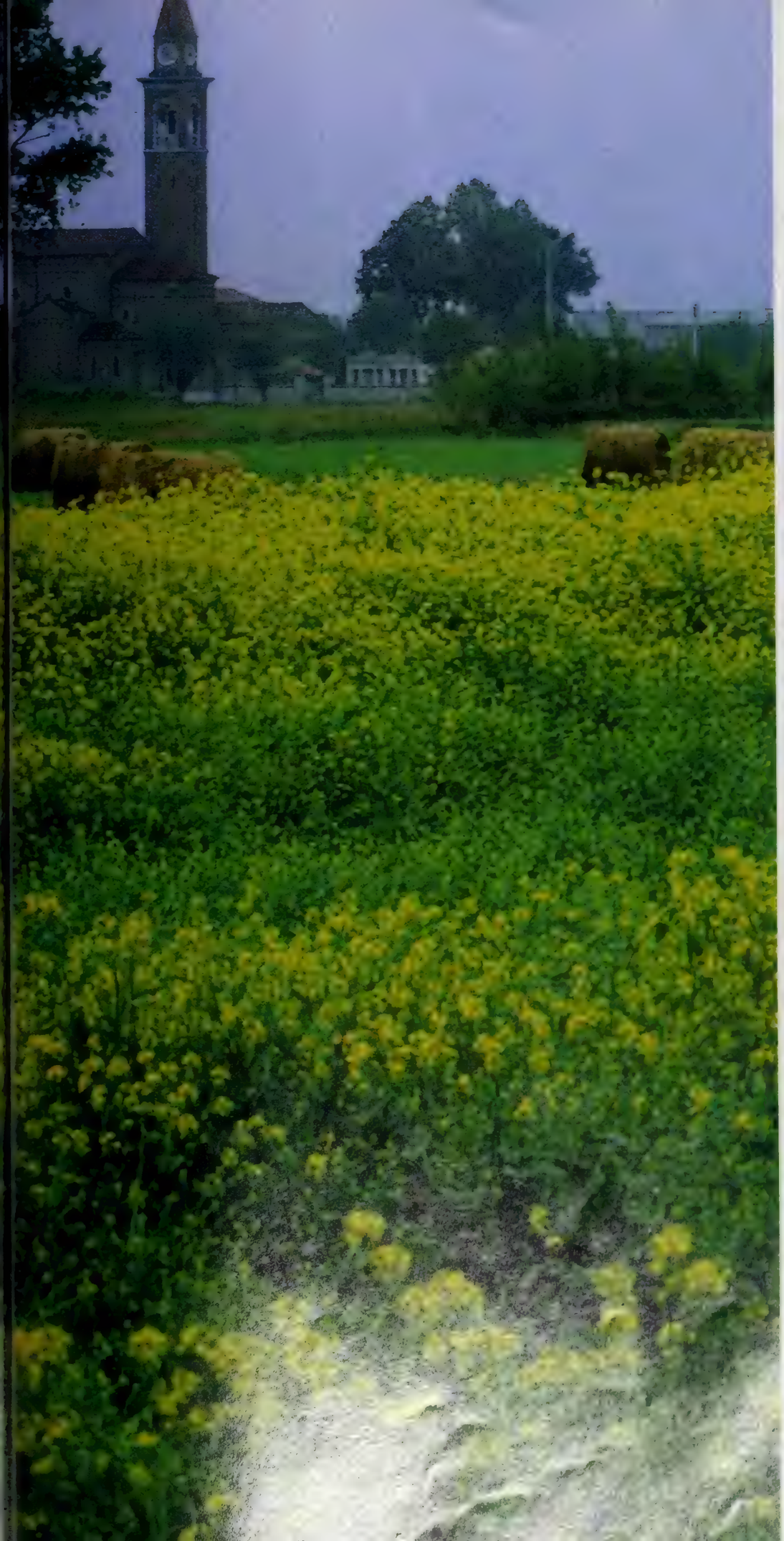


Verdi Country

On the eve of his one hundred seventieth birthday, the spirit of the great composer is alive and well in northern Italy

By Leslie Rubinstein
Photographs by Piergiorgio Sclarandis



Nestled in the northwestern corner of Italy's fertile crescent, the "breadbasket" region of Emilia-Romagna, is Verdi country—extending from Piacenza south to Fidenza and Parma, and north up to Cremona. Giuseppe Verdi was born here. His parents were born and buried here. His first wife, Margherita, daughter of the composer's sponsor, the wine merchant Antonio Barezzi, hailed from here. Here, Virginia, Verdi's infant daughter, was laid to rest. And it is on the farm of Sant' Agata, on the outskirts of Busseto (population: 5,000) that Verdi spent most of his adult life, composing such works as *Un Ballo in Maschera, La Traviata, Il Trovatore,* and *Rigoletto,* among others; on this very soil he drafted *La Forza del Destino, Aida, Otello,* and *Falstaff,* his sparkling valedictory.

Giuseppe Verdi's coffin was be in Milan, a hundred kilometers away, but clearly his spirit hovers in Busseto. Verdi country, with its picturesque villages—too small to show up on most maps—attracts devotees from all over the globe. Once there, they join the local inhabitants in a flourishing tradition of remembrance.

On Piazza Verdi, not far from the Verdi bar, the Museo Verdiano, the Verdi statue, the Verdi Bicycle Shop, the Verdi Nursery School, Teatro Verdi, and the Verdi

Verdi's tale begins in *Le Roncole,* in the shadow of San Michele (left), where he was christened. Another milestone, the centennial in 1913 (poster, above).

TEATRO VE

Pizzeria is the Busseto inn of *padrone* Carlo Bergonzi, widely regarded as the greatest Verdi tenor in the world. Named I Due Foscari after an early Verdi opera, it is the social center in town.

Three kilometers away is Roncole-Verdi, where the composer was born, in cramped quarters above a small family store. Open to the public, this *casa natale* is sustained by private donations and government funds. It is tended nowadays by the ninety-five-year-old Luigi Demaldè, a descendant of Verdi's aunt. Next to this grocery, which the Verdi family ran for 180 years, is a now-shabby church dedicated to Saint Michael the Archangel.

High above the pews is the organ that Verdi himself played as a youth, along with a plaque saying he was baptized there on October 11, 1813, the day after he was born to Carlo Verdi, innkeeper, and Luigia Uttini, spouse. The French authorities recorded his name as "Joseph Fortunin François Verdi." The church's original frescoes predate 1814, the year Luigia Verdi hid the infant Giuseppe in the belfry from marauding Russian and Austrian troops.

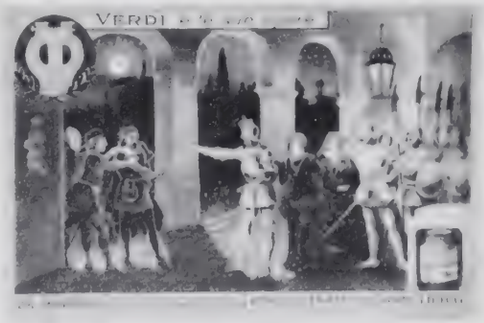
It is said that a strolling musician, who had stopped for a cup of wine at Carlo Verdi's shop several days before Giuseppe's birth, promised him, "When your boy is born, we will all come and play beneath your window." The serenade was an auspicious welcome to the child who was to become the most important Italian composer of the nineteenth century, an avant-garde visionary whose genius runs through sixty years of musical history, and of whom, after his death, in January 1901, the poet Gabriele D'Annunzio wrote the tribute "He loved and wept for all men."

Verdi was not perfect, and even today not all the residents of provincial Verdi country forgive him for what they perceive to have been his sins. Among those who do admire him, the hero worship extends from Verdi the musician to Verdi the politician and Verdi the humanitarian. Said an early biographer, Carlo Gatti, to his colleague Joseph Wechsberg: "People are awed by Bach and Beethoven, they revere . . . Mozart, they often admire Wagner. But people love Verdi. He was one of us, simple, honest and human, a wonderful man and . . . musician. . . ."

The shopkeeper Lino Baratta, whose ancestors supplied Verdi with groceries, waves visitors to a seat in his wine store, which dates back to 1873, and while his parrot squawks in the background, regales them with Verdi lore.

He likes to remind people how Verdi furnished rifles for the local militia in the revolution of 1860, and how he took up collections for the poor. He lists the composer's agricultural reforms and charitable deeds—Verdi set up a rest home for musicians, gave scholarships for students, financed a hospital in Villanova, and showed uncommon generosity in dealing with his tenant farmers.

The eccentric Baratta has an 1889 photograph of Verdi on display next to an-



Verdi's life and works as shown on cards promoting Liebig bouillon.

tique utensils next to an 1860 score of *La Traviata* next to an 1849 spinet. Then there are the *fagioletti* (beans), the *pannecchie* (cookies), the stuffed goose, crowded into what he calls his "live museum." He claims he singlehandedly saved the maestro's coat from the Germans in 1941.

Most other residents of Verdi country merely revere the great man's music. In Parma not long ago, a tenor missed a note one night, and the whole audience sang it for him. The Verdi biographer Mary Jane Matz, whose controversial and revealing biography of the composer is due from Oxford University Press in 1984, says getting to know the relationship between the church and Verdi is an important aspect of Verdi studies. Children old enough to pronounce "Aida" are taught to understand the emotions of Papa Verdi. To this day, in parish churches, the children's choirs sing the "Ave Maria" from *Otello*. Matz remarks that "It is not uncommon to hear at the end of the mass, when the priest says, 'Go in peace,' the organist ripping loose with a big hunk of *Il Trovatore*. And on the feast of Saint Cecilia, the high-school band plays Verdi in the fifteenth-century church; and majorettes in their bright, skimpy skirts twirl their batons up to the rafters."

To amble up and down Via Roma, the cobblestoned main street, is to encounter in shopwindows no fewer than three dozen portraits of the maestro—in placards, posters, and photographs—most often shown wearing a long black coat, with an expression of great benignity, his hair and beard snow white.

The most baldly commercial establishment, at Via Roma 54, belongs to Possidio Artoni, who came to Busseto four years ago in search of a prosperous business. He reportedly paid one million lire, then about $800, for the gigantic collection of Verdiana assembled by the barber Ninetto Vanoli, who had no place to store thirty years' worth of memorabilia. Among posters of Marilyn Monroe, rock singers, and children at communion, Artoni now offers a vast selection of 200 Verdi postcards, over thirty rare books, and antique silver medals, plus over 2,000 Verdi-related snapshots. He brags about reproducing these pieces lawfully, since the copyrights to this Verdi material have expired. As Artoni leans on a counter topped with bouquets of fake pink roses, he insists, "A museumlike atmosphere in this shop reflects my personality."

When Vanoli sold Artoni his collection, there were some treasures he couldn't part with, notably the scrapbooks he has been keeping since 1931. At fifteen, young Ninetto clipped the hair of Arturo Toscanini, and today he is the proud owner of a program of the maestro's American opener (also, the Metropolitan Opera's opening night in 1908 of *Aida*, starring the great Emmy Destinn and Enrico Caruso). Vanoli and his childhood sweetheart Noemi, now his wife, share a walk-up apartment that even after the sale of Ninetto's collection is still Verdi filled. The couple listens to Verdi cassettes in their car and travels to Verdi festivals on vacations. At Ninetto's barbershop, on Via

Where Verdi reigns: his monument and ater in Busseto (far left); Busseto street; bucolic cole; the casa natale, *tended by a distant relation.*

CAMPARI

The gastronome among friends: seated at his right, the soprano Teresa Stolz, the star of Aïda*'s Italian premiere.*

Roma 85, one is likely to hear the Mario Del Monaco–Renata Tebaldi recording of *La Forza del Destino.* "If Ninetto dies before I do," Noemi remarks, in mock exasperation, "I may throw out the pictures of Verdi. Sometimes it can all get a little suffocating."

Down the block at Gianni Mori's stationers, one hears the strains of Toscanini performing the Verdi Requiem. At the Caffè Centrale, on the main square, built in medieval days, the townsmen in their seventies sing the main chorus from *I Lombardi* almost every Saturday night. They know it well; they have been singing Verdi in the church choir and at public gatherings for six decades.

In school, children learn that Verdi was elected by the people of Busseto to represent them in the assembly of the provinces of Parma and that a year later he was elected deputy to the First National Parliament. In years to come, the [illegible] discover that Verdi has also [illegible]

At Busseto's Caffè Centrale, on Saturdays to belt out

scribed as "enigmatic, unforgiving, even cruel" and, at the same time, was a man of exceptional social vision with a deep commitment to his responsibilities. What's more, he was the consummate musician, who, as his latest biographer, Matz, puts it, "makes the heart sing."

Now and then somebody brings up the so-called scandal of Verdi's personal life: that he brought his mistress, Giuseppina Strepponi, back to the town to live with him "in sin," nine years after Margherita died. In the eyes of his detractors, it is no excuse that Giuseppe and Giuseppina were later married.

The bespectacled parish priest, Don Stefano Bolzoni, in black slacks and short sleeves, has been at the Collegiata di San Bartolomeo, on Via Zilioli, for twelve years now. He teaches the music of Verdi to the children. "The chorus puts them in touch with experiences that are not materialistic," he says softly, "with something money cannot buy—with their souls." He is skittish about the composer's personal life, but people remember Don Stefano to have [illegible] the only place Verdi could be tried was in the church, where all men must come under the same judgment. No doubt all listened carefully. Don Stefano's voice is the most powerful in Busseto.

Several blocks away, at Via della Biblioteca, Corrado Mingardi, the librarian, hops off his bicycle and enters the Monte di Pietà, built in the seventeenth century. It still has the original terra-cotta tiles, carved bookcases, twenty-foot ceilings, and elaborate staircases. One third of the 30,000 books are bound in leather. He says that a certain clique of Verdi lovers exchange all the new books on their favorite subject as soon as they come out, but that the biggest fans of the library are those who come for romance novels and thrillers. His magnificent establishment is not for lending only. From love letters discovered between pages of books, Mingardi has deduced that it is a popular [illegible] place—but he still wonders what to make of the piece of *parmigiano* he once discovered as a bookmark.

On a recent tour of the premises, Mingardi sniffed and looked around. "Do you

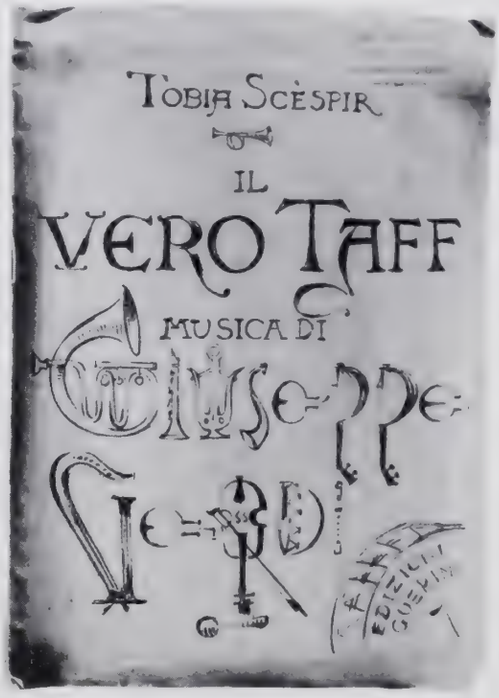
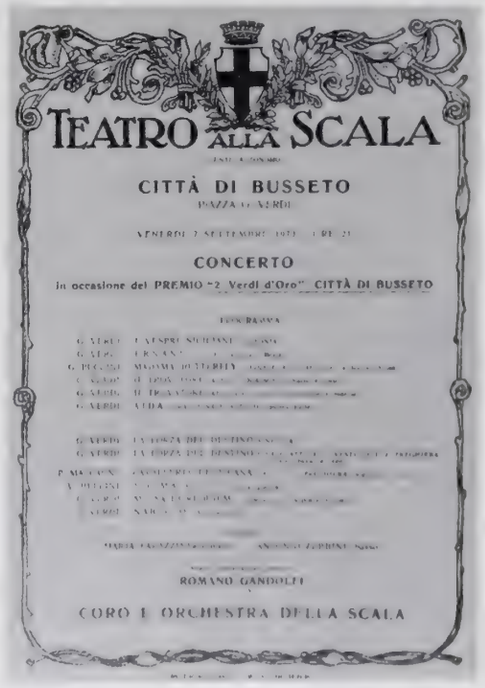
smell a strange odor?" he asked. "There is a man next door who kills pigs and cures the *culatelli* [pork butts] himself." We have it on authority that Verdi not only liked *culatelli* but also made his own pasta and was crazy about *cacio bavarese*, a molded cake made with a kilogram of chocolate, a kilogram of butter, thirty-three egg yolks, marsala, cognac, and rum.

The kitchen at Sant' Agata is imposing, with an enormous bread oven, terracotta tiles, forty-five copper pots, two dozen molds, and a huge oak table. Only four rooms of the fifty-three in the house are open to the public. In the maestro's bedroom, above a bed canopied with gold satin and lace, hangs a picture of Saint Peter. On the night table are pocket scores of Haydn, Bach, and Beethoven; the dramas and poetry of Schiller, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, and Byron; the King James Version of the Bible; and French and Italian dictionaries.

The house stands on fourteen acres of garden, redolent of honeysuckle, jasmine, and mint and bright with pots of red geraniums and lemon verbena. Wandering through the poplars, the oleanders, and the fields, one thinks of Verdi's attachment to his farm. The grave of his dog Loulou is there, inscribed, "To the memory of a real friend."

People in Verdi country, not to mention nearly all the composer's previous biographers, believe he rose to his comfortable country-gentleman existence from a childhood as a poor peasant. Matz's forthcoming life of Verdi will say otherwise. "He was from a solidly middle-class background," the author maintains, expecting her findings to cause quite a stir in Verdi country, where opinion invariably has proven highly resistant to the iconoclasm of modern research. "This is radical information, particularly since it will be coming from someone who isn't Italian, and is a woman, to boot."

She is in awe of how vast a knowledge many of the Busseto locals have of Verdi scores. "They know as much as any musician I've met." She is active in the Amici di Verdi, which meets in the ballroom of Carlo Bergonzi's hotel and is in its fifteenth year. "There is a revolution now in Verdi scholarship. I'm convinced that in a dozen years people will acknowledge scores nobody would touch before, scores they once made fun of. Now, finally, they will be taken seriously." If so, much of the impetus will have come from loyalists in Busseto.

Matz and I join Carlo Bergonzi at a small table outside his inn. "My soul is here at my *albergo*," he says, his voice radiating contentment. "It belongs to Papa Verdi.

Top: Libretto of a parody of Falstaff. *La Scala comes to Busseto (poster below).*

We were born of the same soil and share the same passions and traditions."

Bergonzi was born in Vidalenzo, and Adela, Bergonzi's wife, was born nearby. [illegible] Carlo and [illegible] d. Not far away is the farm [illegible] (each named for a Verdi heroine), and makes Parmesan as his father did before him. "My farm is important for *opera romantica*," says Bergonzi. "Verdi would have understood. In his will he left money for scholarships for music and agriculture."

Bergonzi shows us various awards won by the Amici di Verdi and a book, *Verdi a Tavola*, which gives recipes from Verdi's time re-created for banquets held in his honor today. "The famous *chicche verde del nonno Giuseppe*, reconstructed by my chef, has won many prizes," says Bergonzi with pride. One dish, *caramelle di Verdi*, delicately sauced twists of tricolored pasta in patriotic shades of green, red, and white, stuffed with braised beef, veal, and shoulder of ham, took four years to master.

Bergonzi, awarded the title of *commendatore* by the government for his service to Italian music, tells of friends who make the pilgrimage to Busseto. "Franco Corelli, Giuseppe di Stefano, Mario Del Monaco, Georg Solti. They pay tribute. Plus Leontyne Price, Martina Arroyo, Zinka Milanov, Robert Merrill, and my best friend, Renata Tebaldi. They all bring scores, eat our homemade pasta, drink our Lambrusco, and sing all night." He glances at the sunset of the northern Po Valley. "And I can always feel," he says, "that someone special is listening."

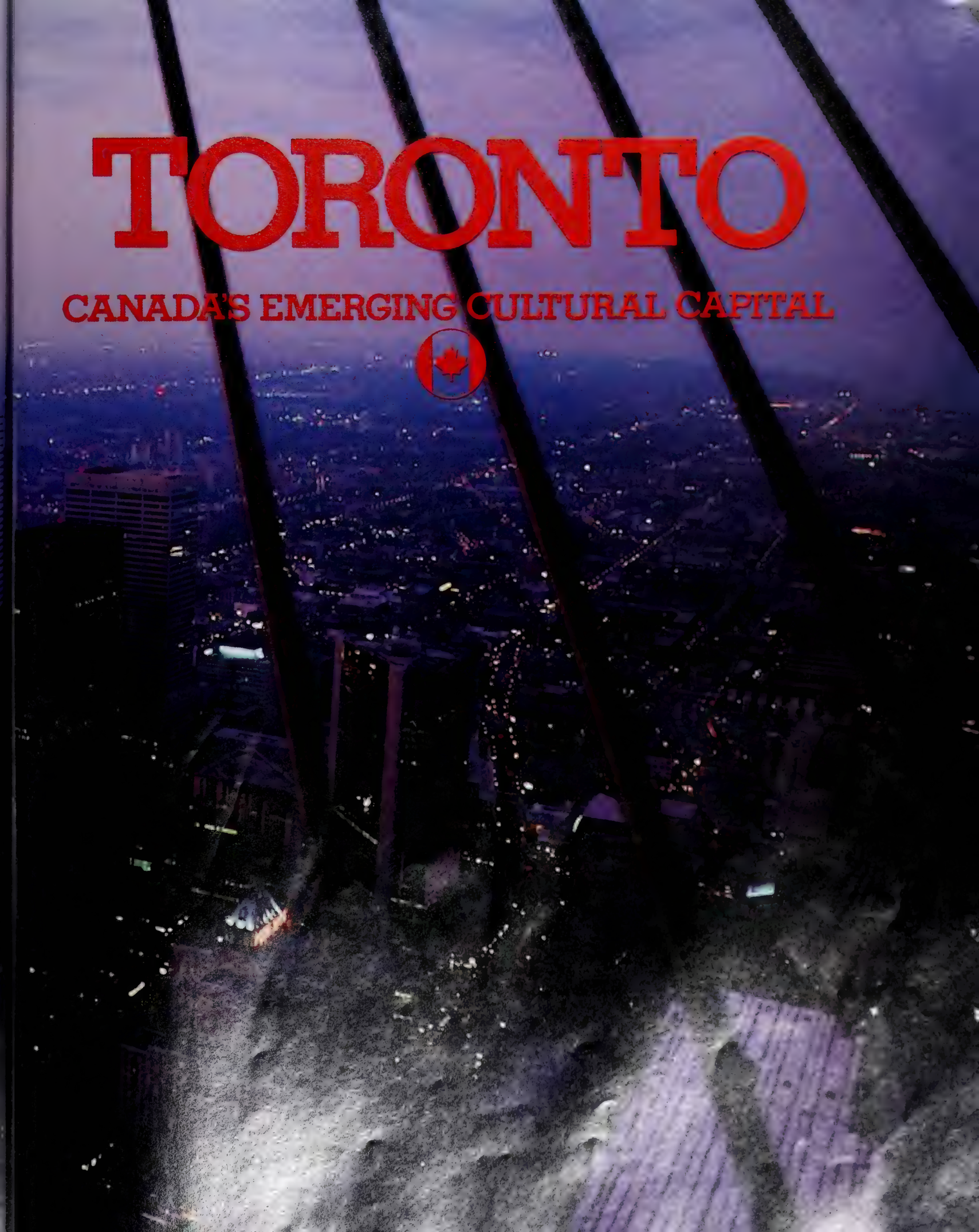
With evening, light rain begins to fall. We stroll to the nearby Caffè Centrale with its marble tables and long mahogany bar. Bruno Freddi, the owner, tells us the maestro himself often came here, choosing a table facing the Barezzi mansion. The handsomely restored house is directly across the street, with its blue-and-white wallpaper, yellow sofas, and out-of-tune piano, on which Verdi used to practice.

Around the corner marches a funeral procession, ghostly in the charcoal light of dusk. Silently, dramatically, it makes its way across Piazza Verdi, past the Teatro Verdi, past I Due Foscari to the cemetery. The mourners are following the flower-strewn casket of a fifteen-year-old student from Busseto, killed in a motorcycle accident. Down Via Roma, shop owners are closing up. As custom demands, bystanders cover their faces with their hands as the [illegible] by.

There is the sound of heavy rain. And in the muffled stillness is the music of the one-hundred-fifty-year-old piano from the Barezzi house. Someone is playing an aria from *La Traviata*.

Clockwise from above left: Possidio Artoni (left), owner of a Verdi souvenir shop, the collector Ninetto Vanoli; Corrado [illegible] gardi (left) and friends at the Bergonzi's inn, I Due Fosc[illegible]

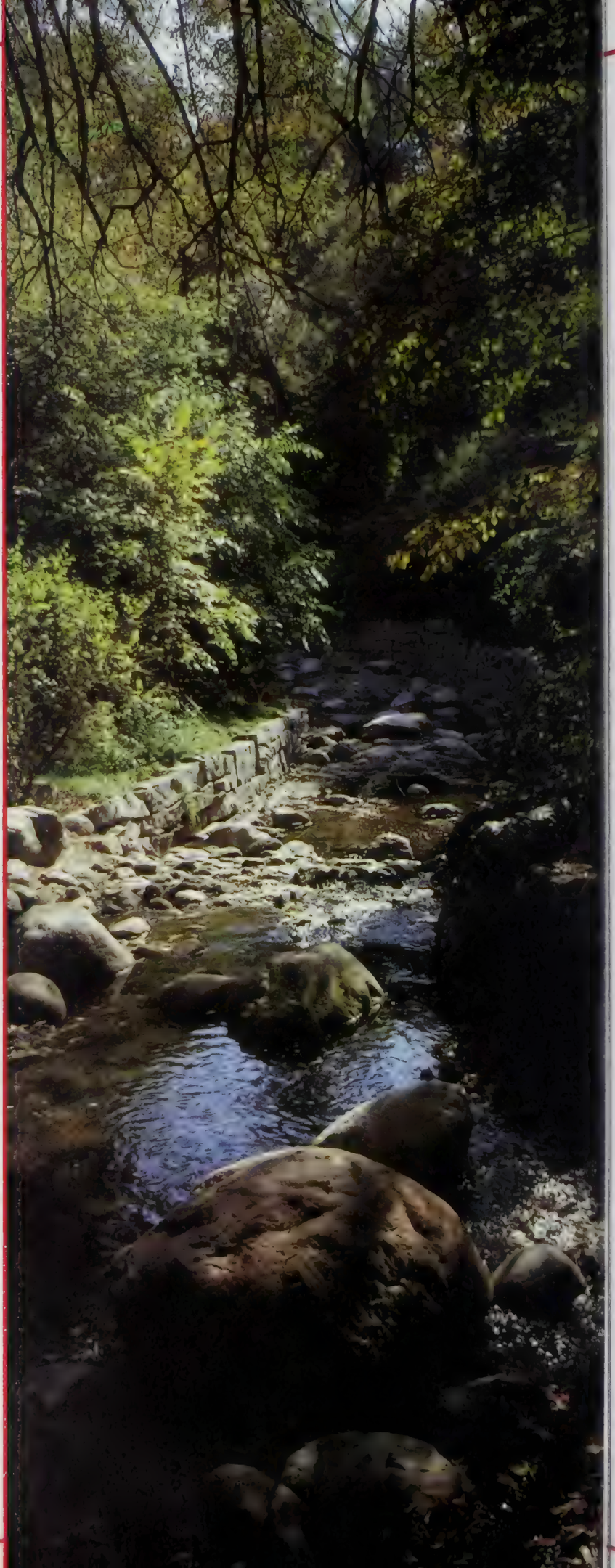
Leslie Rubinstein is an Italophile and freelance writer with a special interest in music, opera, and food.


TORONTO
CANADA'S EMERGING CULTURAL CAPITAL

Back in the mid-1970s, the rest of the world discovered Toronto. Here was a big city—of 2,900,000 souls—that actually "worked." The townscape was appealing, the crime rate low, the public transportation fast and dependable. Digging deeper, outsiders found that local government, seemingly so staid, was in fact extraordinarily progressive, and that the neighborhoods, which looked so smug and conformist, really had a quiet cosmopolitanism, testimony to the many different ethnic groups in town. Yet if Toronto was clean, safe, and efficient, it also seemed terribly bland.

Today that situation is greatly changed, and the main reason is that Toronto has become Canada's cultural capital. With thirty-five theater companies, it serves as the site of more performances than any other North American city save New York. It has, besides two fine big museums, a host of bold, bright little galleries. The Toronto Symphony is winning global acclaim, and the city's ballet and opera companies are almost as good. Even the dining has taken a remarkable turn for the better.

Such achievements are too dense and rich to celebrate in broad generalities. For that reason, this special section on Toronto focuses on specific instances of cultural vitality, beginning with an intimate look at the forces at work in the city (opposite). Toronto may not yet be comfortable with its new fashionability, but it is clearly emerging as an international cultural power.



THE HUMAN CITY

TORONTO'S SUBTLE DYNAMICS

BY MAVOR MOORE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DE VISSER

My neighbor Northrop Frye, the Aristotle of modern literary criticism, was once chivying a group of scientists, taking the shine out of the common notion that the objective world is real while the subjective is an illusion. Perhaps because he lives in Toronto, Frye believes that the 1980s call for a different assumption: "Practically all the reality we wake up facing is a human construct left over from yesterday. . . . The important difference is not between reality and illusion, but between what we can make real, and what it is time to get rid of."

If you were to visit Toronto, and if Frye weren't so busy thinking and writing it all down, he would be the first institution I'd introduce you to—in the hope that you would afterwards be able to make sense of what has happened here in less than two hundred years: the growth of a small collection of mud-based shacks, first into a provincial capital nicknamed "Hogtown" for its enviably successful fusion of greed and sanctimony (it was also the center of the pork-packing industry), and now into what one authority has called "possibly the most civilized metropolis in the Western Hemisphere."

Arriving in the fall of 1892, my Scots grandfather was much taken with "the foliage": "Toronto looked like a settlement in a forest. Horse chestnuts, lining many of the streets and avenues, were becoming rusty; but the maples gave a note of gorgeous red and yellow." To his further delight, the ravines running through the city formed by the gulleys of the two flanking rivers, the Don and the Humber, made "natural parks of great beauty." Ninety years later the rivers are shrunken and polluted, but the city still maintains 9,000 acres of parkland and 150,000 trees, and signs invite you to "Please Walk on the Grass."

Mavor Moore is professor of fine arts at Toronto's York University and former chairman of the Canada Council.

I would show you the ravines before the buildings and the people, for, along with the lake, they were here to start with; they were the potentiality. Everything that came later—the smugly stolid side streets, the ubiquitous churches and synagogues, the towers of commerce, the beacons of broadcasting, the wrought iron of Italy, the bright yellows of the Caribbean, the blue tile of Portugal, the red and gold of China—only multiplied that potentiality. The challenge for Toronto has always been how to accommodate multiformity. Its style, like human nature, is a balancing act, not always successful, between the given and the necessary, the old and the new, the orderly and the innovative, the colossal and the cozy; between density and space.

Until after World War II, Toronto was considered a dull place, its excitements well hidden behind a façade of respectability. Most of the houses were plain or plain ugly, the public and commercial buildings weighty and sullen, both giving promise more of intestinal fortitude than of internal delight. It was in effect the capital of English-speaking Canada, but this was taken to mean that it capitalized all the worst features of that cheerless compound and could only grow exponentially stodgier as it grew bigger. It was understood that the bright talents, the enterprising spirits, would hie themselves elsewhere.

But this was not what happened. Owing partly to the postwar arrival of hundreds of thousands of European and Asian immigrants, by the mid-1950s Toronto had become the cultural and economic hub of Canada. Between 1950 and 1953 came the Canadian Opera Company, the National Ballet of Canada, the nearby Stratford Shakespearean Festival and other theaters, and Canadian television. During that same period, the six main boroughs, of which the city of Toronto was only one, were organized into the federation called Metropolitan Toronto—an experiment in coping with gigantism that was keenly studied by other cities. By 1973, metropolitan Toronto led the world in new building permits issued, with a residential density in the inner city twice that of such comparable U.S. cities as Cleveland or Detroit. Of course, this development was largely at the expense of existing structures; and the following year an alarmed city council, led by its "tiny perfect mayor," David Crombie, a former political-science teacher, declared the whole city a "demolition control area." The balance was regained. Old buildings were restored or renovated, new ones seen as entire milieus rather than individual structures.

What makes Toronto "No Mean City," to give it the muted title of the architect Eric Arthur's book, is less the mass than the unexpected outcroppings. Unpredictability becomes the order of the day, and town planning a means of safeguarding human spontaneity. That is why I usually take visitors on a quick tour of my favorite anomalies: unlikely liaisons, couplings that ought not to work, the rifts that bind.

Let me show you, on the reclaimed waterfront, high-rise luxury condominiums next to born-again 150-year-old row houses next to a farmers market next to sleek monuments to corporate [illegible] as Mies van der Rohe. Out of [illegible] government has fashioned a people [illegible] workshops, craft studios, art galleries, [illegible] vals, concerts, restaurants. On five man-made [illegible] gold coasts offshore, planned by [illegible] Zeidler, the province has built a family [illegible] ntario Place, that is pure fantasy [illegible] crowded.

[illegible], the quintessential dormitory of the [illegible] squats a little artists studio, built in 1913 [illegible] ers who later formed the pioneering Group

BILL BROOKS

Trinity Church (left) nestles next to Eaton Centre (right).

Chinatown symbolizes the vital pluralism of Toronto.

ANDREW MCKIM

The Royal Ontario Museum (above); a city park (below).

of Seven; the painter Harold Town works there now. On University Avenue, our most ostentatious parade of brick elephants, a charming colonial home nestles in the grand lap of the headquarters of the Canada Life Assurance Company. The exquisite little Church of the Holy Trinity, built in 1847 with a grant from an anonymous Anglican lady who had never visited Toronto and knew not what she did, sits like a perverse gnome amid the glass-proud Eaton Centre—a Zeidler-designed shopping complex that is, like many things in Toronto, either the biggest or almost the biggest in the world.

As if to symbolize this symbiosis, *two* city halls stand side-by-side on Queen Street: the newer an inviting upright oyster in abstract concrete, designed by Viljo Revell, the older a nineteenth-century Romanesque relic now used as a courthouse, that we have kept as a milestone or perhaps a security blanket.

Not far away, on Dundas Street, stands the architecturally incremental Art Gallery of Ontario, with Canada's outstanding collection of contemporary art and a unique permanent exhibition of Henry Moore sculptures. Two anomalies here. One is that the gallery now finds itself in the middle of a thriving Chinatown, where even the street signs are bilingual. The second is that for more than an occasional taste of vital Canadian art you must go out of the AGO to the commercial or parallel galleries found on bohemian Queen Street West and among the chic boutiques and restaurants of Yorkville—an area restored to respectability after being taken over by the hippies in the sixties. The anomaly was even more piquant then, since Yorkville lies only a block north of Bloor Street West, Toronto's Fifth Avenue or Regent Street. In the air there still hangs the heady scent of commerce seducing art or, as so often with seduction, vice versa.

Now to the main campus of the government-supported University of Toronto, still in the center of the city. Its architecture is as eclectic as its origins: various religious colleges joined in pragmatic wedlock with a resolutely nonsectarian state. Outsiders often marvel at our reliance on government funding for education, culture, and research, and at our faith in government's impartiality. But it has less to do with political ideology than with necessity. While in the United States huge private fortunes funded the early colleges, art galleries, libraries, museums, and opera houses, Canadians knew no such large-scale philanthropists and turned to their governments for éssential public services, expecting in return, as taxpayers, that governments would be broadly evenhanded in their dispensation. Private funding, coming from several sources rather than one, also suggested harmony rather than unison. As a consequence, the visual eclecticism of the U. of T.'s buildings becomes an analog for its faculty and student body. Rival doctrines do not annihilate each other here; they coexist, like our languages, on principle—and communication becomes a more important study than its antipodes. It was from here that the late Marshall McLuhan saw the world as a "global village."

The Royal Ontario Museum, also an important research center, was once linked to the university. In 1907 a young archaeologist named C. T. Currelly returned from an Egyptian dig to display some of his finds on the parlor rug of my grandfather's campus home. These were among the earliest possessions of the ROM, founded in 1912. Since then it has grown enormously and counts among its treasures perhaps the best collection of Chinese pieces outside of China. But its claim to a place on my short list of anomalies rests on its success in having turned the inside outside. Since the late 1940s, when its pinched lecture hall became the unlikely launchpad for Toronto's postwar professional theater, the museum has become one of the liveliest

5. Kensington Market
1. Honest Ed's
Metro Zoo (Northeast of City Center)
7. Chinatown
2. Yorkville
12. Roy Thomson Hall
4. University of Toronto
6. Art Gallery of Ontario
3. Royal Ontario Museum
Eglinton Avenue
Spadina Avenue
University Avenue
DON RIVER
11. Royal Alexandra Theatre
9. Eaton Centre
HUMBER RIVER
Yonge Street
Bloor Street
10. Church of the Holy Trinity
8. City Hall (old and new)
Dundas Street
Queen Street
King Street
THE WATERFRONT
13. Ontario Place
Ontario
(Northe t City Center)
E MAN'S TORONTO
L. Kubinyi

Sculpted creatures on exhibition at the Ontario Science Centre.

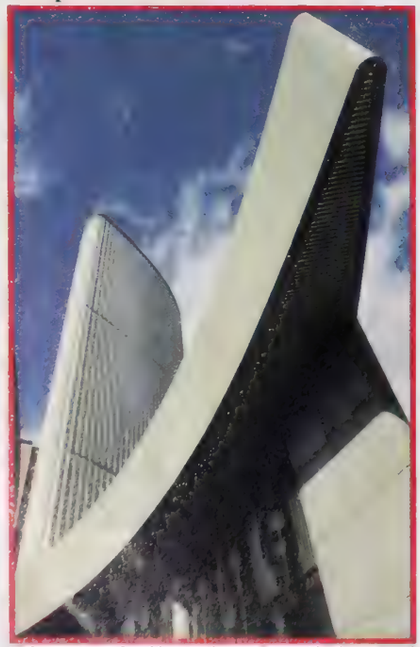
JOHN LAUNOIS

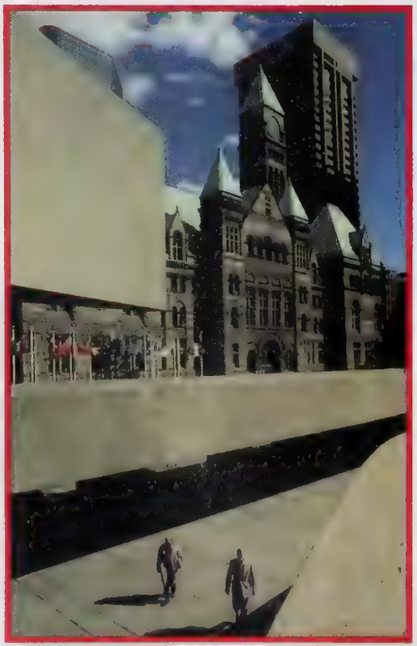
Kensington Market, a crowded bazaar of ethnic treats.

Neon sculpture at the AGO.

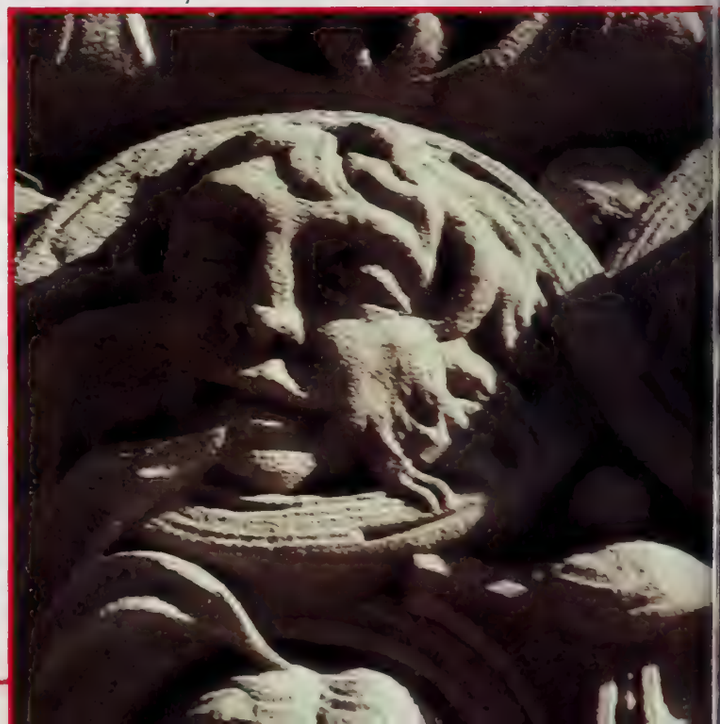
The University of Toronto.

Ontario Place, the





The city halls. The new (left) and the old (right; detail, far right).



mson Hall, Toronto's new symphony space.

waterfront amusement park.

JOHN LAUNOIS

Boutique-lined street in Yorkville.

MIKE DOBEL

Restored Royal Alexandra Theatre.

hives in town, jumping not only with tourists but also with Torontonians.

Come with me down University Avenue, then a few blocks west, and I'll show you what I mean by Torontonians. They pour off the crosstown subway and streetcar at Kensington Market, a daily sensorium of chestnuts roasting, bread baking, daffodils, live fowl, dead fish, onions, garlic sausages, olives, apples, coffee, and cheeses. They try out new records and try on new clothes, chattering in thirty languages over a background of street cries, car horns, and a hundred battling transistor radios. If at the university communication is anatomized, here it is practiced.

Nearby is "Honest Ed's," the brilliantly humble department store that made honest Ed Mirvish a millionaire. But we'll skip that, because I want to take you downtown again to see one of the things Ed has done with his money. In 1962 he bought the Royal Alexandra Theatre, on King Street, faded since its premiere in 1907, and transformed it into an Edwardian jewel; then, alongside, he converted some burnt-out factories into restaurants stuffed with Victorian kitsch—and so spruced up the area that properties became prime. Across the street an empty lot last year sprouted a striking new home for the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the Mendelssohn Choir, Roy Thomson Hall—named after the late newspaper lord, whose interest in culture was at least posthumous. This bell-shaped space-age resonator, designed by Arthur Erickson with acoustics by the world-famous Theodore Schultz, bears no relation except proximity to the renovated antiquity opposite.

On the way back to the airport, let us drop in on two institutions that are far out, in a double sense. The Metro Zoo contrives to show animals, birds, and reptiles in their natural habitats—an unconventional layout that is exterior, extended, and exhausting for any naturalist over ten years of age. The Ontario Science Centre, a much-copied information experience designed by Raymond Moriyama and masterminded by the geophysicist J. Tuzo Wilson, is the kind of futurama magnet for the young that arrests the development of terrified elders. Each center, like the city itself, is a solution to a specific challenge of place, people, and purpose. And here or on the way are a new stock exchange, a new opera-ballet house, more theaters, a huge communications center, new residential developments downtown, a covered stadium, and several new multipurpose "villages" within the city.

"Something powerful and new is stirring in Canada," wrote the U.S. architect Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., in 1967, "a new turn in how to think about buildings as human implements and poetic human expressions. One big idea is that the unit of architecture is no longer an individual building, but a whole milieu. . . . A second big idea is that style arises from problem solving, and varies with the occasion." The "occasion" in Canada is that a lack of existing traditions gives one the opportunity to try anything—which itself becomes the tradition. The imposition of a foreordained solution, whether that of an individual architect or of a society committed to a particular "way of life," would be an answer to the wrong set of questions.

Balancing acts are precarious; and there are dangers here. Multiculturism may tilt into racism, law enforcement become infringement, social concern breed censorship, open doors invite the Mafia. A human city must accommodate human contrariety. But in the meantime, Toronto's response to the problems of pluralism commands interest precisely because it may provide a useful model for a pluralistic world. Or it could be no more than a quixotic gesture in a world careening toward entropy. It all depends on what you want to make real.□

IDEAS IS COMPELLING

A RADIO PROGRAM FOR THE INTELLECTUALLY CURIOUS

BY CORBY KUMMER

PAUL ORENSTEIN

The production staff is a clever lot. Clockwise from far left: Max Allen, Alison Moss, Lorne Tulk, Geraldine Sherman, Jill Eisen, Damiano Pietropaolo, Bernie Lucht, and Susan Crammond.

Every night on Canadian radio, a lot of interesting people tell you something you most likely want to know about: what's really going on with new-wave art, why museums always look like "Greek garages," the state of propaganda, what the cult of the body is doing to society, how brothers and sisters love and hate each other, whether the printed book has any future, how sex is sold. You might listen to firsthand accounts of scientific discoveries, or authors reading from their works, or—well, anything that seems rich in intellectual content.

The program is "Ideas," the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's nightly hour-long broadcast from Toronto, and if one series doesn't persuade you to sit by the radio, another will. In variety and depth, the show is somewhere between a good magazine and an unusually entertaining university. It is a manifestation of the unusual cultural vitality of Toronto. It is the only regularly scheduled radio program in English that devotes a full hour to a single subject—in fact, most series are four programs, presented on one night a week for a month. Geraldine Sherman, until recently the show's executive producer—her newly named replacement is Robert Prowse—says, "We sort of invented the miniseries."

The CBC arguably reinvented modern radio. In the late 1960s, top officials saw that their programming had declined to little more than news and music. After debating what to do for two years, they created a burst of exciting current-events, music, and entertainment programs that set the trend for National Public Radio in America, which in turn inspired a higher level of dramatic and news programming in network radio. Even the British Broadcasting Company buys CBC radio programs, and the most challenging program of all is "Ideas."

Challenging, of course, does not mean dull. Each show offers information you probably haven't heard before and feel better for discovering. It is presented in a way that is neither insultingly slow nor confusingly fast. If the subject interests you only a bit, you'll find yourself drawn into listening closely. If it doesn't interest you at all, you can always change stations. "Many people I know don't listen to 'Ideas' but are awfully glad it's there," Sherman says. "It's like church. It enriches the quality of life, and it's there when you need it."

Suppose, for example, that you feel you need to know about museums. The first segment of *The Museum in the Modern World*, a three-part series written and narrated by a professor of anthropology, begins with a description of what is to follow:

"Cuba's Museum of the Revolution will be compared with the Museum of Modern Art in New York. An archaeologist just back from China will talk about Chinese museums: how they look and what they're designed to do. The oldest art museum in the West—the Louvre, in Paris—was founded in revolutionary times, and now again in France the purpose of museums is being debated. Finally, we'll find out what motivates the hundreds of small Canadian community museums in which the past is being constructed—even invented—to serve the present."

The narrator begins by comparing the stray ballpoint pens and shoes of killed revolutionaries that are on display in the Cuban museum (she calls them "collective symbols") to the Abstract Impressionist paintings in New York ("tributes of individualism"). The idea of a museum's demonstrating national pride is followed from Cuba to China, where exhibits of archaeology mounted at the time of the Vietnam War emphasized China's history of goodwill toward its neighbors.

A professor of art history at the City University of New York describes the Louvre as a "secular church where one is supposed to come and worship. . . . You're not supposed to be negative or to analyze, or to ask . . . questions . . . about the ideology behind these works."

"Ideas" is made in a setting at once decrepit and stimulating. The production offices occupy a section of a building, once a girls school, that is full of warrens, corridors that lead nowhere, and doors that look best unopened. The "Ideas" offices stand out because of the brightly colored hangings that cover most of the walls (one of the producers, Max Allen, runs a textile museum on the side). Other walls are covered with cartoons and joke clippings, and every table and desk supports a chaos of paper, books, and recording tape—reels and shards and cassettes of it.

The staff of four producers and two assistants crack jokes, help each other, and keep out of each other's way. They respect and like each other, which in itself makes the office unusual. If they seem taken with their own cleverness, it is understandable. They are a clever lot.

Between April and June, the producers decide the next year's schedule, weighing as many as two hundred proposals. Each season consists of roughly thirty four-hour series: some of them are devised by the producers themselves, some by selected experts, and the rest by "free-lance" proposers. This year's suggested series included *Class, Culture, and Cuisine, The Death of Beauty (A Polemical Analysis), Boredom, Jimi Hendrix, Sexual Reproduction and the Law, The Victorians and the Death of God, Crimes and the Future,* and *Human Comfort*. The staff tries to create an interesting mix of politics, arts, literature, science, economics, philosophy, and current affairs—among other subjects. Reaching a consensus on which proposals should be funded is not easy. Battles can be long.

Many of the academics and experts whose proposals are finally chosen have no experience with radio, which is where the producers come in. The "free-lancers" are each assigned a producer and meet together in the early summer to learn techniques as basic as using a tape recorder (don't hold the mike too close or too far, don't record near fluorescent lights or in the middle of traffic) and as subtle as being a good interviewer (play dummy—don't show your expertise).

Three to six months later, the writer appears at the studio, with stacks of interviews on tape, and the producer goes to work making it all into a radio program. Some producers consult the writer at every step; others prefer to do it alone. "They know the subject and I know radio. So why in the world should we work together?" Max Allen asks, half joking. Knowing radio, he explains, is unlike knowing how to write. "Trying to pull short quotes out of a tape is very hard. You're forced to use what people actually say, which writers don't have to do. We often go for hours and hours, listening to one short section of a series, before we think we can air it. We massage each other's shoulders a lot."

Some voices can be difficult to understand. "It's like making handwriting legible," says Damiano Pietropaolo, a producer. "You must splice and abridge. You can tell how articulate someone is by how much tape is on the floor." The sound technician, Lorne Tulk, who oversees mixing, says, "You become a psychiatrist at the editing machine, figuring out how people think." The language, too, must be altered for radio. "I rewrite most shows," says Bernie Lucht, a producer. "Often they have a deadly academic tone that you must transform into hearable language."

Listeners respond with their attention and time. Many of the program's 120,000 listeners (the comparable American figure, against total population, would be 1.2 million) write technical, devoted letters about programs. Criticism is detailed and usually constructive, and the producers even take it, on occasion.

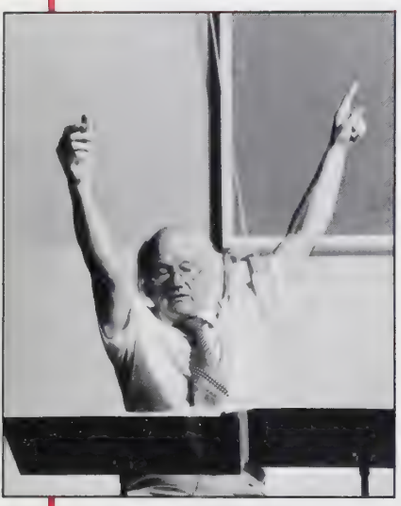
A random sampling of Toronto natives makes clear that people who listen to "Ideas" don't have mild opinions. They either loved a show or hated it. Their numbers are expected to double this fall, when the new season moves from the CBC FM station, on which it is virtually the only nonmusical program, to the AM station, which has many spoken shows. Although the staff itself wanted the change—the vastly increased audience on AM seemed a worthwhile trade-off for the superior quality of sound on FM—it is starting to worry about possible side effects. It fears that the CBC management will urge it to accommodate to a larger audience by offering more current-events shows and planning schedules less far in advance. "The new buzzword is 'accessibility,' " one producer says, unhappily.

Flexibility and topicality have their appeal, but the staff sees "Ideas" as a lone, proud holdout against aiming for the lowest common denominator. "There's something wonderfully good about planning in advance and choosing both historical and current topics," Sherman says. "We don't want to be limited to reacting to events. The strength of the show now is the historical resonance of various series that can help explain the present. Current-events programs don't schedule shows about the Renaissance."

IT'S LIKE CHURCH —ENRICHING AND THERE WHEN YOU NEED IT.

The producers have worked hard to create something of high—perhaps, in its field, incomparable—quality, and care about the future of the show as they would about that of a favorite child. Indeed, the secret of what makes "Ideas" so interesting and yeasty may be that the producers have so much fun with it. "We don't want to do anything else," Max Allen explains as he prepares for another session at the tape recorder. "We've often said that if they didn't pay us to work here, we'd have to pay them." Overhearing the remark, one of his fellow employees put [illegible] fingers to their lips. "Oh, that's right," Allen says. "I was once quoted saying that, and we almost had to hand in our merit increases." He returns to his office. "Maybe you'd better not print it."□

Corby Kummer is an editor of The Atlantic .



THE MASTER BUILDER

CHORAL CONDUCTOR ELMER ISELER

BY URJO KAREDA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ORENSTEIN

The choral tradition, like parliamentary democracy and big breakfasts, is a phenomenon that Canada has inherited from its British past. Like those other legacies, it is one that the country has enthusiastically made its own. Canadian choirs have developed a distinctive style—more robust and flexible than that of their English predecessors—as steadily as they have gained an ever-wider public. For the past quarter century, the key figure in Canadian choral performance has been Elmer Iseler. Now, at fifty-six, he not only conducts the 180-member Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the country's most accomplished large choral ensemble (its origins go back to 1894); he has also founded two chamber choirs of his own.

Iseler's importance as a choir builder cannot be overvalued. Toronto has built its musical profile—as have New York, Chicago, London, and Vienna—on the double cornerstone of a first-rate orchestra and a first-rate large choir. Elmer Iseler's achievement is that he raised his choirs to international standards, then took them to judgment, and ultimately to acclaim, on international concert stages.

Aaron Copland, hearing Iseler perform his *In the Beginning*, told him, "As long as my music is in your hands, I need never worry." Nor does Iseler's contribution stop there. Whenever a number of Canadian singers gather together to raise their voices in choral song, the chances are good that Elmer Iseler has conducted them, is conducting them, or will conduct them soon.

His has been a career complete with setbacks. Like all artistic leaders who have held organizations together as much by personal character as by craft, Iseler has been a controversial figure on the Canadian musical scene, at times arousing complex and ambivalent responses. His most famous creation, the internationally celebrated Festival Singers of Canada, came to an acrimonious end in 1979. But such is Iseler's authority in this field that within a few weeks, he was able to form a new ensemble.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the largest single employer in Canada of any such choir, declared without hesitation that it would engage any chorus that Iseler assembled. The new choir was now unequivocally called the Elmer Iseler Singers. "My father was a Lutheran minister," says Iseler, thinking over his ups and downs, "and he was a church builder. Wherever he went, he built a church. And I am his son, after all. I've built too."

It was in the Lutheran church that Elmer Iseler first encountered German choral music. (His father, in charge of a congregation in a rural Ontario town, preached in German until the events of World War II prompted him to switch to English.) "My whole childhood is tied to those Lutheran chorales," he says. "Their texts and music seemed at the time to have—and for me, they still do—much more strength and depth than later music. Even now, the finest nineteenth-century sacred music doesn't have for me that rock-bottom strength, the down-to-earth weight of those chorales."

But when Iseler moved to Toronto to study, he soon fell under

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Urjo Kareda is artistic director of the Tarragon Theatre, in Toronto, and a free-lance writer whose articles have appeared in the New York Times *and* Opera News.

the quite different spell of the legendary Healey Willan, the choral composer and conductor whose services at St. Mary Magdalene's Church in Toronto were rich in the theatrical potency of Anglo-Catholicism. Iseler joined the choir, singing tenor or bass or even alto—whatever Willan needed for any given service—and his stern Lutheran sensibility was soon enlarged by something considerably more exotic.

It seems natural that these two traditions—the spare Lutheran liturgy transformed by the emotional richness of its texts, and the dramatic sensualism of High Anglican ritual—should have combined to create the "Iseler sound" in choral singing. This can be identified by the deeply felt presentation of the words—Iseler cannot bear choral music that is simply a wash of sound—linked to a ravishing tonal balance and impeccable intonation. He also strives for a broad range of "color"—the many gradations of atmosphere, feeling, and mood that choral voices can communicate. "I like to hear all kinds of sounds from the warmest to the purest possible," he explains. "Those different colors are what I use to underline the meaning of the texts."

In the early 1950s, Iseler joined the Mendelssohn Choir as a tenor and several years later was appointed assistant rehearsal conductor. Conducting soon became a compulsion: "I learned so much from watching others. I suppose I had a natural facility with my hands. The arms are the extension of the mind in conducting. If your arms don't express what you're feeling, the choir will never grasp your intention." By 1954, when he was only twenty-seven, the ambitious leader had founded his own choir, the twenty-five-[illegible] later changed to " . . . of Canada." In the beginning, they were heard mainly on Canadian Broadcasting Corporation radio concerts, but they also performed in public at the 1955 Stratford (Ontario) Festival ("We sang Britten's *Ode to St. Cecilia* in a big barn in hundred-degree heat and the tenor fainted dead away"). Regular Toronto concert series in various churches and halls soon followed, to widespread critical and popular acclaim. In 1962, the CBC organized a series of broadcasts to celebrate Igor Stravinsky's eightieth birthday and invited the composer himself to conduct some of his own works. Hearing the Festival Singers of Toronto interpret his choral scenes, Stravinsky was so impressed that he launched a plan whereby he, his colleague Robert Craft, and Iseler would record all Stravinsky's choral music for Columbia Records with the Festival Singers. (The project died because of prohibitive union costs but did produce a superb recording, now out of print, of the *Symphony of Psalms*, a Grammy nominee in 1965.) "Stravinsky was so delighted with our sound," Iseler recalls. "He told me, 'I've never heard any other sopranos so well able to sustain my slow tempi in the *Symphony*.' He loved the choir, and they loved him."

By 1964, Iseler had assumed the conductorship of the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir [illegible] and he [illegible] the Festival Singers as the core of the larger organization. All during this time, he had supported himself as a schoolteacher, patiently accepting the fact that the choral tradition springs from amateur roots. Three years later, however, he had turned the Festival Singers professional by persuading the Canada Council, the country's national granting agency for the arts, to subsidize them. "I knew

The conductor's secret: loving people who never suspect it.

it had to happen," Iseler insists. "I knew the quality of our work and the enthusiastic response to it. At that time, I even dreamed of a professional choir established in each of the ten provinces. That hasn't happened yet. Still, there are three."

In 1967, the Festival Singers made their American debut at the White House, and in the years that followed, they toured Europe—England, Wales, France, Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, and the Soviet Union—twice on their own, and twice as part of the Mendelssohn Choir. They also traveled extensively through North America and continued to broadcast regularly in Canada. Iseler had repeatedly demonstrated his affinity for contemporary music by commissioning new works from Canadian composers; their texts ranged from conventional Latin religious forms to arcane mystic sources, Canadian poetry, and material drawn from native Indian literature. Moreover, through his conducting, Iseler earned the allegiance of such world-renowned composers as Benjamin Britten, Zoltán Kodály, Aaron Copland, and Krzysztof Penderecki.

The shock of the Festival Singers' demise—a collapse resulting from internal struggles and some unfelicitous economic decisions—devastated Iseler ("It was completely unnecessary, as far as I was concerned, and it's still too painful to recall with any ease"). Nonetheless, his resilience proved extraordinary. Not only did the Elmer Iseler Singers continue where their predecessors had left off (though with only twenty members, as compared with the Festival Singers' thirty-six), but Iseler himself returned to the fray with new energy and a keener interest in financial as well as artistic matters. Now the combined activities of the Iseler Singers and the larger Mendelssohn Choir confront their conductor with a relentless schedule of rehearsals and performances. Of their many appearances, the most memorable for Iseler came in the autumn of 1982, when the Mendelssohn Choir was invited to help launch Toronto's new $40 million Roy Thomson Hall. Iseler regards it as already one of the great concert halls in the world, and one especially responsive to choral music. Along with the Toronto Symphony, the Mendelssohn Choir is a resident ensemble in the new auditorium, having already performed twenty-nine concerts there (some in tandem with the orchestra) in the first season alone.

Iseler's critics may continue to fret about his erratic beat, scorned by orchestral musicians, and some may worry about the idiosyncrasy of his choral interpretations, but few would deny his eminence as an extraordinary trainer of choirs: he is a master builder. His reputation is familiar to audiences as well, most of whom find themselves transported by the very insistence and exhilaration of Iseler's own passion.

"Yes, I think I'm a lucky man," says Iseler, looking back. "But I've earned my good fortune, too. I've learned a lot, even though I'm often still disappointed in myself. To be an effective choral conductor, you do have to love people—even though they may not suspect it—oh yes, you do, you do. I must spend most of my time correcting the singers, but when it's done with love, most times the directions are positive. After all, they're only here because they *want* to be here. Every time I face the Mendelssohn Choir, I'm facing 180 people who have an emotional need for me, and I think, too, that over the years, I've gotten a tremendous return on my own emotions. I know that they get their energy from me, and I have to be prepared, at rehearsals, to let them exhaust me. But that's given me a sense of calm, too, as I get older. I don't think I've been upset for years. In performance, I always make sure that my eyes cross the whole choir, that I make direct contact with every one of them. You cannot cross the space with anything but your eyes and your gestures, but my job is to collect them together into a oneness."□

HEARING THE COLORS: AN ISELER ANTHOLOGY

The following are among the most popular recordings featuring Elmer Iseler as choral conductor:

- *Gloria.* Music by Gabrieli and Rachmaninoff, performed by the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir. Melbourne SNP4030
- *Make We Merry.* Christmas music performed by the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the Festival Singers of Toronto. RCA LSC 3174
- *We Magnify Thee.* "Songs of the All-Night Vigil" and other selections, performed by the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the Festival Singers of Toronto. Canadian Broadcasting Corporation SM179
- *Great Hymns.* Performed by the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir. Canadian Broadcasting Corporation SM302

(The last two discs may be ordered by mail from: The Merchandising Department, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, P.O. Box 500, Station A, Toronto M5W 1E6.)

THE TOP SIXTEEN

WHERE TO EAT IN TORONTO

BY JIM WHITE

You will run out of appetite or time in Toronto before you run out of places to eat: Ontario's capital boasts 5,000 restaurants. The eateries reflect ethnic persuasions from Thai, Vietnamese, Hungarian, Japanese, and Polish to Cuban, Portuguese, Dutch, and Danish. You have your pick of 500 Chinese restaurants, and *Italian* here means *regional* Italian, including Ligurian, Piedmontese, Abruzzese, and good old Neapolitan.

Here's an alphabetical sampler of Toronto's very best bets for dining out. Prices (approximate, in U.S. dollars) are for dinner for two with a suitable wine.

Bangkok Garden. The setting is as dazzling as the Thai cuisine. $50 with beer. Lunch Monday to Friday; dinner all week. 18 Elm St. 977-6748.

Chiaro's. Classic French cuisine with a dash of northern Italian, in the formal dining room of the King Edward Hotel. Expect to linger all evening. $100. Lunch Monday to Friday; dinner Monday to Saturday. 37 King St. East. 863-9700.

The Courtyard Cafe. Visiting celebrities gather here for stargazing under the greenhouse canopy and for the best *Sachertorte* this side of Vienna. In the Windsor Arms Hotel. $65. Lunch and dinner, all week. 22 St. Thomas St. 979-2212.

Creighton's. In Loew's Westbury Hotel. In season, try venison with juniper-brandy sauce, pear, and cranberries. $65. Lunch daily except Saturday; dinner all week. 475 Yonge St. 924-0611.

Fenton's. $80,000 a year is spent here on the floral arrangements; Chef Bassen's *cuisine courante* is as colorful as the dec... $85. Open seven days for lunch and d... ner. 2 Gloucester St. 961-8485

Jim White is the award-winning... and restaurant critic for the ...

Hazelton Café. Among the boutiques of Hazelton Lanes, Toronto's shopping mall deluxe. Chef Seed embellishes his Continental menu with exotic flair. $55. Lunch and dinner, Monday to Saturday; Sunday, brunch only. 55 Avenue Rd. 923-6944.

Honjin. The best of Toronto's dozen good sushi bars. A mecca for *tekka* (raw tuna). $45 with sake. Lunch Monday to Friday; dinner Monday to Saturday. 71 McCaul, in Village by the Grange. 977-6578.

Joso's. At Toronto's premier seafood house, the artist-chef Joso Spralja lays out a mouth-watering spread of fresh fish from which to choose your dinner. $45. Lunch Monday to Friday; dinner Monday to Saturday. 202 Davenport Rd. 925-1903.

King Fook. The progression of Cantonese crunch, sweet meats, hot sauces, and tasty juices makes a deliciously drawn out drama. $40. Lunch Monday to Friday; dinner all week. 581 Markham St. 532-9111.

Mastro's. Pasta sensational, meat and seafood no less so; and the wine bar is a ...easure house. $55. Lunch Monday t... ...nner all week. 890 Wilson ...

... like its namesake. Chef- ...'s plates are almost too exquisite to disarrange. Probably Toronto's best restaurant, and the priciest. $100. Dinner only, Tuesday to Saturday. 79 Grenville St. 929-5938.

Panarello. Right on the main sightseeing route is this new Tuscan-Ligurian restaurant. $55. Lunch and dinner, Monday to Saturday. University Place Building, Front and York Sts. 366-8199.

Pronto. Chef Ferrari dazzles with new pasta creations like fettuccine Natasha. $55. Dinner only, Monday to Saturday. 692 Mt. Pleasant Rd. 486-1111.

Saigon Star. Toronto's best Vietnamese restaurant. Food and service have the touch of home. Cookery applies Oriental techniques to French taste. $35. Lunch and dinner, Monday to Saturday. 4 Collier St. 922-5840.

Truffles. Even posher than the posh Four Seasons Hotel, where you will find it. French menu. $90. Dinner only, seven nights; Sunday brunch. 21 Avenue Rd. 964-0411.

Winston's. Famous as haunt of bank presidents and politicos. Continental menu and an outstanding cellar. $100. Lunch Monday to Friday; dinner Monday to Saturday. 104 Adelaide St. West. 363-1627.

LIGHTS OUT

THE BIGGEST MOVIE FESTIVAL IN NORTH AMERICA

BY RICHARD FREEDMAN

"Hell," the poet Shelley once remarked for reasons many have found hard to fathom, "is a city much like London." Heaven, most film buffs will agree, must be a city much like Toronto.

With nearly two hundred movie theaters serving a metropolitan population of more than 2 3/4 million, Toronto ranks as the third-greatest movie city in North America, coming right after New York and Los Angeles. In per capita ticket sales, Toronto tops the list. In early September, movie mania reaches its peak with the annual "Festival of Festivals," when over 100,000 fans, mostly native Torontonians, flock to the posh Yorkville area for the nine days' worth of film—over 150 attractions, new and old, from every continent except Antarctica.

The Festival's name alludes to the selection procedure. Each year, the Festival's director, S. Wayne Clarkson, thirty-seven, and ten full-time programmers scout the offerings at Cannes, Paris, Berlin, Venice, Edinburgh, and major U.S. film festivals to bring home the pick of the crop. (Only the Chicago, New York, and London film festivals come later than Toronto, and hence have no bearing on the Canadian choices.)

This year's Festival, the eighth, is scheduled for September 9–17. It will feature, as always, a spectacular array of films for audiences of every stripe. "Out of this World," a sci-fi festival within the Festival, will include forty classics handpicked by the Canadian filmmaker David Cronenberg (*Scanners, Videodrome*), whose own dozen-plus contributions will be honored in a Festival retrospective. Rex Reed hosts this year's "Buried Treasures" series, dedicated to forgotten films that might deserve a second chance. "Contemporary World Cinema" spotlights forty outstanding films from all over, with a special concentration on imports from the Pacific rim. One standout in the exciting string of North American premieres will be *The Boat People*, from Hong Kong. Says Clarkson, "It's less about life on the boats than about life in Vietnam today, which is so horrific and unbearable, it drives people to escape by any means they can find. It was viciously attacked by the leftist American press when it was shown at Cannes and no doubt will stir up quite a storm here, too."

As in the past, documentaries will be a significant presence. A new series, "Video Video," will explore recent developments in the visual media. Then there is the "Gala Presentation" series, a showcase for ten major attractions with strong mass appeal. The Festival staff is pinning high hopes on *Carmen*, the new film from Carlos Saura, widely hailed as Spain's most brilliant director since Luis Buñuel. More accessible—and more fun—than Saura's recent success *Blood Wedding*, *Carmen* follows the action onstage and behind the scenes as a school class mounts its own production of Bizet's opera. It has been likened to *Fame*, in flamenco.

Another hot ticket this September—if its tentative booking is confirmed—will be Andrzej Wajda's *Danton*. Starring Gérard Depardieu as the idealistic French revolutionary sent to the guillotine by Robespierre, the icy architect of the Terror, this French-Polish coproduction with its alleged veiled references to Lech Walesa has been met by the governments of both countries with shock and consternation. Reporters at the Paris opening found to their annoyance that President François Mitterrand had ducked out during the credit roll to avoid questions about his reaction; Polish officials postponed the premiere repeatedly, citing "technical difficulties."

Unless Universal preempts the Festival showing with an earlier commercial premiere, *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence* will also be given its first North American showing. This British-Japanese coproduction is set in an Indonesian POW camp in 1942 and features David Bowie as an imprisoned British lieutenant colonel. The Japanese actor Sakamoto, who costars as the camp's commanding officer, also composed the film's hypnotic sound track, which Festival sources say may just duplicate the runaway success of the Vangelis score for the Oscar-winning *Chariots of Fire*, introduced to the American market by the Festival in 1981.

Toronto has had its share of Cinderella stories. The second smash in 1981 was *Diva*, the avant-garde mystery comedy that had limped along in its native France and been snubbed by every single American distributor. Even the producers were lukewarm about a Toronto screening, but Clarkson booked it into the "Critics Choice" series anyway. The rest is history. *Diva* was brought back three times by popular demand. United Artists Classics snapped it up, and to date it has returned over $2 million to the producer from U.S. and Canadian ticket sales.

On the other hand, last year's Canadian documentary *If You Love This Planet* sank without a trace in Toronto, but went on to notoriety and an Oscar in the United States after the Justice Department branded it "political propaganda by a registered foreign agent." Accepting the award, its producer-director, Terri Nash, cited Justice for its "tremendous effort in promoting" her film, and told the Academy, "You really know how to show a foreign agent a good time." Probable cause of the flap: seconds of gung-ho World War II training footage showing Ronald Rea-

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Richard Freedman, author of The Novel, *is film critic for the Newhouse Newspapers.*

PAUL ORENSTEIN

The Festival's godfathers. Left to right: The director, S. Wayne Clarkson, and the founders, Dusty Cohl and Bill Marshall

gan uttering some undiplomatic sentiments about the Japanese.

Now firmly established, with financing provided in roughly equal measure by the government, private largesse, and earnings, the Festival had its origins in the enterprising spirit of two men with a dream: Bill Marshall, the producer (of such exportable commodities as the fondly remembered *Outrageous*) and political éminence grise, who according to Clarkson "more or less paid for the first Festival with his American Express Card," though with a grudging $8,000 grant from the city; and Dusty Cohl, a gray-bearded Toronto lawyer whose badge-encrusted Stetson has become an unofficial Festival landmark. Cohl credits the American critics Charles Champlin, of the *Los Angeles Times*, William Wolf, of *New York* magazine, and Kathleen Carroll, of the *New York Daily News*, with giving the Festival a boost right from the beginning, while the local papers were mostly looking the other way.

Unlike the Cannes Festival, which is still the world leader in terms of size, economics, and visibility, [illegible] industry, but is audience-[illegible] going appeal is general. Wa[illegible]

sionals, business types, students, and a larger number of older people than would be likely to step out after dark south of the border. Toronto's twenty-five TV channels can't keep them at home. Safety is one key factor in the Festival's success. Says Clarkson, "We have a pretty clean police force and the finest public-transportation system in North America, so people can get to and from the movies safely and easily. It's that simple."

Besides, the Festival is a bargain. A $95 pass ($70 for students) entitles the holder to attend all Festival events except the galas, which are priced at $6 each or $50 for the series. Separate admission to all other screenings and conferences is available at showtime at $3 during the day and $4 at night. The screenings are from 11:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. in a dozen theaters ranging in capacity from the fifty-seat Cineplex to the historic University Theatre, which accommodates 1,500. The corporate sponsor Vantage takes ticket orders by phone with major credit cards (call 416-826-8243). To order a pass by mail, write: Festival of Festivals, 69 Yorkville, Suite 205, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 1B8. Toronto is the place to be when the lights

FIRST COMES QUALITY

THE VAUGHANS' COMPLEMENTARY TASTES

BY HAYDEN HERRERA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERORELLI

When knowledgeable people discuss the great private collections of Canada, the same names keep coming up: Eaton, Zacks, Loeb, Frum, and—always near the top of the list—Vaughan. "Oh, yes, A. Murray and Marguerite Vaughan," says David Carter, the former director of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. "They have highly refined taste. The original collection is huge and eclectic, running from primitive art to nineteenth-century Italian, but very well thought through." Roald Nasgaard, the chief curator of the Art Gallery of Ontario, adds, "There are things in their collection of incomparable quality. The parts I know range from Byzantine through eighteenth century up to twentieth-century Canadian. There are things that are coveted by many museums."

In point of fact, parts of the Vaughan collection have already passed to museums: Montreal, where Mr. Vaughan was president, has much of the pre-Columbian and twentieth-century Mexican art that Mrs. Vaughan collected during the thirty years when they wintered in Mexico. A portion of the Vaughans' Inuit collection has gone to the University of New Brunswick Art Center, and some of their silver has been given to the Royal

Marguerite Vaughan in Summer Fashion seated *beneath the frames of their paintings by Eugène Boudin:* On the Beach at Trouville *(1864)*

More Boudins: a later On the Beach—Trouville *(1869).*

Ships—The Dutch Fleet, *painted in 1871.*

On the Beach—Sunset: *fashions change; the sky is timeless.*

Ontario Museum. But Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan have kept many of the best works to furnish their homes in New Brunswick and Toronto.

They live in a modern building in a fashionable residential district of Toronto. If the charm of the new apartment does not quite equal that of the Montreal home that the Vaughans left in 1978, the interior has nevertheless been arranged to create an impression of long-established elegance and ease. It is as if the world has been searched for harmonies. Every room contains fine examples of the French and English eighteenth-century furniture that A. Murray Vaughan likes to collect: standing in places of honor are pieces of the Worcester porcelain, the silver vessels and candlesticks, and the Irish glass that Mrs. Vaughan was bequeathed by her mother, Mrs. Howard W. (Lucile) Pillow; and on the walls hang wonderful paintings. For the Vaughans, clearly, art is not something set apart on display; it is as continuous with other pleasures of everyday life as are intelligent conversation and a well-laid table.

"What my wife and I have achieved goes beyond just the pictures," says Mr. Vaughan, who radiates a sense of power and is chairman of British American Bank Note Inc. "We are two very strong-willed people. We have lived together for fifty-three years. We have the furniture, the silver, the glass, the bibelots. We picked them up wherever we happened to be—Greece, Palestine, Mexico. They blend together to make a complete setting of quality. I hate to boast, but I don't think you'll see a more sophisticated collection."

What lends the collection a special richness, resonance, and surprise is the fact that it was built up not only by Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan but also by various other family members of preceding generations. One result is an astonishing catholicity. Another is the feeling that the collection is an expression of personal taste rather than an attempt to make a statement. Ian G. Lumsden, the director of the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, in Fredericton, knows the entire collection well—not an easy feat, since part of it is on loan to museums. "Altogether, it shows a marvelous eye for quality, not just for objects, but for putting disparate things together, for scale, proportion, color, for attention to detail. The whole almost seems greater than the sum of the parts. There is a feeling of luxe which is carefully played down, a great sense of taste and refinement."

That certainly can be seen and felt in the Vaughan homes. They like to mix cultures and do it with the seeming ease of a master chef concocting a marvelous sauce. A visitor will find an Inuit bear carved in soapstone standing in perfect harmony with a pre-Columbian head from Veracruz, Mexico, a Henry Moore next to an Etruscan figurine, an Arp comfortably beside a Chinese cloisonné owl.

"My wife and I do not always agree," says A. Murray Vaughan. "When we look at a preview of an auction, for example, we do not stay together. We wander off. Both of us are inclined to like and dislike very quickly. She is much more contemporary-minded than I am. I like things that have a function: furniture, silver, glass. But after we've looked at the works exhibited, we usually come to the same decision."

Not always, though, and the tugs and pulls of individual taste make for a lively collection. The Vaughans delight in their differences. With humor and great goodwill, Mrs. Vaughan can cast a withering look at a Sisley landscape purchased by Mr. Vaughan in the 1970s, a painting of which he is understandably proud. "I can appreciate how lovely the Sisley is, but I'm not crazy about it," she says. Elsewhere, Mrs. Vaughan proudly points out a still life of lilies of the valley that Utrillo painted for his wife as an anniversary present in 1940. She reads the inscribed words: " 'Five years of Marriage/Five years of Happiness/With my Good Lucie.' " A mischievous smile crosses her lips. "It's much better than our other Utrillo," she says.

Mr. Vaughan is just as candid: "The Monet painting of Etretat I don't like. It's not the whole thing. It's one of two door panels from some little inn in France. I got one part and couldn't find the other. I don't think I'd want the other part, but I'd like to see." There may not always be agreement about the merits of a particular work, but Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan always respect each other's tastes. This strong sense of harmony overriding differences characterizes their collection as well. For all the diversity, it has coherence. It reflects an attitude that a work of art is

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Hayden Herrera is the author of Frida: A Biography of Frida Kahlo, *which Harper & Row published this year.*

HE LIKES FUNCTIONAL THINGS— FURNITURE, SILVER, GLASS.

Dining room: the painting is Place de l'Opera, Paris, *by Jean François Raffaelli (1875). Below: Eskimo carving.*

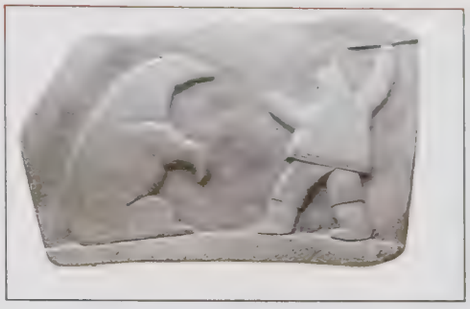
neither a trophy to hubris nor an icon to be worshiped. Artworks can be the best of life's companions—people and dogs aside, of course.

The collection was started by Mrs. Vaughan's great-uncle, Charles R. Hosmer, a man who rose from the position of a telegraph operator in a village near Montreal to that of the presidency of the Dominion Telegraph Company and dire[illegible] Railway Company and th[illegible] works he acquired were eithe[illegible] Montreal Museum of Fine Arts (as was th[illegible] of English portraiture and European miniat[illegible] daughter, Olive). His son, Elwood, gave paintings to the Vaughans and nurtured their taste as well. "I would say that our collection is primarily a reflection of Elwood Hosmer. Elwood bought the early Canalettos, and many of the Boudins, because he liked them. He told us, 'You should never buy a name; buy what you like and what you want to live with.' I think that's right. Elwood felt that my wife and I had an interest in art, and he encouraged us. He took us to New York every fall and sent us to the galleries, saying, 'Go and buy what you want.' "

The expressi[illegible] seems to look backward in time and to bring a portion of wisdom to his perceptions of the present. By contrast, Mrs. Vaughan's alert blue eyes shine with anticipation of the future. Brimming with vitality, she has a deep interest in developing new Canadian talent and finds time to serve on the International Council of New York's Mu-

Holding a bronze Mother and Child by Henry Moore, Mrs. Vaughan stands before another mother and child, by Georges de La Tour.

seum of Modern Art. To her, having a collection means keeping it alive, in terms not just of restoration and preservation but also of giving it a shape. "We tried," she says, "to keep up to date the collection of Boudins that Elwood Hosmer had begun. We tried to add aspects of Boudin's art that the original collection didn't have." Eugène Boudin (1824–98), one of the precursors of Impressionism, is best known for his beach scenes. It was he who advised the young Monet to paint "nature truly seen in all its variety and freshness." Boudin himself was called by no less an authority than his friend Corot "the master of sky." Anyone who has walked by the sea and been astonished by the exact equivalence between light and mood shares the Vaughans' love for Boudin's moist, luminous, motion-full skies, which always upstage the comedy of manners enacted on the ground by the leisure class, strolling, pausing, chatting, and showing off their holiday clothes. Boudin's superb *On the Beach at Trouville* (1864) hangs in a place of honor. Luxuriant in both form and content, it focuses and animates the grace of its setting. With amusement tinged with some pride, Mrs. Vaughan recalls a visit to Washington, D.C., when "Mr. Mellon said to me, 'If you want to get rid of any of those Boudins, let me know.' "



Another painter who is especially well represented in the Vaughans' collection is James Wilson Morrice (1865–1924), who was born in Montreal but spent most of his career in Paris. Why, one asks, have the Vaughans gone to the trouble of assembling such a large collection of Morrice? "Our Canadian Morrice," Mrs. Vaughan muses. "I liked his painting, my husband liked it. Mother liked it. I was an only child, so I inherited all of mother's Morrices. We are still collecting Morrice and bought one recently, in fact."

"Morrice is a great painter," interjects Mr. Vaughan. "The *Tuileries Gardens* [1900–05] was a painting that I wanted badly. It took me four or five years to get it." Morrice's subjects reflect his peripatetic life. He went on sketching trips in France with the American painter Maurice Prendergast. He explored Paris and nearby villages with two of his friends from the Ashcan School, Robert Henri and William Glackens. In 1911–12 and 1913–14 he painted in Algiers with Matisse; indeed, the Vaughans own one Morrice canvas, *View from the Window, North Africa* (1912–13), of a subject that Matisse himself was painting at exactly the same time.

Hanging together are ten *pochades*, oil studies on small wooden panels, that show Morrice's deftness at capturing the ambience

In the Vaughan living room, remarkable paintings: at left, three Boudins (see page 62); left of door, a Corot landscape; right of it, one by Sisley. Visible in the dining room beyond, a view of Paris by J. B. Jongkind (1874) and a pair of little Renoirs. Above: Eskimo carving.

Over Mrs. Vaughan's bed, an Utrillo Flowers (1940), a Monet study of the rocks at Etretat (ca. 1885), and Redon's Poppies.

A lushly painted, evocative landscape by John Johnstone, one of the twentieth-century Canadian painters the Vaughans have collected.

Winter in the Laurentians, by Clarence A. Gagnon (1881–1942), a Canadian whom Mrs. Vaughan considers "one of the greats."

SHE LIKES CANADIAN ARTISTS, PARTICULARLY MORRICE.

of a place in a few swift strokes. Morrice would take the sketches back to his studio and work them up into full-scale paintings. Many of the artist's paintings are of his native Canada, where he returned during most winters. Mrs. Vaughan pauses in front of *Mountain Hill, Quebec* (1905–08): "The painting of Quebec under snow belonged to my mother," Mrs. Vaughan recalls. "Oh, it was such fun to go in those sleighs! But, of course, you always like the things you buy for yourself better, and I like my winter scene by Morrice." The Vaughans also have many paintings by other Canadian artists: Maurice Cullen, Clarence A. Gagnon, Albert H. Robinson, and A. Y. Jackson, for example. The only one that can rival Morrice is a John Johnstone canvas depicting a horse and sleigh in a snowy Montreal street. "It's an old cab, probably painted in the thirties. Don't you think it's rather dear?" says Mrs. Vaughan with real affection.

The painting in which both Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan take perhaps the greatest pride is of a different magnitude altogether—*Mother and Child,* by Georges de La Tour. "This is the most wonderful story," says Mrs. Vaughan. "I saw it at the Wildenstein Gallery in New York, and I fell in love with it. Several years later I went in to see dear old Felix Wildenstein, who terrified me because he was gorgeous—a tall, thin man with his little rosette of the Légion d'Honneur. He never could remember my married name. He always said, 'Oh, Miss Pillow is here!' I asked him what had happened to that lovely Georges de La Tour that I loved so. He said it was gone, but only on loan to an exhibition. In 1946, Elwood Hosmer happened to go down to New York, and he went to see Mr. Wildenstein, who told him the story. Elwood said, 'Where is the painting?' Happily, it had not been sold to anyone else. He bought it and sent it to Murray and myself as a present."

The painting, which has been authenticated by the art historian Christopher Wright, in studies at the Courtauld Institute, is more than lovely. Light is a vehicle of divine love. The mother, often identified as Saint Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary, holds a candle that burns as straight and tall as the purest faith, and the light that falls on her hand, held up to protect the flame from drafts, is reflected back upon the infant Mary, as a kind of blessing. The rapt, incandescent faces of the mother and child glow with impassioned piety.

The Vaughans' deep attachment to their collection does not stop at the pleasure of ownership. They feel responsible about its future, too, and they have already bestowed parts on various Canadian museums. "The paintings are going somewhere that I think is a fitting resting place for them," says Mr. Vaughan, without revealing exactly where. "Where things go is important. They should have a good home."

The Vaughans' attitude toward collecting is as fine as the collection itself; they are proud of the art they own, proud of having gathered it, but they are not prideful of their ownership. When asked why he collects art, Mr. Vaughan says, "I don't go to the races, I don't gamble. I think it's just love of beauty." What, then, would be lost from his life if his paintings were suddenly removed [illegible] Murray Vaughan does not hesitate. "I'd still hav[illegible] is out-of-doors," he answers, confident as ev[illegible]

Ten small oil sketches by the expatriate Montreal painter James Wilson Morrice offer glimpses of places where he went in search of a motif. At left, a pre-Columbian terra-cotta figure from Veracruz.

THAT BLACK MAGIC

THE LEGENDARY MAGGIE BLACK IS SHAPING THE HISTORY OF DANCE IN HER NEW YORK STUDIO

BY VALERIE BROOKS ◆ PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEN MACWEENEY

Sunlight floods the large, airy ballet studio and glimmers on the mirrors covering the long brick wall. Near the windows is a bright yellow earthenware vase full of white daisies. A pretty, lightly freckled woman, shapely in pink leotard and tights, a blue angora sweater over her shoulders, walks around the room giving instructions in a singsong voice straight from New England. She wears her curly red-blond hair in pigtails. A soft-eyed visiting golden retriever nudges her for a pat, then lopes to a corner and makes himself cozy near the dressing rooms.

Maggie Black, long legendary in the dance world as America's best teacher and coach, is holding her daily morning ballet class, near Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street in New York City. Lined up at the barre are some of the most accomplished dancers before the public: Martine van Hamel, Kevin McKenzie, and Magali Messac, of American Ballet Theatre; Beatriz Rodrigues, of the Joffrey Ballet, along with the Joffrey alumnus Gary Chryst; not to mention many distinguished colleagues from such landmark ensembles as the New York City Ballet and the Twyla Tharp, Alvin Ailey, and Merce Cunningham companies.

Although she is virtually unknown to the public, the fifty-three-year-old Black has done as much to influence dance performance as anyone of her generation. Yet she does not choreograph, nor does she represent any one style or philosophy. Her only cause is beautiful dance—getting dancers to express the very essence of movement as they feel it. Black's demands are few but rigorous: those who wish to study with her must be committed to putting their every technical resource in the service of an aesthetic ideal. In return, she guides each student who makes that commitment with every last bit of her energy and intelligence. "What I have with all my dancers," she says, "is trust. Without trust you can't do anything. But first, of course, they must love to dance."

By tradition, every ballet class since Louis XIV founded the Académie Royale de Danse, in 1661, begins with a series of exercises to develop strength and flexibility, and Black's is no exception. "I'm not going to kill you today," she announces to the forty beautiful men and women poised at the barre like racehorses at the gate. To begin, there are pliés, ports de bras, tendus, dégagés, frappés—at least thirty minutes that warm up every muscle in the body. Black repeats each exercise twice to give her charges a chance to correct anything that may have been off the first time. Dancers remain students until the last day of their careers. They always need the teacher's objective eye.

"Okay, Martine, now use that foot. It's strong enough—don't weaken out on me." Last year Martine van Hamel, a member of American Ballet Theatre for thirteen years, ten as a principal, sustained the first

Left: The dancer's day starts with grinding warm-ups. Below: The ebullient Maggie Black does not fit the stereotype of the cold, forbidding ballet mistress.

Black's methodical regimen has nursed many an injured dancer back to radiant health. Examples: Martine van Hamel and Gary Chryst (first and third in line).

serious injury in her career during a performance of Antony Tudor's *Jardin aux Lilas.* Dancers' careers are short; most know the pain and difficulty of dancing with injuries and of returning to the stage while still mending. Van Hamel's recovery is still in progress (though her reviews have never been better). Black's coaching has helped immeasurably, especially because she gives van Hamel many more than the usual number of exercises at the barre that call for flexibility in the feet, offering the dancer an opportunity to rebuild.

Don't get introverted, Chris! Open the line!" calls Black to the delicate Christine Wright. Gently, Wright lifts her chest, dropping her shoulders barely perceptibly, and suddenly her arms look as if they could reach the moon. She grins. Most teachers correct the surface appearance; Black looks for the root of the problem instead, then traces the connection back up to the surface.

"Now we'll forge ahead because everyone is getting warm. Let's get some good turnouts, kiddos! Have courage!" she sings loudly, *a*'s flat as pancakes. "Don't get discouraged, you're getting better. If you want to be dancers, you have to work with your bodies. Okay? Are you okay?"

Black is hardly the stereotype of the great ballet teacher: she is not decrepit, Russian, aloof, or nostalgic for another era or a lost career. She is plainspoken, persistent. At most ballet studios the dominant mood is bleak, competitive, and self-absorbed. Not at hers. It is sparkling and homey, and a warm, working, family-like atmosphere prevails. On her desk are an attendance sheet, a box full of thread, Band-Aids, a vase of flowers, a small dime-store clock. Posted on the bulletin board near the dressing rooms are flyers about the dancers' performances and an ad for part-time work delivering balloon bouquets, but no telephone anywhere. Black won't be interrupted at work; her home phone number is unlisted. She has never before been interviewed. Many teachers court fame, play guru, and commercialize their studios. Black maintains her reserve and guards her privacy.

With only a couple of breaks, she has been teaching for nearly twenty-five years. Many applicants are turned away. Black looks for a mature, untemperamental approach in her dancers, and since the beginning has tried to avoid coaching any under the age of twenty. Nor does she offer all her students the same regimen. After the first hour, the less-experienced dancers depart, leaving the ballet classicists to step away from the barre for work "in the center." In the second hour, she leads her regulars through extended sequences, called combinations, that are the basic preparation for most of the choreography that is seen in performance.

"In the center," she explains, "I can deal with where they have shown at the barre that they're off." To please her, the accompanist, Mary Roark, strikes up a Strauss waltz or some Tchaikovsky. Black likes the danciest, most Romantic music. She goes through a series of steps, slowly in the first adagio, then building up to the final allegro. As the dancers leap in grands jetés, she shouts, "And *up,* and *up,* and *up,* and *up*!" They fly. "And *up*! Okay. That's enough. Okay. You were good today. Good gang. See you tomorrow."

"My system is very simple," says Black. "It's built on placement, on placing the pelvis exactly *on top of* the legs, so the torso is one unit—as if there were a center line through the body. The dancer can build strength then because he has security; he can get the hip and leg rotation he needs by standing fully on the whole leg and foot. I learned a lot by studying all my own problems as a dancer. I worked out everything on myself. I'm a little overconscientious and overdisciplined, I guess. Until recently I would get to the studio early and give myself the class I planned for my people. Then I'd know how it felt. I want them to work for all kinds of problems. There are a few perfect dancer bodies, but not many. Most famous dancers, for instance, don't have great feet. I have seen dancers who had all kinds of supposedly impossible imperfections turn into absolutely lovely performers when they got a real physicality of mind. Those who make judgments as to who can and cannot be good from first impression are simply on an ego trip."

"A lot of us wouldn't be dancing if it weren't for Maggie," confesses the ebullient character dancer Gary Chryst. He has been with her for over ten years. "For some reason, dancers usually dance in pieces; she puts them together. Nearly two years ago I tore my Achilles tendon dancing *Trinity* with the Joffrey Ballet. I didn't think I would ever move again, it was so painful. She got me through, though—first with talks in the hospital, later by buying me a membership in a health club so I could work out, and finally by helping me slowly and patiently in class and for a few minutes alone every afternoon."

When dancers are uneasy in a new role or want to improve in an old one, Black coaches them after they've finished rehearsals. She never accepts payment for this special attention. One late afternoon last winter, in an empty studio, she worked with Chryst on his role as Harlequin in the Satie ballet *Parade,* revived recently as part of the Metropolitan Opera's three-part French ballet-and-opera program of that name.

"All right now, Gary, tell me what it's about." Chryst stands in front of her, hands linked behind his back, and explains. "The ballet begins with the curtain up and my

Valerie Brooks, whose interests in the arts range encyclopedically, last appeared in the pages of Connoisseur *with a warning on fake Buddhas from Burma.*

entering with a young boy. I am to be his guide through a succession of scenes that depict different aspects of war and peace. Since it was written while World War I was on and is antiwar, quite a few images represent deception, cruelty, and horror. Acrobats appear, and jugglers, a frighteningly big woman, and a faceless soldier who keeps trying to tempt the boy with a gun. I don't know how to get from one scene to the next in movement. It feels choppy. I need a thread."

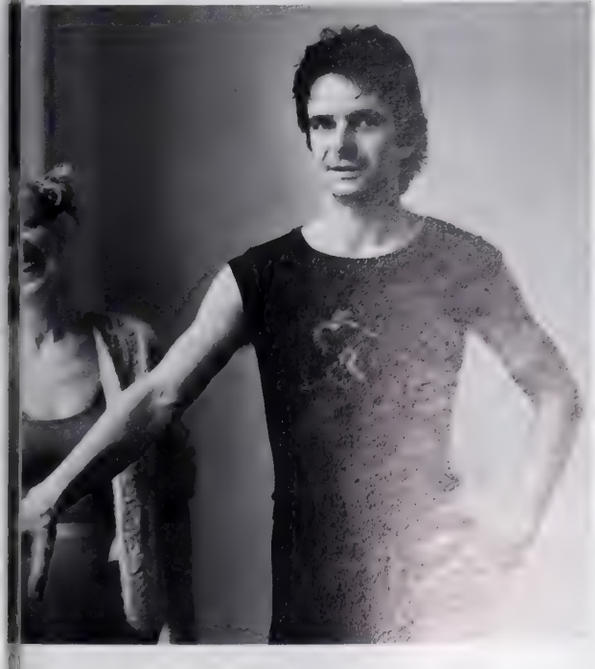
Could you pretend you are the boy's father and that you are leading him through life? You'll see evil things and wonderful things, but since you are his guide, you are prepared. You will get him through it all." Chryst smiles and begins. "Keep your shoulders down! Show more power in your back! It's inexpressive." He sweeps back his arms as if presenting royalty. "How's that?" he asks. Black walks over to him, crouches down to child size under his arm, and says, "See, Gary, the boy is down here. Begin your gesture down here, protect him, really be with him. You are going to dominate the whole structure." Chryst relaxes; she has found a key.

Perhaps the reason Black can zero in on a dancer's troubles is that she knows what being a dancer takes. She left Central Falls, Rhode Island, at age sixteen to dance in New York. Her family lost most of their money in the Depression, but there was still enough for her ballet classes. Her first job was with the Cleveland Civic Ballet. After that she went to London for two years, where she studied with the maverick Audrey de Vos. "She was trying to get the stuffiness out of the English ballet. From her I got my first sense of idealism." While in London she performed with the London Theatre Ballet Company (now defunct) and Ballet Rambert, later joining American Ballet Theatre at the end of their 1953 European tour. Then Alicia Alonso, the great Cuban ballerina who had been with ABT, asked Black to dance with the National Ballet of Cuba. After a stint in Havana, she returned to New York. Dancing with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet Company, she met Antony Tudor, "a man ahead of his time," she says, "with wonderful ideas about movement in space, rhythm, weight, and stagecraft." After four years, he asked her to assist him with his classes at Juilliard. She still wanted to perform, but was poor and needed money, so she said yes. "The hardest thing for a performer to do," she says, looking back, "is to give up performing and move on to the next stage, whatever it may be."

When juggling the careers of dancer and teacher got to be too much, Black and her second husband took off for Europe. In Paris, Rome, and Cologne, Black worked every day in front of a mirror, undertaking the kind of radical self-scrutiny of her own anatomical problems that was to become the base for the work she is doing now. Students quickly lined up when, in the late sixties, she returned and opened her first studio, across from Lincoln Center. She kept up a devastating schedule: professional class in the morning, advanced ballet at noon, ballet for modern dancers in the afternoon, followed by private coaching. Then she was off to the theater, dressed to kill, to look in on her students in performance. Twice since then she has given it all up.

"After she quit the second time," says the elegant Kevin McKenzie, *danseur noble* to the core, "she still held classes for about ten of us—Martine, Christine Wright, Christian Holder, Denise Jackson, Clark Tippett, me, and a few others—in a small rented room. There was no accompanist, just us. And she did it just for us. I know I should feel strong enough to go on without her—she makes sure you learn things for yourself so you are not dependent—but I'd be very nervous if she stopped altogether."

There have been periods when Black would go to almost every one of her dancers' performances to see how they worked [illegible] she even reassured Martine van Hamel at intermission [illegible] she explains. "After all, I might be suggesting things in class that can't be incorporated into their performances."



Kevin McKenzie, danseur noble, *wishes Black could stand by him onstage.*

The ballerina's ballerina Magali Messac knows where to turn for expertise.

Every ballet company holds its own classes in the morning, before afternoon rehearsals. The professional dancers at Black's have elected to study with her instead. Ordinarily, straying beyond the fold is frowned upon, but there isn't a company director in the business who has not had to acknowledge that Black works wonders. The late George Balanchine, cofounder of the New York City Ballet, dubbed her "Black Magic" because under her surveillance so many of his dancers quickly recovered from injuries and thereafter became less accident-prone.

Two years ago, Cheryl Yeager, ABT's bright young star, overwhelmed by new roles and new teaching styles, decided she needed some of the magic. "Maggie taught me to stand up straight. I was like a noodle before," she recalls. "Maggie senses your natural feeling for dance, then tries to clean up the clutter around it. Her ideal is clean movement and line. After all the negative, cynical, sarcastic teachers there are around, what a relief! Every day when I walk into her class, I start smiling."

[illegible] has made it possible for Black to work with dancers as diverse as Violette Verdy, Mimi Paul, Melissa Hayden, Larry Rhodes, Natalia Makarova, Gelsey Kirkland, plus countless modern dancers—not to mention the foreign dancers who check in whenever touring brings them to town.

"Although ballet is her true love," says

first hour of class, Black puts
es through their paces at the
Classical dancers who remain a
hour will relinquish this support
work "in the center."

Christine Wright, "she has in fact done more for modern. For years there has been a rift between the two schools. Maggie fused them by focusing on principles that underlie all dance movement. She gave modern dancers a chance to learn the ballet vocabulary, gave them a language, a foundation from which they could develop. Most of them had rebelled against traditional ballet structure early on, and then, after a few years, gotten stuck and begun repeating themselves because they did not have the equipment to go on. There was a time when you couldn't go to a modern dance anywhere without there being a note in the program from the director or choreographer saying, 'Thanks to Maggie Black.' "

Two ballet stars who have long worked closely with Black are ABT's McKenzie and van Hamel. Each has had an especially tough new role to learn this year—and one that will remain in active repertoire for many seasons to come. McKenzie is in the studio for some coaching in the part of James, the male lead in August Bournonville's *La Sylphide*. Black watches him repeat the arduous beats and turning leaps of his demanding variation.

"Okay, Kev, open your upper body," she says. "Give yourself some room between the jumps." He tries again, with Black's further encouragement. "Get the rhythm in your joints! Don't push the timing." He concludes the brilliant combination of steps with a noble port de bras, arms high over head, framing his face. This time, all the details Black has been cultivating fall into place, and she beams with satisfaction. "Maggie," says McKenzie, "do you think you could come in disguise and stand by me onstage?"

Van Hamel's special concern is her new role in Balanchine's long-lost Mozart ballet *Symphonie Concertante*. Despite her tremendous strides under Black's tutelage, the ballerina is still feeling discouraged about her progress. But her faith in her mentor never wavers. "Sometimes when ABT is on tour," she reflects, "we'll all get together—Cheryl, Kevin, Magali, Lisa Houlton, Ross, and me—and we'll do one of Maggie's barres. She lets us tape her classes to practice with when we're away. On the day any one of us is taping she gives us more specific corrections. It helps us remember and it's good for warm-ups. Also, it's just good to hear Maggie's voice when you are far away."□

In private, dancers limber up with moves they don't show the audience.

PEARLESCENCE

No wonder the ancients believed that pearls grow in the brains of dragons

By Andrea DiNoto
Photographs by Sandi Fellman
Produced by Kathleen Bickley Hearst

Pearls don't trumpet their presence or boast of the wearer's wealth, sparkling at the throat or coruscating on the finger. They glow—a subtler form of opulence. Women have begun to rediscover the beauty of this incomparable gem, the only one to come from a living creature.[1] (Footnotes begin on page 84.)

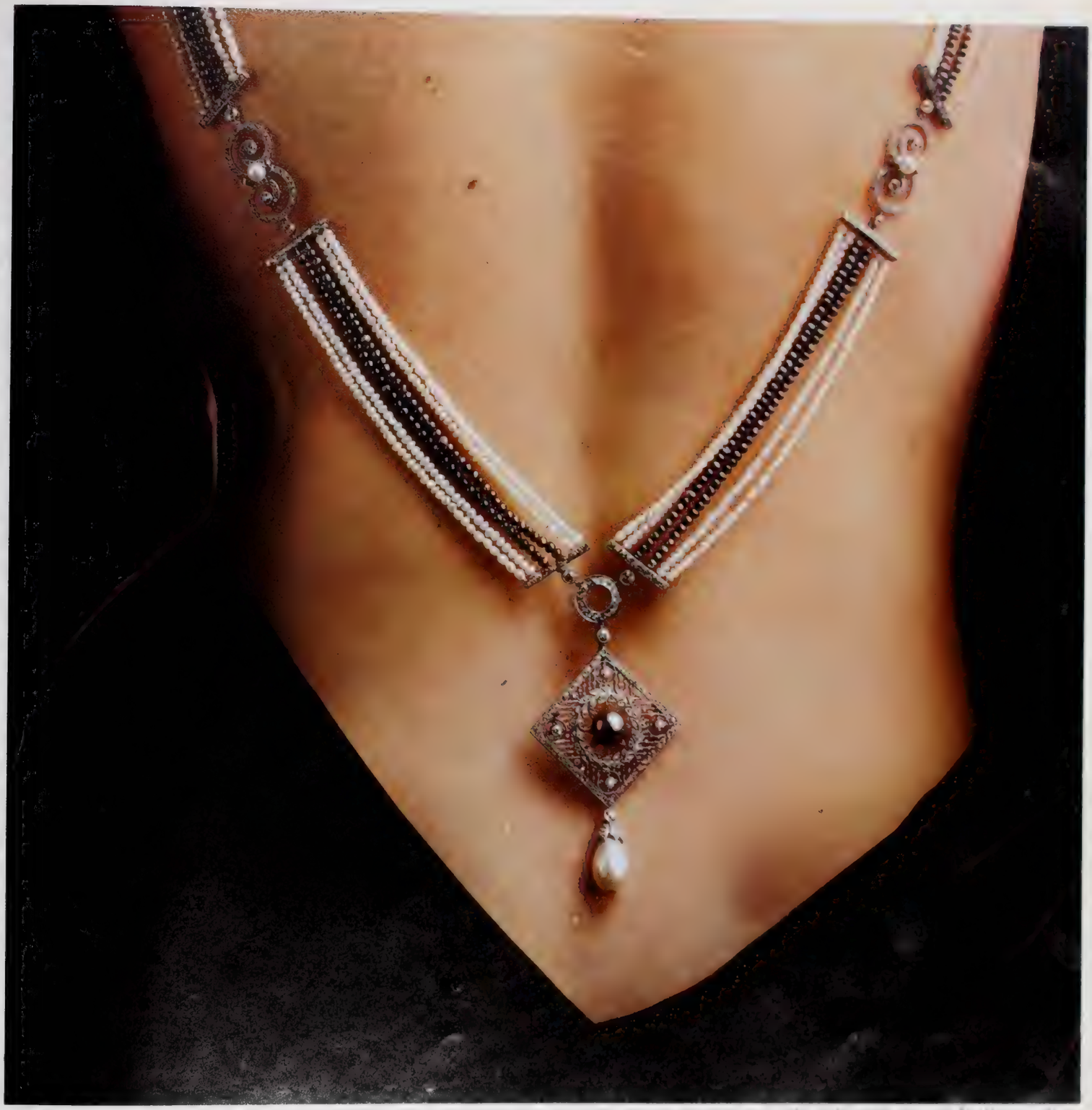
The oldest pearl necklace in existence, now in the Cairo Museum, once—around 2300 B.C.—belonged to a Persian queen. All through antiquity, pearls were a popular obsession. Roman women wore them to bed to sweeten their dreams, and the historian Pliny complained, "It is not sufficient for them to wear pearls but they must trample and walk over them"; Constantine's crown and Caligula's boots were encrusted with them; Cleopatra toasted Antony with a magnificent specimen dissolved in a glass of wine.[2]

Again, during the Renaissance, pearls were lavishly worn by both sexes, sewn in their clothes, sported as pendent earrings.[3] Women dressed their hair with pearls and wore luxuriant knotted ropes and chokers of them. Large baroque pearls inspired goldsmiths to create masterpieces of the jeweler's art. No wonder many designers who work with pearls today cite Renaissance decoration as their inspiration.

In the eighteenth century, pearls were eclipsed by the discovery of diamonds in Brazil and the development of brilliant-cut faceting. Yet during the nineteenth century, when pearls were used as little more than accent gems, women who fairly bristled with diamonds in public seem to have loved their pearls more, and thus many great pearl collections remained intact

Andrea DiNoto frequently writes on collecting and the decorative arts.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOBY SANFORD



Taking a strong back-up position: a sautoir, as long as a skipping rope, of natural black and white pearls linked with diamonds, from which a pendant hangs, set with diamonds, a black pearl, and a drop pearl. Cartier, ca. 1919; $37,000.

through the Edwardian era. This [illegible] when women who could afford them, including [illegible] long tresses in pearls about their neck[illegible]. [illegible]'s coronation, his wife wore her fan[illegible] [illegible] many types of pearls, some said to [illegible] magnificent displays like these were a [illegible] pearls—until today.

Up to the twentieth century, pearls were accidents of nature, fished by divers, mainly in the Persian Gulf, which is why they are often referred to as "Orientals," but their true nature and origin were only vaguely understood. Fantastic theories abounded: that they were created by dew falling into the oyster shell; that they grew in the brains of dragons. They were also thought to

Take, O, take those lips away, but not this ring with its 13.7 mm cultured pearl flanked by thirty-two diamonds, from E. J. Landrigan. Handsome trinkets: baroque pearl earrings by Christopher Walling, who has made the X his signature.

be aphrodisiacs and to have miraculous curative powers.[5] Their luster encouraged tall tales of pearls whose glow could be seen three miles off in the dark; their "purity" made them poetic metaphors for the Virgin and for womanly virtue—never mind the greedy lust with which they were acquired and hoarded.

A natural pearl is really a rather simple phenomenon. It forms in a saltwater or freshwater mollusk—oyster, mussel, abalone—when an irritant lodges in the shell. The mollusk reacts by secreting nacre,[6] a crystalline substance whose basis is calcium carbonate. As thin concentric layers of nacre build up, the pearl acquires its unique refractive quality, called luster or orient. The thicker and more even the nacre, the higher the luster.

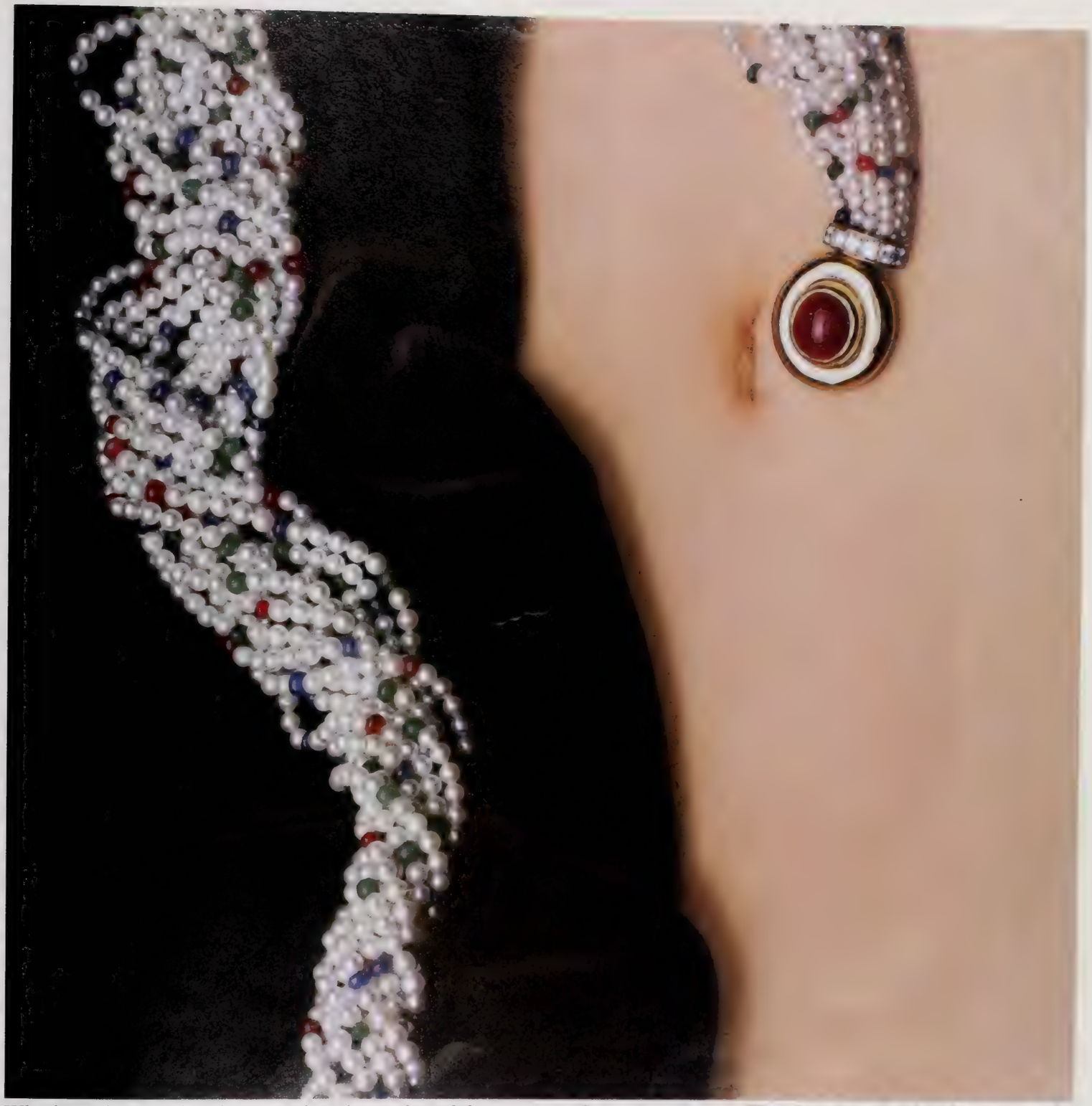
Not content with wearing pearls, they trample on them, said Pliny of Roman women, with their lust for gems like these: South Sea cultured pearls, graduated from 12 mm to 16.5 mm with a diamond and platinum clasp. David Webb; $600,000.

A cultured pearl is created by the implantation of a tiny bead (the "nucleus") made from the shell of a native American mussel (or sometimes oyster), together with a particle of living tissue from a "sacrifice" oyster, into a mature, three-year-old pearl oyster. Nucleated oysters are then returned to the water, suspended for some three years in baskets from bamboo rafts, where, if all goes well, nacre is secreted over the nucleus, just as it would be in a natural habitat. Pearl culture is a labor-intensive industry requiring careful hand tending and periodic cleaning of the oysters until they are harvested. Since the oyster dies when the pearl is removed, farmers must maintain a large inventory of young nucleated oysters.

There are pearls in the bosom of the sea that will never be seen, but not this highly visible one, 45 mm long, that hangs from an enameled gold art nouveau brooch, set with diamonds and emeralds, that can be worn as a necklace. Fred Leighton.

In a cultured pearl, the bead nucleus constitutes about 90 percent of the pearl, with the nacre layers about a millimeter thick. The cultured pearl has more surface luster, experts say; the natural pearl, a deeper inner glow. But even experts can be fooled, and outside of the Arab world, where they are still considered fakes, cultured pearls have been totally accepted. In fact, it is rare now to find natural pearls for sale anywhere but at auction.

Cultured pearls evolved during the Edwardian heyday of the natural pearl. By the time they won acceptance, the dealers who handled natural pearls exclusively had gone out of business, customers were confused, and the pearl-pricing structure was



Whether it be true that the stomach is the teacher of the arts, there is art in Jane van Nest's twist of small pearls, flecked with precious stones. The clasp is set with a five-carat ruby surrounded by diamonds. Fred Leighton; $15,000.

changed for good. The Japanese marine-specialties merchant Kokichi Mikimoto was the first to produce cultured pearls commercially. His early efforts, in the late 1890s, produced only half-pearls (cultivated on the inside surface of the shell); his ultimate success was owing to the researches of Tatsuhei Mise, who produced the first round pearls, and Tokichi Nishikawa, whose method for implanting the bead-tissue nucleus (known as the "piece method") is the keystone of the industry.[7] When Mikimoto brought his pearls to market in 1919 at significantly less than natural pearls, the incensed dealers sued. As the result of a legal battle in France, the cultured-pearl dealers were enjoined from calling their product "pearls."

"Dance, Mehitabel, dance, caper and shake a leg," says Archie. How proper for a caper is this lariat of pink freshwater cultured pearls interspersed with faceted amethysts and eighteen-karat-gold beads by Angela Cummings, of Tiffany; $1,985.

When the stock market crashed in 1929, the jewelry industry went into a tailspin, and natural-pearl prices, once the highest for any gem, never recovered.[8] Maurice Shire, a natural-pearl dealer for twenty years before he turned to emeralds in the 1950s, recalls that when the jewelry market revived after World War II, the natural-pearl dealers expected to regain their losses, but the pearl divers had moved into land-based petroleum industries for better-paid and less-risky jobs;[9] and, worse, after the discovery of oil in the Persian Gulf, pollution more or less finished off the already-overfished oyster beds. "In the 1920s," Shire says, "there were three hundred natural-pearl dealers in America; today there are only two or three." Natural pearls

"I must sugar my hair," declared the Lobster in *Alice*. Perhaps with pearls. Here, sixty-two cultured pearls keeping company with cabochon sapphires, baguette diamonds, and an engraved pink sapphire of 17.33 carats. Bulgari.

have become a sideline for dealers and a rarity for the consumer.

The Mikimoto pearl revolution was accompanied by one in fashion. By 1910, the corseted, hourglass silhouette began to give way to the unconstructed look in dress and a much simpler way of wearing jewelry. In the early 1920s, one rope of pearls sufficed, along with pendent pearl or diamond earrings. After the art deco explosion in 1925, jewelry designers turned toward diamonds, onyx, crystal, and enameling; but tiny seed pearls, a natural product of both freshwater and saltwater mollusks,[16] were used for long necklaces called sautoirs, and for multistrand necklaces, fringed, tasseled, or twisted, with jeweled clasps.

The Depression fostered the costume-jewelry industry, which

had already had a boost from Chanel, with her ropes of imitation pearls and gemstones of glass worn with couture clothing. Such popularization of costume jewelry posed a serious threat to the foundering cultured-pearl industry. In the 1930s, Mikimoto ceremonially burned three hundred pounds of imitation Japanese pearls in a gesture of protest whose irony was not lost on the natural-pearl dealers of the day.

By the 1950s, the cultured pearl was part of middle-class life. Every college girl and bride had her single graduated strand, and top jewelers like Tiffany and Van Cleef & Arpels were stocking cultured pearls for the first time. During the turbulent sixties, pearls, an emblem of conservative good taste, were rejected in favor of more "ethnic" forms of ornament, such as beads. Though this trend caused a few Japanese pearl farmers to go bankrupt, it was reversed within ten years.

While simplicity and elegance regained status, the price of diamonds and gold, along with the inflation rate, went sky-high. Pearl prices rose too, but less dramatically. Feeling the pinch, jewelers offered pearls as an affordable alternative that provided a "bigger look" for less money—certainly no more—than something similarly important in gold would cost.

The variety of pearls available today is the product of an industry that is an amalgam of farms in Japan, China, Burma, and the South Seas, most owned independently. The pearls are sold at auctions in Japan and Burma. There is no syndicate comparable to De Beers, which controls the world supply of diamonds; it is the sensitive oyster that invariably has the last word.

Japanese saltwater pearls, the staple of the industry, are cultivated in the Akoya oyster. These can be round, off-round, baroque, or half-pearls (mabes or mobes). They occur naturally in subtle tints of pink, gold, blue, green, and gray. Because of its small size, the Akoya oyster rarely produces a pearl larger than 9 mm—about the size of a pea—so, in the early 1950s, the Japanese set up culturing operations in Burma to obtain a larger pearl from the much bigger *Pinctada maxima* and *Pinctada margaratifera* oysters there. They produce an 11–15 mm pearl in luscious cream white, cream rosé, and sometimes gold.[11]

Not until 1955 were there enough Burmese pearls to make necklaces, but the output, never large, has diminished drastically in recent years, owing, some say, to poor nucleation in the oysters or the natural attrition of the beds. The Australian farms set up in the 1950s produce equally large pearls, but the color tends to be a pure white with high iridescence. Pearls of lesser quality are also cultured in the Philippines and Thailand.

Cultured freshwater pearls (less expensive than saltwater pearls) have been produced commercially since the 1930s in Japan's Lake Biwa. The Chinese, also large producers of freshwater pearls, did not enter this market until the 1970s. Freshwater pearls are grown in large, "mother" mussels that are tissue-nucleated (no bead is used) in multiples to produce forty to fifty pearls at a time. (Mussels, unlike oysters, have the further advantage that they can be reused two or possibly three times.) Biwas, as pearls produced this way are called, are always baroque and range in size from that of a crinkly "Rice Krispie" grain to large, irregularly shaped pieces resembling crosses, zigzags, sticks, or dragons. In color, Biwas are white, orange, salmon, wine, gray, or lilac—even metallic gold and black.[12]

The most recent culturing operations were set up in the mid-1970s in Tahiti, where the black-lipped oyster produces the famed natural-color black pearl. The largest farm is owned by a French tycoon, Jean-Claude Brouillet, in partnership with Assael International, a leading importer based in New York. Salvatore Assael says that their first crop was harvested seven years ago and has produced about 60,000 pearls a year, many more than now come from Burma.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOBY SANFORD

1. A young woman with a considerable collection of pearls was explaining her recent passion for them. "For a lot of women I know, owning jewelry had become a contest as to who had the biggest diamond. I decided I never wanted to see another diamond necklace. Besides, I wanted something I could feel safe wearing night and day, that didn't need to be put in a vault."

2. Apocryphal, surely. According to *The Book of the Pearl,* by G. F. Kunz and C. H. Stevenson (the definitive work for pearl historians), even in boiling vinegar, a pearl weighing four or five grains would take several hours to dissolve. Acid penetrates the interior very slowly.

3. The pendent pearl King Charles I is seen wearing in his left ear in Van Dyck's portraits was "greatly coveted." When he was beheaded, it is said, witnesses rushed up, bloodying their hands to snatch the royal jewel. Unlikely. He no doubt took it off before mounting the block.

4. The dog collar was supposedly designed to cover surgical scars. Her pearls consisted of seven rows, each twenty to thirty inches long, hanging below five large neck circlets and a great corsage ornament that covered her entire bodice. Below that hung a splendid ornament of diamonds hung with many large pear-shaped pearls. Many of Alexandra's jewels now belong to the duchess of Windsor, who received them from her husband the duke before their marriage and had them reset. It is rumored that she plans to leave them not to Prince Charles but to the French government.

This year a typhoon wiped out six or seven small farms financed by the Tahitian government and damaged the Assael-Brouillet operation, destroying some 100,000 baby oysters. Such natural disasters, as well as pollution and the deadly "red tides" of poisonous plankton that periodically kill off sea life in vast areas of the ocean, are a constant plague to the pearl industry, affecting both quality and quantity. In Japan, industrial pollution has been cleaned up considerably, but marine fish hatcheries and rice planting along the shores of Lake Biwa pose new threats to the health and productivity of the pearl oysters.

New farming waters are always being sought. The Japanese, the industry's master technicians, have come to America to set up a joint freshwater culturing operation in the lakes of Tennessee with John Latendresse, president of the American Pearl Company. The culturing is being done under government protection with a guarantee of freedom from pollution. There has not yet been a commercial crop, but an important new source of freshwater pearls is expected.

The tremendous range in pearl prices reflects both quality and scarcity. In pearls of any category, only a small percentage of the yearly crop is of gem, or fine, quality—the equivalent of flawlessness—when judged by its size, roundness, cleanness, luster, and color.[13] An entire necklace of perfectly matched gem-quality pearls usually takes years to collect, a factor reflected in the price. A strand of small—say, 4–5 mm—fine-quality pink Akoya pearls can easily cost five times as much as 8 mm Akoyas of "promotional" quality. All things being equal, however, the price jumps dramatically as the pearl size exceeds 8–8.5 mm.

A perfectly spherical pearl is called an eight-way roller (*happo-korogashi*), but these are very rare. Most pearls are slightly off-round, barrel, or button shaped, though this is not always obvious. Personal preferences aside (some people like baroque pearls best), the most perfectly round are also the most costly, but only if they have a fine luster—sometimes almost metallic, like a ball bearing, with a mirror's reflective surface. The larger the pearl, the harder this degree of luster is to come by. Baroque pearls can be very lustrous but because of their irregular shapes do not provide a reflective surface. Pearls of poor luster often appear dull white and chalky. Even worse is the "fish eye" effect of a white bead visible under a thin film of nacre.

Color varies greatly. In the white category, the pinks or rosés and cream whites are preferred. The commonest pearls are pinkish or yellowish, with a distinct "petroleum" green tinge. All black Akoya pearls acquire their color either by immersion in a chemical bath that permeates the entire pearl, or, sometimes, by neutron bombardment. Cheap surface dyes produce a harsh metallic finish, whereas chemically treated pearls display a fine, gunmetal sheen. Naturally black Tahitian pearls are much more desirable—and costly. They range in color from pale gray to deep black, with green, blue, or reddish iridescence.

Surface markings are to be expected. They range from almost imperceptible pinprick pitting, which is acceptable, to bumps and dimples (or, in freshwater pearls, wrinkles).[14] The less clean the pearl, the lower its price should be.

Pearls, however perfect they may be, absorb oils and dirt and should be cleaned regularly. Silk, too, is absorbent, so it is advisable to protect strung pearls from corrosion from within by an annual restringing. This process is best left to a professional jeweler. Perfume, makeup, hair spray, acidic perspiration, and (worst) chlorine bleach should never come in contact with pearls, nor should they ever be steamed or put into an ultrasonic cleaner or any commercial jewelry cleaner.

After a sea change: twenty-nine inches of Oriental pearls with alternating beads of coral and onyx. Cartier; $9,200.

5. Pulverized natural pearl is still ingested as medicine in the Orient and is believed to be used as a cure for opium addiction.

6. Rhymes, according to some industry sources, with *baker*; others say with *lacquer*.

7. Centuries earlier, the Chinese implanted freshwater mussels with tiny lead figures of the seated Buddha, which the mussel respectfully covered with nacre. These are sometimes found in curio shops today. In the mideighteenth century the great Swedish botanist Linnaeus cultivated pearls in oysters, and a century later similar experiments were tried in America, where freshwater pearls of the [illegible]

8. As is poignantly illustrated by the oft-cited story of poor Maisie Plant. In 1916 she traded her house at Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue to Cartier's for a strand of pearls that the firm had ticketed at $1,000,000. In 1917, after the death of the pearl brought $170,000 at auction, the house, a multi-million-dollar piece of prime real estate

Pearls may be purchased from the obvious retail sources—fine or volume jewelers—from private dealers or designers, or at auction.[15] Wholesalers readily concede that the fine jewelers get first choice of gem-quality merchandise—for which the prices can be staggering. Salvador Assael believes there are only four 11–15 mm Burmese necklaces in the world today of what he calls "gem-gem" quality—worth, in his opinion, half a million dollars each. The same quality and size from Australia he puts at $200,000 (only because the white color is less sought after), but prices go down by halves as the pearls become spotted or off-round. He recently sold a single 16 mm black Tahitian pearl for $30,000—wholesale.

Fine and beautiful Akoya pearls, however, are available for considerably less, especially if they are under 8.5 mm. Still, it is easy to find thousands of dollars' difference between strands of similar size and length, and the price is an invariable measure of quality. One private dealer, who urges his customers to comparison-shop, offered a thirty-one-inch strand of exceptionally fine 7–7.5 mm high-satin-luster pink pearls for $4,200. Strands of similar size but spotted and having the common greenish tinge could be seen at volume outlets for under $1,200. Ward Landrigan, of E. J. Landrigan, a private New York dealer, cautions that "bargains" are usually rejects. He admits, however, that customers will often opt to sacrifice a bit of quality in pursuit of larger sizes—"a bit less luster, not so perfectly round." The degrees of perfection can be subtle indeed.

Prices on the auction market are high, but less than retail, according to François Curiel, of Christie's, and Albert Friedel, of Sotheby's. Curiel says that about 65 percent of the pearls he sells are set in period jewelry, although a few fine, undatable strand necklaces usually appear in each sale. Although 90 percent of the buyers at jewelry auctions are dealers, in the case of pearls, which have risen so high in value, many of the sales are made to private buyers, who are likely to be connoisseurs and feel confident of judging quality.[16]

Some of the greatest pearls in history have been sold at auction, often to Middle Eastern or European buyers. In 1979, the seventeenth-century Mancini pearls were sold at Christie's in New York for $253,000. This pair of large pendent earrings is named for Cardinal Mazarin's niece Maria Mancini, who received them as a gift from Louis XIV; earlier they belonged to Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of England's Charles I. It is unlikely they would have fetched their recent price from anyone but a Middle Eastern buyer with a reverence for natural pearls and a preference for a fancy pedigree.

La Peregrina, a famous pearl from the Spanish crown jewels, was sold to the actress Elizabeth Taylor, who paid $37,000 for the pear-shaped gem at Sotheby's in 1969. Fished from Panamanian waters in the 1550s and weighing 203.84 grains, the pearl has been called flawless in shape and luster.

Like a number of pearl collectors and connoisseurs, Taylor looks for jewels by young designers as well as antique pieces. Her collection includes earrings by Christopher Walling, who collars huge white baroque freshwater pearls in high, eighteen-karat-gold bezels modeled on Renaissance settings.

Another collector has had several pieces designed for her by JAR (Joel Rosenthal), a young American who lives and works in Paris. His precious objects and fantasy pieces evoke for her a new-generation Fulco di Verdura.

For a number of designers, pearls in combination with colored stones offer opportunities for exquisitely subtle or dramatic effects. Angela Cummings, at Tiffany, feels that pearls, opals,

Pearls, with pendants of cabochon sapphires (16.95 carats) and a dazzle of diamonds. Petochi and Gorevic design; $30,000.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOBY SANFORD

9. Pearl divers were traditionally half-starved quasi-slaves. Most died young from collapsed lungs, blindness, or shark attack. Benjamin Paul Akers memorialized their fate in his statue *Dead Pearl Diver* (see "My Eye," p. 10).

10. A seed pearl is technically a natural pearl under a quarter of a grain in weight. *Keshi* ("poppy seed") is the smallest seed pearl.

11. The Japanese were expelled when the Burmese government nationalized the beds, early in the 1960s.

12. A brochure published by Golay-Buchel, a Swiss importer of gems and pearls, states that white Biwas are often whitened by heating or bleaching solution and that "dyeing is sometimes used to enrich the darker hues." For the most part, the colors are beautifully muted, and the pearls of a high, satiny luster.

crystal, and mother-of-pearl are made for one another, and loves the "frosty" effects she gets by mixing them, though one of her favorite designs is a triple fringe of tiny white pearls, softly strung on silk.

Like Miss Cummings, Jane van Nest, at Fred Leighton's, has used colorful freshwater pearls strung as twist necklaces with important jewel clasps. At Poiray, the owner-designer François Hérail is known as a sophisticated colorist, often combining lustrous black pearls with pastel gemstones and freely mixing precious, semiprecious, and natural materials.

At Bulgari, antique coins and intaglio gemstones, strongly identified with the firm's Roman heritage, have been incorporated into pearl jewelry as centerpieces for pendants. At Cartier, the design director Alfred Durante created an entire pearl collection featuring art deco–inspired clasps and motifs that echo but do not replicate the firm's famous period pieces.

There are, of course, collectors with an appetite for the spectacular, catered to by firms such as Van Cleef & Arpels and Harry Winston. Veronique Ma'Arop, of Van Cleef, says that many of her clients, especially South American women, want the biggest possible white pearls for the flattering effect they have when worn near the face, but they are not yet used to prices up to $200,000—more, if a jeweled clasp is added. She had no difficulty demonstrating, however, that $200,000 worth of large pearls dwarfs a diamond necklace at the same price.

The ultimate string of pearls may well be found at Harry Winston, Inc., where it was assembled to celebrate the firm's fiftieth anniversary. Priced at close to a million dollars, it contains ninety-three Burmese cultured pearls ranging in size from 10 to 15.5 mm. Winston's Laurence Krashes explained, "We wanted to give pearls a showing and create something super that no one else had." It is the ultimate understatement—another form of grandeur—to say it would make a nice gift.□

13. To test a pearl's authenticity, rub it against your front tooth. A natural or cultured pearl will feel gritty, an imitation one smooth.

14. Burmese and Tahitian pearls are sometimes ringed, like little Saturns; if otherwise clean, they are very desirable, especially for pendants. Some designers accent the rings with gold.

15. At auction, as in the retail market, large sizes are in demand. At the Christie's October 1982 sale, a strand of thirty-three 11–15 mm South Sea cultured pearls was sold to a woman bidding on her own behalf for $81,400. In the same sale a double strand of fifty-nine and sixty-three slightly baroque cultured pearls with a "Cartier, Paris" jeweled clasp went for $5,500.

16. At auction viewings, anyone is invited to bring any number of experts to check appraisals. Natural pearls at auction are usually accompanied by a certificate from the Gemological Institute of America. The institute will not accept jewels except through a jeweler. That is good in other ways, too, as it discourages the industry. The GIA X-rays every pearl to see whether it is natural or cultured. A cultured pearl shows up as a dark center (the nucleus) surrounded by a light halo of nacre. A natural pearl appears as an even glow, a fake pearl as a white spot.

Grandest Days of the America's Cup

The old J-boats make today's twelve-meter racers look like asterisks

By Walter McQuade
Photographs by Morris and Stanley Rosenfeld

Five miles out to sea from the beautiful little colonial harbor of Newport, Rhode Island, the America's Cup sailing competition has already begun to build tension. To reach the finals, which begin September 13, a fleet of aspirants from Britain, France, Australia, Italy, and Canada are fighting it out in preliminary match races, and so are the several U.S. contestants who hope to become defenders of the Cup.

But the twelve-meter racing sloops of 1983, graceful and powerful though they may be, are only asterisks compared with the yachts that contended for the Cup in the 1930s. That was the era of the J-boats, a never-to-be-regained, transcendent, one-design class that for a brief ten years astonished the seas. Just ten J-boats were ever constructed, and for no other purpose than trying to win the America's Cup. Compared with the twelve-meters' 70-foot decks, the J-boats' stretched 125 feet or more; they carried as much as 110 tons of lead as their keels, as against 17 tons in today's twelves; they had crews of about thirty paid professionals as compared with the twelves' eleven amateurs; and their spinnakers were the largest sails ever constructed, as big in area as 18,000 square feet. There was not only size but also grandeur to the J's.

The J's also made the America's Cup a true class-boat struggle, replacing a system that had prevailed since 1851, in which the contenders were inexactly matched ships provided with time allowances. It was to eliminate the need for handicapping that the keepers of the Cup at the New York Yacht Club decided in 1928 to invent the J-boat for future races. This was a choice that altered the Cup competition in another way, too: it could no longer be held in or around the congested New York waters. Besides, the J-boat masts, more than 160 feet tall, would not fit under some of the Manhattan bridges.

The first America's Cup competition sailed in J-boats off Newport was in 1930, when *Enterprise,* skippered by Harold S.

Yankee, *sailing hard on the wind, shows how J-boats moved, although she*

Walter McQuade is a writer and sometime sailor.

never quite made it to the Amer[illegible] [illegible] in 1970, by less than a second in the final qualifying trial.

W. STARLING BURGESS

The twelve-meters now used in Cup racing compare with J-boats as a high-school football fullback stacks up to a professional.

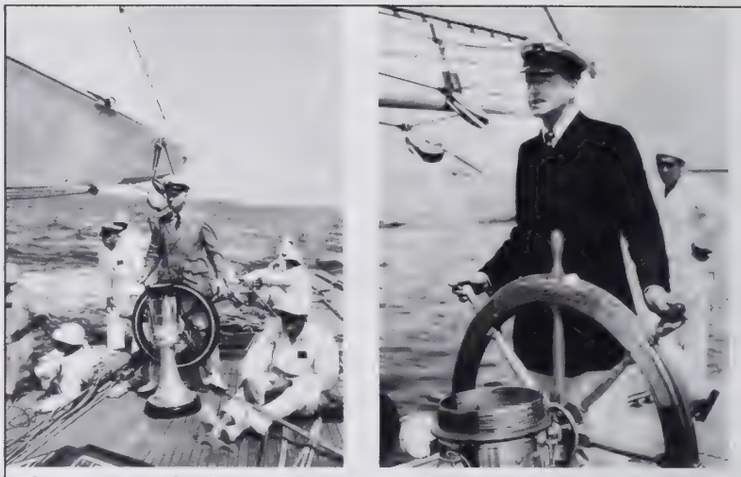
Vanderbilt, nicknamed Mike, handily beat *Shamrock V,* Sir Thomas Lipton's last, lilting effort to regain the Cup for Britain. Despite his nationality, the Scottish grocer was the popular favorite to win in almost all of America, save in the stuffy halls of the New York Yacht Club. When Lipton lost for the fifth time, a subscription drive suggested by Will Rogers brought in $16,000, which was used to commission a consolation prize from Tiffany & Co.: a gorgeous golden loving cup.

Nonetheless, it was in the J-boat, four years later, that Britain made her most nearly successful pass at the Cup. Taking over the challenge from Lipton (who died before he could commission a *Shamrock VI*) was Sir T.O.M. Sopwith, a millionaire industrialist and the creator of the Sopwith Camel of World War I. As an aeronautical engineer, Thomas Octave Murdoch Sopwith brought a newly technical approach to the contest, and the boat he came up with, *Endeavour,* was considerably faster than *Rainbow,* the U.S. defender. *Rainbow,* though backed by a syndicate that included such rich and usually unstoppable Americans as Walter P. Chrysler, Marshall Field, J. P. Morgan, and four separate Vanderbilts, actually lost the first two completed races of the series outright and was far behind in the third joust when, luckily for the United States, the wind dropped dead, canceling the day's proceedings.

At this point the bookies in New York were giving two-to-one odds that the British would take the Cup, but it was not to be. Sopwith's tactics were no match for the wily skipper of *Rainbow,* again Mike Vanderbilt, who finally pulled out a tense victory, four races to two.

When Sopwith departed, he announced grimly that he would be back. This meant that Vanderbilt would have to build a new J-boat unless he was willing to become the first defending skipper to lose the Cup. But the year was 1937, and his former backers were no longer all that enthusiastic. So, Mike Vanderbilt tightened his lips and paid for the whole thing himself, a sum of $500,000.

The result was the fastest and most famous of all J-boats, the



The great rivals: Sir T.O.M. Sopwith (left) had the faster J-boat in 1934, but Harold S. Vanderbilt (right) was the better tactician.

Vanderbilt's ultimate J, Ranger, *swept the 1937 series.*

Yankee: *never the bride, but what a beautiful bridesmaid.*

Rainbow, *with Mike* [illegible] *extended mast up to 197 ft, but only just. The British almost got back their Victorian ewer*

Another thwarted contender, Weetamoe, *throws a plume of spray.*

legendary one, *Ranger.* It was designed by W. Starling Burgess (a New Englander who liked to stand on his head while reciting Swinburne), together with the young Olin Stephens.

When I was a little boy, once, out on the water in a dinghy, I saw *Ranger* sailing in concert with two other J-boats, and it was a sight one does not forget. The crewmen on board seemed mere passengers, almost irrelevant, the ship so had its own immense life. Yet the man standing up to the helm—set not in a cockpit, but on top of the veritable ballroom of narrow-planked teak deck—was making the great bird fly, a sensation that could have been worth $500,000 even in 1937 dollars. *Ranger* swept the series against Sopwith's new *Endeavour II* that year. Then came the war, and the sleek steel hulls of all but three of the J-boats were hacked up to make armaments.

Perhaps sheer size is not all that essential to an America's Cup boat, so long as it makes a beautiful and vital image. The smaller twelves do that, certainly, although the glory of planked decks and brightwork is gone. From a few hundred feet away, the aluminum twelves are glorious ballerinas; up close, they are a little like floating machine shops.

Three U.S. presidents have attended America's Cup races. Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1934 watched from the deck of *Nourmahal,* his friend Vincent Astor's floating pleasure dome. Dwight D. Eisenhower showed up in a battleship in 1958 and observed the start of one race, but by the time the yachts reached the first mark he was ashore in Newport playing golf. John F. Kennedy came in 1962 and watched longer.

The festivities spawned by Cup races are rich. Today's equivalent of Sopwith, the British banker Peter de Savary, backer of *Victory,* held a formal ball in mid-July with Prince Andrew as a guest. The bagpipers of the queen's regiment of Irish Guards were present too. Before the ball, as the afternoon began to turn into twilight, the pipers, in their red tunics and bearskin hats, marched down to the docks where their U.S. competitors lay moored, halted, and played, "Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!"□

At practice aboard Endeavour *in 1934, Skipper Sopwith jousts with a*

sparring-partner J-boat. In the [illegible] *from England for the Newport racing series.*

ROYAL SPENDTHRIFT

GEORGE IV BELIEVED THAT GREAT MONARCHIES REQUIRED GREAT SETTINGS

BY CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT

When King George IV died, at Windsor Castle in the summer of 1830, the *Times* declared in a mercilessly vituperative obituary that there had never been an "individual less regretted by his fellow-creatures" than this "inveterate voluptuary," this "Leviathan of the *haut ton*" whose "most reckless, unceasing and unbounded prodigality" had cost the nation millions. It was certainly true that the king's death was largely unlamented. At his funeral, in St. George's Chapel, there appeared to be "not a single mark of sympathy," the "only sign of mourning" being the black dress of the congregation. In London, so another observer recorded, there was no evidence of sorrow in the streets: "It looked much more as if some good news had arrived than anything else."

A generation earlier, the king, then prince of Wales and thirty-four years old, had been compelled to reveal that he had accumulated debts which, if assessed in present-day terms, amounted to some $60 million. The vast income allowed to him by Parliament and augmented by the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall—the private estate traditionally vested in the eldest son of the sovereign—had proved utterly inadequate to meet the constant demands that had been made upon it. The prince's extravagance was legendary. What he spent each year on tailors' and perfumers' bills alone would have kept whole villages in idleness and comfort. Riding breeches came by the dozen, waistcoats

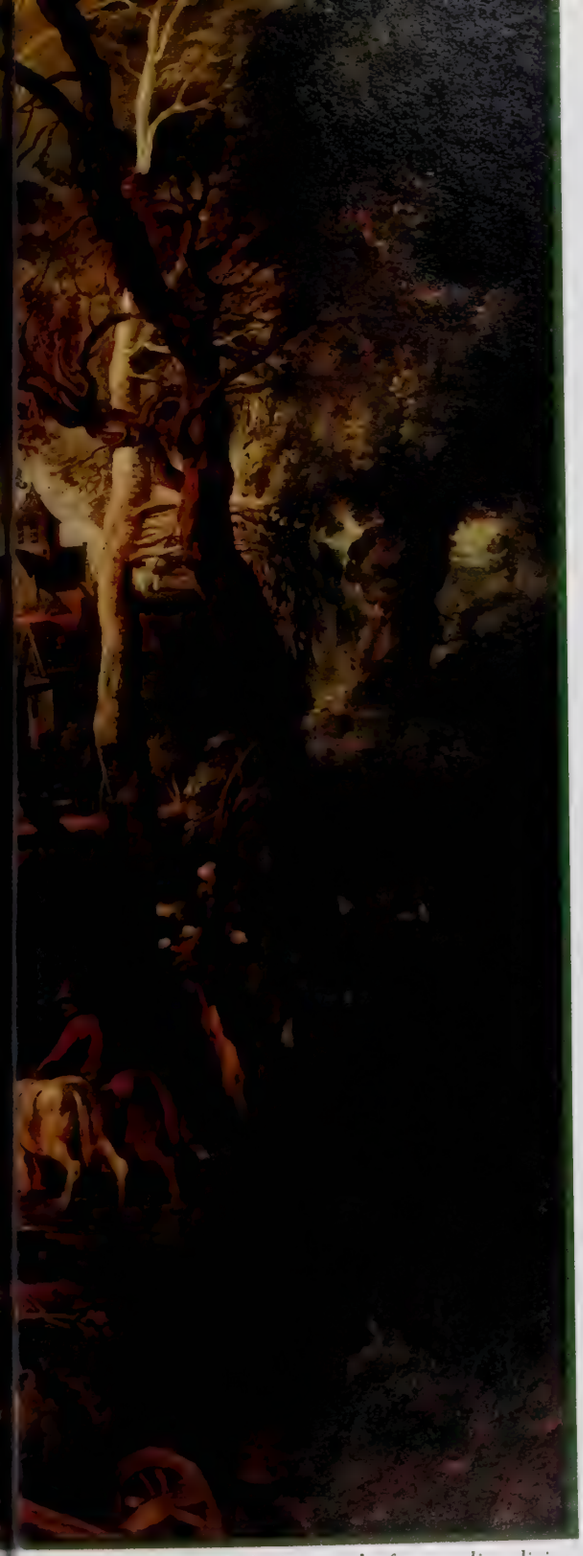
George IV's joy in ostentation marks his portrait by Sir Thomas [illegible] as exuberantly as his Marine Pa[illegible] ton (right), judged by a Russian visitor "not fit to live in." At left, the Pavilion's fantastical banqueting room.

ANGELO HORNAK

From a celebrated collection, George bought but one sumptuous picture, Rubens's Farm at Laeken *(above). Wyatville's rendering (below) of*

by the score, pots of face cream by the hundred; once in need of a new walking stick, he bought thirty-two in one day. He would readily pay £2,000 for new table linen at a time when his personal surgeon earned no more than £150 a year; and he would spend as much on a costume for a fancy-dress ball as the combined annual wages of four of his kitchen boys.

Not only tradesmen profited by his reckless expenditure, generosity, and vanity. He was perpetually commissioning portraits and miniatures. Reynolds painted him, as did Gainsborough. Stubbs portrayed him trotting through a meadow with two little dogs at his horse's hooves. His family and friends, distinguished contemporaries, and beloved animals were



Windsor Castle before and after medievalizing.

painted at his request and expense even more frequently than his own features. So, year by year, portraits by Cosway, Romney, and Hoppner, Beechey, Ströhling, and Copley were added to his ever-growing collection.

Nor were the prince's commissions for portraits only. Gainsborough, for instance, was asked for two landscapes at a time when his work in this field was not widely esteemed. Sporting scenes and military subjects were always welcome to him; so were genre scenes by artists like William Mulready and William Collins; and so was any picture by Thomas Lawrence, who was knighted in 1815, having completed those fine portraits of Napoleon's enemies that now hang in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle.

The prince, who became regent in 1811, did not limit himself to works by contemporary British artists. With the help of various advisers, principally Lord Yarmouth, he bought old masters too. At a sale at Christie's he acquired, among other valuable paintings, Rembrandt's superb *Shipbuilder and His Wife,* several Adriaen van de Veldes, Steen's *Morning Toilet,* and de Hooch's *The Card Players* and *A Courtyard in Delft.* In 1814 he purchased eighty-six splendid pictures from the collection of Sir Thomas Baring. Thereafter he was less inclined to buy paintings en bloc, limiting himself to those he was drawn to either by his own taste and judgment or by the recommendations of friends. When the celebrated Aynard collection came onto the market in Paris, he decided it was "too general" and bought only one treasure, Peter Paul Rubens's *Farm at Laeken.*

Sculptors were as grateful for his patronage as painters. John Flaxman, Richard Westmacott, and Francis Chantrey all received regular commissions from him; and while Westmacott testified to his remarkable taste and knowledge, Chantrey praised the easy friendliness of his manner when talking to artists of all kinds. "Now, Mr. Chantrey," he said with the utmost amiability when sitting for him for the first time, "I insist on your laying aside everything like restraint, both for your own sake and for mine. Do here, if you please, just as you would if you were at home. . . . Now, Mr. Chantrey," he added, holding out his wig as the sculptor prepared the clay, "which way shall it be? With the wig or without it?"

The regent's affability and generosity, his "fine taste, sound judgment, and extensive information" were also admired by the Italian sculptor Antonio Canova, who particularly respected him for his support of the nation's purchase of the marble friezes from the neglected Parthenon, brought back from Greece by the seventh earl of Elgin and now housed in the British Museum. On his arrival in London, Canova was greeted warmly by the regent, who presented him with a valuable snuffbox and commissioned various works, including a marble group of Mars and Venus. He also presented to the duke of Wellington Canova's colossal marble statue of Napoleon in the pose of a naked Roman emperor, made for Napoleon himself but rejected because the winged figure of Victory in the right hand does not return his stern gaze but seems about to fly away from him. It may, therefore, now be admired at the Wellington Museum, Apsley House, Piccadilly. Mars and Venus were placed in the Gothic conservatory at Carlton House.

Of this magnificent palace, which was reconstructed for the prince by Henry Holland, on the southern side of Pall Mall, at a cost that the prince himself admitted to be "enormous," not a trace now remains apart from the columns of the portico, which were used for that of the National Gallery—for Carlton House was demolished after the regent came to the throne upon his father's death, in 1820. He had made up his mind that, sumptuous though it was, it was "not a suitable residence for a King of England." But most of its contents were preserved, and the present queen's collections are now all the richer for the countless treasures for which France and the salerooms and dealers' shops of London were scoured by the regent's friends and agents, year after year.

As Carlton House has vanished, so has most of the Royal Lodge, the house in Windsor Great Park which was converted for the regent, regardless of expense, into a delightful and imposing cottage *orné* by John Nash. But another enchanting monument to the regent's taste and extravagance, and to Nash's genius, has survived at Brighton. This is the Marine Pavilion, the marvelous Mogul pal-

1667

ace which took the place of an earlier Graeco-Roman-style seaside house and which was decorated and furnished for the regent in an Oriental style of exotic grandeur. An "absurd concoction," in the opinion of one of the regent's brothers, it was derided by most of their contemporaries. John Wilson Croker, the politician and essayist, who was an occasional guest there, condemned it after a visit in 1818 as "an absurd waste of money," though he had to concede that the banqueting room when lit up at night was "really beautiful." Another guest, Dorothea de Lieven, wife of the Russian ambassador, compared it unfavorably with the Kremlin. "We were shown a chandelier which cost eleven thousand pounds sterling," she told her lover, Prince Metternich. "I write it out in full because it is really incredible. The chandelier is in the form of a tulip held by a dragon. . . . How can one describe such a piece of architecture . . .? The style is a mixture of Moorish, Tartar, Gothic, and Chinese, and all in stone and iron. It is a whim which has already cost 700,000 pounds; and it is still not fit to live in."

Yet the pavilion is now almost universally admired, and it stands as a tribute to George IV himself quite as much as it does to Nash, for the king was its original inspiration and, as at Carlton House, he supervised every detail of its construction and decoration, constantly offering his opinion and advice, particularly in the embellishment of the Music Room. There, in the evenings after dinner, he would accompany on his cello such musicians as Rossini and Haydn, with creditable skill, and sing to his guests in a pleasant tenor voice.

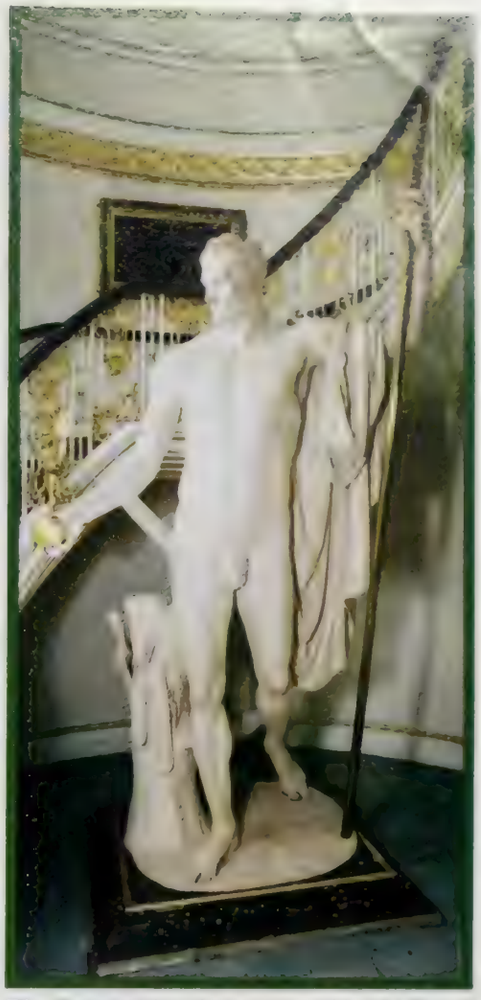
The palace that Nash later built in London cost even more than the pavilion, and it was not ready for occupancy until long after George IV's death. This grand London edifice, on the site of the relatively modest home of his parents, was, like the Brighton Pavilion, almost universally condemned at the time of its construction, on account of both its cost and its design, which the diarist Thomas Creevey described as "the devil's own." The crown of England did not require such splendor, protested Joseph Hume, after five hundred massive blocks of veined Carrara marble had been delivered to the site, and a huge marble arch of stone from Serravezza—now removed to the top of Park Lane—had been proposed by the king as the main gateway into the forecourt: "Foreign countries might indulge in trippery, but England ought to pride herself on her plainness and s[illegible]

theless, it is to George IV's insistence that great monarchies required great settings that we owe the grandeur of Buckingham Palace.

The king was just as severely censured for spending so much on Windsor Castle, which was being simultaneously transformed and which, so Wellington complained, absorbed the king's attention to such a degree that he appeared "not to be the least interested in public affairs." The architect chosen was Jeffry Wyatt, "a busy-bustling, vain little man," who asked the king if he could change his name to Wyatville to avoid confusion with other members of his family, some of whom were mere builders. "Ville or mutton," the king is supposed to have cheerfully replied, "call yourself what you like."

Year after year from 1824, with fine disregard of the sums allocated by Parliament, armies of workmen labored to turn Windsor Castle into the "imposing seat of royalty" that was the king's ideal. The result was roundly condemned and has been so since. Critics have been appalled by Wyatville's architectural blague, the bogus mortar joints in his freestone blocks, the imitation portcullis grooves in his gates, the excessively picturesque machicolations—those architectural contrivances hitherto unknown at Windsor that allowed the medieval warrior to pour molten lead on his enemies from the towers and in the nineteenth century, it was to be hoped, were no longer of practical use. Why on earth had such a damned great fortress been made of it? Lord Dudley demanded cantankerously. The Vikings weren't coming over again, were they? But others—Sir Walter Scott among them—thought the Gothicization successful and impressive. In recognizing that an essentially Gothic structure demanded Gothic treatment, George IV and Wyatville between them gave Windsor Castle that appearance of solid yet romantic grandeur that has made it one of the most distinctive monuments in the world.

When the king moved into his completed new castle, he was near the end of his life. He was reviled as bitterly as ever, yet it had come to be recognized by the less prejudiced that for all his wanton self-indulgence he had done more to enrich the nation's heritage than any other monarch since Charles I; that the British people, as the duke of Wellington said, had good [illegible] to be grateful to "a most magnificent patron of the arts in this country and the world"; and that with his acknowledged faults went many varied virtues. He



The Canova Napoleon, *rejected by the French emperor for Victory's bad manners in showing him her back. Left: Jan Steen's* Morning Toilet*—just one of George's old masters picked up on a spree at Christie's.*

was, Wellington concluded, a "most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy, and good feeling."

Among artists the good feeling for him as patron always predominated. In illness and adversity, David Wilkie was deeply grateful for the kindness and tact of the king, who sought him out to say he was so confident of his recovery that Wilkie must consider His Majesty his banker. "He may draw for what he wants and repay me . . . at his leisure in the shape of pictures," the king instructed. "I can never have too many Wilkies in my collection." When Benjamin Robert Haydon, poor, unhappy, his reputation overcast, submitted for the king's inspection his canvas *The Mock Election*, the [illegible] bought it for two hundred [illegible] to be [illegible] drank the King's health in the large goblet I had painted [illegible] Haydon told a friend. "I would save the King

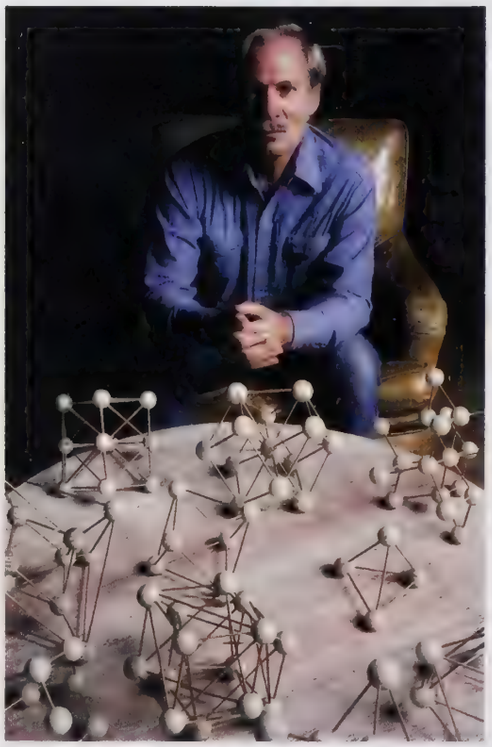
[illegible]
historian

SOUNDS OF INFINITY

SLICING THE OCTAVE TO SLIVERS

BY DAVE FLEISCHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCOTT MORGAN



Erv Wilson maps out microchord progressions in mathematical models of hyperspace.

In a silent photograph (opposite), Kraig Grady resembles an abstract sculptor defending his work from a swarm of bees. An eerie humming does pervade his home, in Santa Monica, California, but bees aren't the source. Grady is playing a serious musical instrument made of aluminum bars, string, and wood. He invented it to play microtones—exotic sounds excluded from regular musical notation. Some visitors get a headache, but the humming gives Grady, thirty, the thrill of musical pioneering. "Microtonal brings out the American in me," he says. "It's like finding your own land and building there."

In the music we're all familiar with, pitches are standardized by means of a twelve-tone octave. Each octave is divided into twelve precisely equal intervals called half-steps or semitones. On a piano keyboard, each octave consists of twelve keys (or pitches)—seven white natural keys and five black sharps and flats. But microtonalists find nothing sacred about the number twelve. Seeking uncharted pitches "between" the keys, they keep subdividing the octave into shorter intervals, thus achieving more tones. For example, a twenty-four-tone octave produces quarter-tones that microtonalists consider superior to semitones in both subtlety and sound.

Microtonal experiments go back as far as ancient Greece; the Czech composer Alois Haba wrote a quarter-tone opera (*The Mother*) in 1931 and even tried a sixth-tone system. Microtonalists may have an idea whose time still hasn't come, but it has long intrigued certain modern composers like the Americans Charles Ives and Harry Partch. By now the octave splitters claim scales with as many as fifty-five notes. Whether these permit chords that please the ear is a matter of debate.

Like other American musicians, microtonalists seem to congregate in two predictable places. Those in New York tend to modify conventional instruments in order to play new notes. But in Southern California, dogged experimenters like Kraig Grady are inventing new instruments designed solely for microtonal music. Eager to know what completely new instruments sound like, I recently visited California to listen.

In Los Angeles, I met Glen Prior, twenty-nine, the soft-spoken former "substitute" percussionist with the Detroit Symphony. He has been playing nontwelve ever since he drifted to Los Angeles to do studio work and, by chance, became friends with Erv Wilson, fifty-four, a guiding light for many of the younger California microtonalists. The two are now even closer: Prior, along with his wife and infant son, has moved in next door. Because Wilson's house is bigger and contains all the instruments, Prior took me over there to talk.

Wilson wasn't home. We passed through an empty kitchen lit by a naked bulb into a large, paneled study with a huge stone fireplace. It was filled with instruments made of steel pipes laid out in uneven rows. They looked like xylophones from Mars. Wilson, their designer, calls them "tubulongs." The first tubulong we examined was "in thirty-one instead of twelve," meaning that it requires thirty-one separate steps to complete an octave, compared with twelve for the piano. Using soft-tipped mallets, Prior played a complete scale that ran the entire length of the instrument. The effect was a resonating chordal shimmer that hung in the air long after the notes were struck. It was nothing like the sound of a xylophone. It was a transfixing sound, unlike any other I had ever heard.

It was also complex. In twelve-tone, if you look between A and B you find a single tone, B-flat. Though B-flat is sometimes called A-sharp, in the twelve-tone system the two names still invariably stand for the same tone, the only one between A and B. In thirty-one-tone, however, there are four separate tones between A and B instead of just one. They are A-plus, A-sharp, B-flat, B-minus. Thus, B-flat and A-sharp actually have different sounds. And thirty-one-tone is not the only microtonal system with "interesting" sounds. Tubulongs on other tables in Wilson's study had been tuned to seventeen, nineteen, twenty-two, twenty-four, and fifty-three equal divisions of the octave.

But to what end? Is a thirty-one-note octave really better than a twelve? How? As if on cue, Prior quietly stroked the

At home in Santa Monica, Kraig Grady sets out to play his microtonal instrument.

MUSIC MAY CIRCLE BACK TO MATH

Clockwise from upper left: Glen Prior on bamboo tubulong; *Ivor Darreg, doyen of non-twelve; Cris Forster with his harplike, spinning, "ambisonant"* Chrysalis.

tubulong again, this time playing "Greensleeves." As the song began ("Alas, my love, you-oo do me wrong") Prior replaced the expected B-flat found on the second syllable of "a-*las*" with the more potent A-sharp. He replaced specific E notes with more appropriate E-pluses. The sounds Prior coaxed from the instrument were soft and haunting—unmistakably "Greensleeves," but even more affecting than usual because the shadings were more precise.

Scott Hackleman, thirty, is another of Erv Wilson's Los Angeles protégés. A former cellist, Hackleman found standard Western music too limited and switched to sitar. He now makes his living building microtonal clavichords and Indian instruments. With his craftsmanship and can-do attitude, he was just the recruit Erv Wilson needed to help build a nineteen-tone clavichord. "Heck, I almost never say no," Hackleman recalls. Little did he know what he was getting into.

Wilson immediately drew plans for a keyboard with alternating rows of small hexagons. Hackleman was less than enthusiastic. "I looked at this strange thing and said, 'Why does it have to look like bathroom tiles?' But Erv was very patient in explaining its advantages to me, even though I had hurt his feelings. And then when I built it I finally saw what he meant."

Hackleman showed me what he finally saw by running his fingers up and down the keyboard, playing nineteen-note scales. "Your fingers don't want to go in a straight line. They actually want to go like this," he said, his hands gracefully crisscrossing the rows of hexagonal keys. Wilson had designed a perfect mesh between nineteen and twelve. The key-to-key span of each nineteen-note octave was only six inches. The keys for each twelve-note octave corresponded to the natural movement of the hands. All in all, the Wilson-Hackleman not only multiplied the delicate sounds of that gentle instrument but also was much easier to play. Even more impressive was the fact that it got built at all. Hackleman is hardly well-heeled. Unable to buy materials and rent a work space at the same time, he was forced to make do with improvised shops—an all-night gas station, an abandoned chicken coop, an unfinished boat in one boatyard, a tent in another boatyard.

Virtually all the microtonalists I encountered had found themselves as limited by money problems as they were unlimited by the chromatic scale. It was a frustrating cause. Still, they all persisted. Glen Prior, for example, had run out of studio music jobs and now subsisted on his minuscule salary as a part-time chauf-

Each microtonal system has its own mood. Darreg plays no favorites. His megalyras *are color-coded to contrasting scales.*

feur. Yet every week he saved a few more dollars to buy another piece of rosewood for the thirty-one-tone marimba he had been building for the past two years. Rosewood costs twenty dollars per board foot. So what? It's the best-sounding wood for a marimba. "It's not like an investment where I'm going to make money," he explained. "This is something for *me*. I know it's going to take time."

When I finally met Erv Wilson, it became evident that time and money had lately been on his mind as well. For years he had worked half-time as a draftsman, spending the other half investigating microtonal theory. The money was still not enough for instruments and new clothes, and Wilson came to work each day looking more and more ragged. Trying to help, his company offered him a raise. There was one catch. The job was now full-time. Wilson, a consummate teacher, no longer had time to take on students.

He tried to find his predicament amusing. "They bought me, lock, stock, and barrel," he moaned. But he had been the seller, as he clearly knew.

Wilson's teaching tools, densely connected geometrical models of "musical space," sat in a cupboard gathering dust. Long familiar to mathematics, the models were projections of higher space (spaces of four and five dimensions). Only a few years ago Wilson discovered they were ideal for mapping out the new microtonal systems.

NEW SOUNDS FROM STRANGE NEW GIZMOS

Wilson explained the models to me several times before I understood his key idea. In a sense, it was a pursuit of complexity. With every new note you added to a system, it became possible to create a tremendous number of new chords. The number for a thirty-one-note octave alone verged on the astronomical.

According to Glen Prior, the overabundance of new chords is one reason why music schools are reluctant to teach microtonal theory. "They feel threatened," Prior said. "I don't blame them. If you've spent a lifetime mastering all the nuances of major and minor chords, you don't need a sudden invasion of things like neutral chords."

With the new chords comes the problem of learning how to use them in sequence. You now have to find your way through a completely unknown series of chord progressions. Here is where Wilson's multidimensional maps of higher space come in really handy. By making visual all possible chord-to-chord paths, the maps provide a way, perhaps the only way, to learn how to make microtonal chord progressions one by one—the only complete microchord road map.

While Wilson sought more time for space in his life, the white-bearded venerable of microtonal music sat at home in nearby Glendale, using a pair of pliers to pluck metal frets from the neck of a cheap guitar. Ivor Darreg, a former child prodigy now sixty-five years old, has experimented with alternate tunings for well over fifty years. He called what he was doing to the neck of the guitar "de-twelvulating." Later, he measured and marked the same neck, setting out new positions where the frets were to be hammered back in.

Judging from the state of Darreg's tiny house, an awful lot of de-twelvulating had been going on. The place was crammed with a lifetime supply of microtonality: old vacuum tubes, physics-lab devices with

WHO IS THE NONTWELVE BEETHOVEN —OR STRAVINSKY?

tions outside the house. Eight of them lay about—a family of fretless steel-stringed electric contrabass instruments called megalyras. Several were eight feet long. Like the refretted guitars, they were microtonal; Darreg had carefully painted colored lines marking each different tonal system.

As Darreg demonstrated the various tunings, it became obvious to me that many are an acquired taste. Listening politely to the more dissonant ones made my smile muscles feel sore. I yearned for thirty-one-tone and wondered why Darreg put equal emphasis on the other systems. "The fact is," he explained, "that each one has its own mood. There are harsh ones, gentle ones, soothing ones, rousing ones. For example, seventeen-tone offers a brilliant cleanness that twelve can't match, while nineteen is extremely aggressive, particularly when you compare it with thirty-one, which is harmonious and serene.

"Here's one that's just plain weird," he said, happily plucking some not-so-harmonious sounds from one of the megalyras. "It's in thirteen." I decided that thirteen, too, was an acquired taste.

Other microtonalists are making sounds that are much harder to characterize. In

A MICROTONAL DISCOGRAPHY

○ Easley Blackwood, **Twelve Microtonal Etudes.** Send to: E. Blackwood, University of Chicago, Chicago, IL 60637. (Record E-639)

○ John Cage, **Sonatas and Interludes,** performed by Joshua Pierce on Tomato Records TOM-2 1001 (soon to be released on Labor).

○ **Moustache Blue.** Works by Darreg, Prior, Smith, and Wreford. Send to: *Moustache Blue,* c/o Ivor Darreg, 349½ West California Ave., Glendale, CA 91203.

○ Don Ellis & His Orchestra, **Autumn.** (Columbia Stereo CS 9721)

○ Alois Haba, **The Mother,** a quarter-tone opera. (Supraphon SUA ST 50681-2 Stereo)

○ G. F. Händel, **5 Flute Sonatas,** performed by Frans Brüggen on Phillips Seon 6575 079.

○ **New Music in Quarter-Tones.** Works by Ives, Hampton, Lybbert, and Macero.

○ Modern Mayan, **The Indian Music of Mexico.** (Ethnic Folkways Records FE 4377)

○ Harry Partch, **Delusion of the Fury.** (Columbia Masterworks M2 30576)

○ Terry Riley, **Shri Camel.** (Columbia M-35164)

○ Ezra Sims, **Microtonal Music.** (CRI SD 377)

○ **Tricesimoprimal Music.** Works by Badings, Kox, and others from the Netherlands. Limited copies available from: The President's Office, Webster College, St. Louis, MO 63119.

Selected and collated by Johnny Reinhard

Is *Scott Hackleman's thirty-one-tone* clavichord *easier to play than a piano?*

John Lazell, with his grand invention, the drone. *Its electronically amplified vibrations have been known to shake the earth.*

San Diego, I looked up Cris Forster, a young ex–concert pianist who chucked a conservatory scholarship and then sold his piano to buy a band saw. Forster argues that some of the most intriguing microtonal sounds have a quality he calls "ambisonance"—a coloring both consonant and dissonant at the same time. To explore these qualities, Forster, a superb craftsman, has completed three instruments. Two are based on originals created by the late composer Harry Partch, who favored a forty-three-note octave. Forster's versions are the diamond marimba, which has thirteen rows of wooden bars suspended over clear plexigl[illegible]

tors, and the harmonic/melodic canon, a forty-eight-string, harplike instrument with forty-eight separately adjustable bridges. The third instrument, Chrysalis, is Forster's alone. With its eighty-two strings radiating outward from a circular metal hub, it resembles a cross between a harp and a spinning wheel.

The way Chrysalis looks is the way it's played. Demonstrating exactly what he means by ambisonance, Forster slowly rotated the heavy wheel so that the strings brushed against his fingers. The sound was neither pleasant nor unpleasant. It was unsatisfying, like an unanswered question. I couldn't decide whether the chord had or hadn't been resolved.

But the strangest sound of all comes from an instrument that surely outranks all rivals for the title of "world's longest guitar." Invented by John Lazell, a musical machinist who lives in a bus near Santa Barbara, the "drone" is a long (up to fifteen feet), electrically amplified steel beam with strings. The instrument is solidly supported by two tree stumps. Like Darreg's megalyras, the drone is unfretted and can play in any kind of scale. The drone I got to hear was twelve feet long and belonged to a musician named Francesco Lupica, who had bought it from Lazell.

Standing in the tiny practice room of his Santa Monica house, Lupica held the end of a narrow steel bar with both hands, like a samu[illegible], with great concentration, gently touched the bar to the strings of the drone. Immediately, a deep sonic boom issued from the speakers against the wall. The note was so low that on any other instrument it would have been no louder than a subaudible clunk. But a drone's strings are amplified and very long. So, the lowest low-low notes are not only audible but can also sustain a complete series of harmonic overtones. Each note can become a deep and resonating choir.

The sounds Lupica made were so deep, and the harmonics so extensive, that his entire house began to vibrate. He quickly chose a different range of tones; the vibrations disappeared. Then the telephone rang, and we soon learned exactly where those vibrations had gone. The caller was Lupica's neighbor across the street. "Whatever you're doing," he pleaded, "could you please cut it out? All the walls of my house are shaking."

Indeed, the drone can literally shake the earth itself. But can it shake the musical world? [illegible] least in Southern California, microtonality [illegible] to suit. Until some microtonal Bach or [illegible] interesting than satisfying.

Dave [illegible] a freelance writer who specializes in science and design.

SOUR DREAMS

The sardonic riddles posed by the Surrealists have lost some of their allure.

By Robin Duthy

Among the laggards of the art market are the Surrealists, who have appreciated only 35 percent in value since 1975. Since the Surrealist movement was a key development in the history of art, this record may seem surprising. The explanation lies in the style and subject matter itself, which, as we now see, has never been likely to retain favor with collectors. The spectacular prices—well into six figures—recently paid for works by Dali, de Chirico, and Miró, must not mask the sluggish performance of the main body of Surrealist work at a time when the rest of the art market has been livelier than ever.

Surrealist art is likely to remain in demand because it is a landmark in the evolution of Western painting from which developed many of the abstract styles practiced since, but its validity as a pictorial language is in question. Consider Salvador Dali, who for many people is the archetypal Surrealist painter. Celebrated though he may be, his pictorial statements, in common with those of other members of the "figurative" school of Surrealism, are essentially incoherent and unsatisfying.

We have now grown so accustomed to abstract art that it is hard to imagine the impact Surrealist painting must have made on the beholder seventy years ago. Since the turn of the century we have been stunned by a succession of increasingly "difficult" styles. Indeed, the primary and openly acknowledged purpose of many painters has been to shock. As a result, the pictorial metaphors available for this purpose may be nearly exhausted today.

When in 1913 Malevich exhibited his *Basic Suprematist Element*, a painting of a black square on a white ground, he made a powerful artistic statement. To the art world it also carried the message "From now on anything goes." Already the revolutionary styles of painting of the 1905–15 period had peeled away surface reality. The Fauves had dealt iconoclastically with color, and the Cubists had disintegrated form. The last component to be based in reality was the subject matter itself.

If "surrealist" art is defined simply by its subject's transcendence of reality, then surrealism goes back at least to the nightmare visions of Bosch and Brueghel, around 1500. The term was first used by the poet Apollinaire in 1917 to describe

Unlike his later bonbons, Dali's early paintings sell well: the one above went for $760,000 in 1982; for that below, $345,000 was paid in 1981.

Robin Duthy is editor of the Alternative Investment Report.

the costumes and sets designed by Picasso for the ballet *Parade*, performed by Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. These were said to introduce cubism to the stage, but in trying to convey their impact he described them as *surréaliste*.

By this he is supposed to have meant that their appearance heightened reality. It was only later on, in 1924, that André Breton, the coordinating spirit of Surrealism, published a definition. Surrealism, he said, was pure psychic automatism by which the true function of thought is expressed either verbally or in writing—thought dictated in the absence of all control exerted by reason and outside all aesthetic or moral considerations. This wayward account was a lifeline to art critics struggling to unravel Surrealist theory and style.

The Surrealist story really begins with Dada, the strangest cultural product of the First World War. Of course, artists feel the tragedy of war as keenly as anyone—perhaps more—but how can or should they respond? In Zurich, a small group, driven to desperation by the war (or out of their minds, some said), responded by founding the Dada movement, in 1916, after a million men had been killed in the battles of the Somme. The slaughter provoked this small band of French, German, and Rumanian refugees from military service to compose and read nonsense poems and sing and argue at the Café Voltaire.

The word *dada*, picked at random from a dictionary, was French for "hobby-horse." The movement's driving force was disgust with philosophers who attempt to explain, disgust with domination and restraint, disgust with the war and the bourgeois interests that caused it.

Dada was a state of mind approaching Buddhistic indifference. Tristan Tzara, the articulate high priest of Dada, called it "a virgin microbe that penetrates with the insistence of air into all the spaces that reason has not been able to fill with words and conventions."

Dada quickly went international; there was much talk of energy and will, and Dadaists assured the world that they had elaborate plans. No details of these were ever forthcoming. The movement's ostrichlike denial of reality made it unlikely that it would ever take wing.

But the anarchic spirit of Dada was soon assimilated by the Surrealists, who went

A record $165,000 was paid for this de Chirico drawing in 1980.

A SURREALIST CHECKLIST

Victor Brauner (1903–66). Prices are where they were in 1975—around $60,000 for a large canvas. His important work of the 1930s sells easily, but his wax paintings from the 1940s, when he could not get hold of paints, are a problem. His admirers consider them to be seriously underrated.

Giorgio de Chirico (1888–1978). Prices have risen by 150 percent since 1975, the only strong performance in the whole Surrealist field. His "metaphysical" paintings of the 1912–25 period were of real importance to the Surrealist movement and can fetch up to $250,000. He left the movement and settled in Rome in 1928. Detractors say he flogged the same ideas to death. He confused the market in his old age by issuing certificates of authenticity for paintings he had not painted.

Salvador Dali (b. 1904). Important [illegible] of the 1930s have performed well and could fetch up to a million dollars. Minor works of the same period displaying his brilliant draftsmanship also sell briskly. Nevertheless, the main body of his work has risen only 20 percent in value since 1975. Serious collectors shun his later, highly commercial work from the 1960s and 1970s. Forgeries of the later period have been rife, and the charge of forging some 400 Dalis recently brought against a Spaniard will further undermine confidence in his later work.

Paul Delvaux (b. 1897). Prices are substantially unchanged since 1975. The repetitive dream sequences of naked ladies in architectural settings sell at up to $250,000. The works of the later 1930s and 1940s, when Magritte and de Chirico's influence was at its height, are likely to do better than the later works.

Marcel Duchamp (1887–1968). Perhaps the greatest iconoclast in the history of art, Duchamp was a precursor of the Dada movement and of Surrealism, upon which he exerted a strong influence. Most of his ready-mades and other works are already in museums. Very little passes through the market, and therefore no price trend is discernible. He worked with Breton on several Surrealist developments, and his "anti-art" position on art has an important affinity with the Surrealist notion of psychic automatism.

Max Ernst (1891–1976). The market for Ernst's work has slumped to about $25,000 for an average work—half its 1975 level. Prices [illegible] 1975–6. But recently dealers found themselves stuck with too many [illegible]. Many [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] from the [illegible] Collection [illegible] Museum [illegible] Surrealism [illegible]

This Magritte went unsold: a $30,000 bid was below the reserve.

on to paint nearly all their most inspired works during the 1920s and 1930s. Central to their theory was automatism or accidentality. The idea, best articulated by Breton, was that by suppressing conscious selection of subject matter, the artist would somehow draw on a deeper level of experience—as if raw material from the unconscious had a special value.

While it was certainly true that Freud, whom Breton greatly admired, could interpret his patients' dreams and unconscious behavior and so arrive at an understanding of their psychopathology, it did not follow that the paraphernalia of the unconscious he used as a stepping-stone to the truth could be transferred successfully onto canvas. If Surrealist works are encoded in the artist's private language, how likely are the statements to mean much, even to the most imaginative observer?

The insights offered by psychoanalysis could naturally be of value to an artist, but it does not follow that uninterpreted dream contents presented on canvas, bereft of the dreamer's associations, constitute an artistic statement. Although of compelling historical interest, the attempt to put the unconscious directly at the service of art was misconceived. The Surrealists chose to paint the messenger while ignoring his message.

It was another common misconception among artists during the 1900–10 period that artifacts of primitive cultures—Oceanic, African, and South American—had been created in a state of innocence, an uncorrupted condition akin to childhood in which the noble savages lucky enough to enjoy it were able to produce great works of art. The natural counterpart of this fantasy was expressed by de Chirico as early as 1913. "To become truly immortal," he said, "a work of art must escape all human limits: logic and common sense will only interfere. But once these barriers are broken it will enter the regions of childhood and vision."

This, of course, was another blind alley. It fell, paradoxically, to psychoanalysis, which had proved so potent an inspiration to the Surrealists, to dispose of the notion of childhood innocence and to demonstrate how intensely children feel greed, aggression, envy, and other ugly traits hitherto reserved for adults.

Whatever the limitations of Surrealism as a pictorial language, many works have a real fascination and seem to offer a challenge to the viewer that is both riddle and mystery. But its first shock waves are growing fainter all the time, and it should continue to underperform the art market as a whole. Interest has now shifted to the movements to which Surrealism gave birth.□

CHECKLIST *(Continued)*

Otherwise the outlook remains grim.

Paul Klee (1879–1940). Klee's work rose sharply in the early 1970s but has climbed only 55 percent since. Exhibited with the Surrealists and much admired by them, he may not be regarded as a true Surrealist. Yet his involvement with an abstractly represented inner world makes him an honorary member of the group. The market is stronger than the growth rate would suggest. Each collector thinks his own Klee is one of the best, but the range of quality and value is actually very wide. A new record was set in London last March at $580,000.

René Magritte (1898–1967). A prolific, uneven painter whose prices are up an overall 70 percent since 1975. Paintings of his "Renoir" period, in the 1920s, and those of the 1930s and 1940s are highly regarded, but the later, more colorful work is in even greater demand. Top price to date is $200,000 for *Le Sens des Réalités,* in 1979. In the long run the "impossible" configurations he made his specialty may seem repetitive and trite.

André Masson (b. 1896). Prices are up just 20 percent since 1975, and the market for Masson remains weak. His Cubist and Surrealist works of the 1920s will hold their value best; they fetch in the vicinity of $5,000 nowadays. His loss of status relative to the art market as a whole is typical of the Surrealist group. Tastes change, and today there are fewer admirers of his violent and tempestuous style.

Joan Miró (1893–1974). Up just 40 percent since 1975. Demand is lively, and the modest growth rate surprising, particularly since the market has been well handled by his dealer Maeght. Works from his short "pure" Surrealist phase, in the 1920s, command prices in excess of $100,000. The later, abstract works are even more popular. Prices are rising faster than average for the gouache series *Constellations,* completed in Majorca in 1941 and based on hallucinations experienced during a period of extreme hunger. The market for Miró's graphic work generally has been stronger.

Francis Picabia (1879–1953). Prices fell after 1975, when his *La Fille Née sans Mère* went for $31,600, but have since recovered to show an overall gain of 40 percent. Picabia's popular early mechanical drawings have been extensively faked; *caveat emptor.* His Dada period contains his best work, but he is generally considered to have shot his bolt early.

Man Ray (1890–1976). Wide-ranging output makes growth rate impossible to calculate. Associated with the Dada and Surrealist movements in both Paris and New York, he made a major impact with photographs and objects as well as paintings. His *A l'Heure de l'Observatoire: Les Amoureux,* better known as "The Lips," sold for a record $750,000 in 1979.

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OYSTERS IN AUGUST

Thanks to modern oyster farms, fresh oysters from somewhere are always available, regardless of the season.

By Betty Fussell

"A clam is a clam," says George Morfogen, the oyster buyer for the Grand Central Oyster Bar Restaurant, in New York, "but an oyster . . . " His voice drifts. "Oysters are like women. There's a mystery, a quality . . . The nuances are different."

The nuances are everything to oyster lovers in search of the ultimate bivalve experience, a gustatory and sensual pleasure unlike any other in the world: fresh raw oysters gloss over the tongue and have a firm yet luscious texture and sweet-salty taste that no other mollusk combines in such subtle balance. Fashions in oysters have changed as much over the last century as fashions in clothes or courtship. Gone are the days when Diamond Jim Brady swallowed Lynnhavens as bosomy as Lillian Russell and washed them down with soda pop. The Lynnhavens themselves are extinct, along with other American giants that once evoked wonder in visiting dignitaries. William Makepeace Thackeray, when asked how he felt after eating his first American oyster, replied, "Profoundly grateful . . . as if I had swallowed a small baby."

Today the American oyster, like the American woman, is no longer plump, wild, and free, but increasingly slim, cultivated, and costly. Oysters are now mostly brought up in parks, farms, and plantations, owing to a severe decline in their traditional native beds. A century ago the oyster beds of the eastern United States alone produced 145,000,000 pounds of oyster meat, providing Americans with 6 pounds 6 ounces per person. Today, the entire United States produces but one-third that amount, about 50,000,000 pounds, or a measly 6 ounces per person.

Since confronting an oyster shortage many centuries ago, Europe has been farming oysters from the time of the Romans. Americans, however, have resisted large-scale farming, until a conspiracy of natural and man-made forces in the 1950s and 1960s decimated the Chesapeake beds and nearly destroyed those at Cape Cod. Oysters that had survived chronic overharvesting and industrial pollution succumbed at last to starfish invasions and a mysterious plague called MSX.

While today many wild species still survive—the "coon" oysters of Florida; the "girdle-tree" oysters of Maryland; the Tangiers, Poconokes, and Rappahannocks of Chesapeake Bay; the Olympias of Washington State—the days of plentiful, inexpensive wild oysters belong to the romance of America's past. "Farming is definitely the wave of the future," Mr. Morfogen asserts, warning that because of increased production costs, "you'll have to pay more for the farmed oyster."

> The saying that oysters are not good in summer began with the oysterer, who needed time to mend his tongs.

Many oysters are only partially farmed, like the Malpeque of Prince Edward Island, where oyster larvae are incubated in natural beds, or "setting grounds," and later transplanted, like seedling plants, to "growing grounds." Some Chesapeake types are farmed in this way, since baby oysters thrive best in the warm and diluted waters of a tidal estuary, but fatten best in the saltier, cooler water at the mouth of a bay. Other types, like the Blue Point, are more fully farmed: the oyster babies are incubated in indoor hatcheries and transplanted to floating trays. Finally they are set into carefully controlled underwater beds.

Luckily, the farmed varieties taste just as good as the "natural" ones, and farming has brought a new internationalism to the oyster world. Belons, native to Brittany and once the pride of France, are now grown in California and Maine. The Japanese, or Pacific, oyster is doing well at Drake's Bay, north of San Francisco, where Charlie Johnson farms in the Japanese style. This is the hanging "cult" method, in which the seeds are sown on shells that are threaded on strings and hung vertically from a platform.

While new glamour hybrids like the Golden Mantle are bringing prosperity to Canada's oyster industry, new methods can be disastrously expensive. The recently touted Hawaiian oyster was the creation of an American named Taylor Pryor, who was the first to produce a test-tube, lab-controlled factory oyster entirely on land, in "oyster plantations," on the island of Oahu. Instead of fattening in four or five years, these force-fed babies grew plump in nine months. Unfortunately the operation overextended itself financially, and while the oysters themselves received high marks, their future is uncertain.

One side effect of farming is that it has helped dispel the old wives' tale that oysters are not good in the summer, during the months without an *r*. The tale originated not with the eater but with the oyster fisherman, who wanted time off to let the oysters sow their next crop while he mended his tongs or went crabbing. Nowadays, oysters from somewhere are as available in summer as in winter.

"Oysters from somewhere" began with the Romans, who sated their lust for oysters with Colchesters and Whitstables, which were packed in snow in Britannia and shipped south to Rome. In nineteenth-century America, long before the refrigerator car, gentlemen in Chicago feasted on Blue Points brought in daily by express wagons. Today, oysters are trucked and flown from coast to coast and hemisphere to hemisphere, so that gentlemen in Amsterdam can savor the beauties of Cape Breton or Puget Sound. Since oysters must be kept alive until the very moment of shucking, shippers learned long ago how to trick the shrewd mollusk into keeping its mouth shut so that it might survive out of the water. The oyster is doused and drained several times in quick

Betty Fussell's latest book is Masters of American Cookery, *published this month by Times Books.*

NORTH AMERICAN OYSTER CHART

Type	Origin	Method	Shape	Taste
CANADA				
Malpeque	*Malpeque Bay, Prince Edward Island*	*Wild but transplanted*	*Narrow curved shell, flat body*	*Clean, briny, coppery*
Bras d'Or	*Cape Breton, Nova Scotia*	*Wild*	*Curved shell, flattish body*	*Sweeter, less salty*
Golden Mantle	*Puget Sound, Vancouver, B.C.*	*Some farmed, some natural*	*Long oval shell, plump body*	*Sweet, kelpy aftertaste*
NEW ENGLAND				
Belon	*Maine, New Hampshire*	*Farmed*	*Round shell, slim body*	*Intensely metallic, lemony*
Bristol	*South Bristol, Maine*	*Farmed*	*Round shell, plump body, 2½"*	*Clean, fresh, fairly salty*
Wellfleet	*Cape Cod, Massachusetts*	*Wild*	*Oval shell, plump body*	*Moderately salty, clean*
Chatham	*Cape Cod*	*Wild*	*3½–4" shell, fat body*	*Somewhat flat*
Cotuit	*Cotuit Harbor, Cape Cod*	*Farmed*	*3–3½" shell, plump body*	*Moderately salty*
LONG ISLAND				
Blue Point	*Long Island Sound, New York and Connecticut*	*Farmed*	*2½–3" shell, plump body*	*Moderately briny, distinct aftertaste*
Box	*Gardiner's Bay, Long Island*	*Farmed and natural*	*5–6" squarish shell, huge body*	*Similar to Blue Point*
CHESAPEAKE				
Kent	*Kent Island, Chesapeake Bay*	*Wild*	*3–3½" oval shell, plump body*	*Sweet, clean*
Chincoteague	*Chesapeake Bay, Atlantic side*	*Wild*	*Long narrow shell*	*Crisp and "salty as all get-out"*
GULF				
Apalachicola	*Florida, Gulf side*	*Wild*	*2–3" curved shell, deep body*	*Sweet, coppery, metallic*
NORTHWEST COAST				
Olympia	*Washington State*	*Wild*	*Tiny, the size of a quarter*	*Sweet, moderately salty*

succession to make it believe that the tides are low and it had better clam up. In cool temperatures, a closed oyster will stay fresh for two to four weeks without losing weight or character.

Today's sophisticated oyster market classifies oysters less by geographic origin than by type and size. The term "Blue Point" no longer refers to an oyster from the village of the same name, located on Great South Bay on Long Island, but to medium-size specimens (2½–3 inches) of the Long Island type of American Eastern oyster (*Crassostrea virginica*). In the same way, "Belon" no longer refers to an oyster from the Belon River, in Finistère, Brittany, but to a mature oyster of the Americaine type (*Ostrea edulis*).

If origins matter less than they used to, upbringing matters more, particularly the waters in which the oyster is raised. Since an oyster is really nothing more than a headless and footless pump, capable of pumping more than a hundred gallons of water a day through its mouth and gut, what's in the water is what the meat tastes of. And since an oyster assimilates and concentrates mostly sodium chloride and minerals, it will taste variously of salt and metal.

In most foods, a metallic taste is bad, but with oysters *coppery* or *tinny* are "plus" words. So are *sweet, plump, slim, intense, [illegible], "Mint," [illegible], muddy,* and *soft.* Still [illegible] absolute standard [illegible] Americans, southerners are fiercely loyal [illegible] water Gulf oysters [illegible] listless," according to M.F.K. Fisher, as "Southern ladies." New Englanders, on the contrary, warm to oysters that are as chill and forthright as a "Low Church service . . . or a Boston romance."

Like other lovers, the oyster romancer is hard put to describe his emotion in words. Even Eleanor Clark, that fine articulator of "The Oysters of Locmariaquer," is reduced to saying, "You are eating the sea, that's it." "You can't say fishy, that puts people off." Mr. [illegible] explains, "The [illegible] as an oyster [illegible] we used to [illegible] a perfume." The [illegible] to ignore such [illegible] As one oysterer from [illegible] to me recently, "Who [illegible] people who love oysters [illegible] and that's it."□

HEROINE ON HORSEBACK

One of the great portraits of the American frontier, by an indomitable Victorian lady.

By David Roberts

A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains, by Isabella L. Bird. University of Oklahoma Press, 1960.

Isabella Bird embodies a classic Victorian contradiction. As she turned forty, this short, stout, highly intelligent but hypochondriacal Englishwoman seemed to have resigned herself to a life of sickly spinsterhood. Yet, in 1872, her doctor prescribed a cruise for her health. In Hawaii and Colorado she discovered her true métier as a traveler. Her charming letters to her sister in Edinburgh became best-selling books, and she was never again content with the routine of home.

Her nine travel narratives recount a series of remarkable adventures in such inaccessible climes as Malaya, Korea, Kashmir, and Tibet, yet none is more delightful, or of greater interest today, than the pungent *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains.* It is at once a classic portrait of the frontier, a critique of American mores in the manner of Tocqueville, a skillful tale of splendid exploits, a feminist testament without polemic, a paean to since-vanished wilderness, and a veiled love story.

From September to December 1873, Isabella traveled some 800 miles on horseback, most of it alone, through Colorado. The territory, which would become a state three years later, was in chaos; Indian troubles, gold fever, a stampede of tubercular tourists seeking cures, a money panic, and the constant presence of armed bandits combined to enliven Isabella's rambles. Her route can be simplified as follows: From the town of Longmont, she made her way after several false starts to Estes Park, where she spent three weeks and climbed Longs Peak before descending to Denver. A leisurely circle took her next to Colorado Springs, through the mountains to South Park, then by a direct route back to Denver. Late in the fall she made a return visit to her beloved Estes Park.

Isabella Bird in Manchu dress, the very image of Victorian decorum.

Isabella hated the plains. She recorded with disgust the ubiquitous flies, the heat, the parched ground riddled with prairie-dog holes. Denver she saw as "the great braggart city . . . brown and treeless"; Boulder was "a hideous collection of frame houses on the burning plain." But Estes Park, then a mere scattering of cabins, boasted "the most glorious [scenery] I have ever seen." Near Estes she met "Mountain Jim" Nugent, the one-eyed, whiskey-soaked tatterdemalion who may have been the single great passion of her life. An ambivalent passion, to be sure, for Jim, though handsome and chivalrous, was a self-proclaimed ruin of a fellow, one of the last survivors of the mountain-man tradition, given to alcoholic "ugly fits" so black that he became a menace to anyone within pistol range.

The highlight of her stay in Estes was the ascent of Longs Peak with Jim as guide. The peak had first been climbed (by whites, that is) only five years before, yet had already become a standard guided trip; Isabella was not the first woman to climb it. Still, an ascent at the beginning of October was a demanding proposition, and Isabella's pluck and persistence verged on the heroic, as Jim "dragged" her up icy chimneys and across exposed ledges.

Most Victorian accounts of the West are shot through with exaggeration. This writer has climbed Longs by Isabella's route, as he has visited all the other places she described, and can vouch for the geographical accuracy of her narrative. As word of her travels spread through the Colorado Territory, she became notorious, but the publicity seems not to have gone to her head: she relates her own deeds with a self-effacement that borders on irony.

Her perceptions of America are timeless and penetrating. She notes shrewdly how the frontier effected "the extinction of childhood," how it produced a "hard, loveless, moral" drudgery in its women. She was unsparing of fools, making fun of the stolid family who kept a literal Sabbath by sleeping all day Sunday, or observing of one hapless guide, "though he failed grotesquely, he did his incompetent best." A remark about the government's Indian policy reveals her characteristic lucidity and detachment: "The Americans will never solve the Indian problem till the Indian is extinct. They have treated them after a fashion which has intensified their treachery and 'devilry' as enemies, and as friends reduces them to a degraded pauperism. . . ."

From Denver Isabella traveled largely on her own, on her faithful pony, Birdie.

David Roberts is the author of Deborah: A Wilderness Narrative *and, most recently,* Great Exploration Hoaxes.

Bird went to Colorado because travel was the cure for hypochondria.

She was an accomplished equestrienne, riding sidesaddle only under duress, preferring to ride astride in a "Hawaiian riding dress," which, she explained in a footnote, was "a half-fitting jacket, a skirt reaching to the ankles, and full Turkish trousers gathered into frills which fall over the boots—a thoroughly serviceable and feminine costume for mountaineering and other rough traveling. . . . " She records a characteristic day's ride of fifty-six miles. In Estes Park, her rancher host, short of cowhands, enlisted Isabella to help with the roundup, acknowledging her to be "as much use as another man."

A number of times on her solo jaunts she risked being stranded at nightfall in places where other travelers had frozen to death. Late in November she forced her way through the snows up to an alpine lake at 12,000 feet near Georgetown simply because she had set her fancy on the spot. She was very good at tolerating cold, recounting with rueful mirth how she woke in a cabin during a blizzard to find her bed covered with snow that had blown through the chinks. She often had to heat her bottle of ink on the stove in order to write. Coloradans said she was crazy to travel without a gun, so she grudgingly packed a Sharp's revolver. "Its bright ominous barrel peeped out in quiet Denver shops; children pulled it out to play with, or when my riding dress hung up with it in the pocket, pulled the whole from the peg to the floor; and I cannot conceive of any circumstances in which I could feel it right to make any use of it, or in which it could do me any possible good."

Isabella has a minor penchant for the purple passage when describing sublime prospects. There the prose gets mann[illegible] and "fine": her skies turn "amethy[illegible]" peaks become "jewelled," her [illegible] "pine-clothed." But this streak is balanced by a gift for the sardonic: "Thirty men in working clothes, silent and sad looking, came in to supper. The beef was tough and greasy, the butter had turned to oil, and beef and butter were black with living, drowned, and half-drowned flies. The greasy table-cloth was black also with flies, and I did not wonder that the guests looked melancholy and quickly escaped."

By late November Isabella was ready to depart for the East, but she had only twenty-six cents to her name. The Denver bank crisis had prevented her former host from repaying her hundred-dollar loan. With typical insouciance, she extended her Colorado stay with a second visit to Estes Park. In *A Lady's Life* Estes takes on a charmed, private meaning; it has the numinous power of what Melville called the "insular Tahiti" in one's soul. Her passionate memories of Mount [illegible] her return to Scotland [illegible] been killed i[illegible] years passed, her nom[illegible] haunted lair" must ha[illegible] poignant as she learned of the efforts of the opportunistic Lord Dunraven to turn Estes Park into the tacky resort that the town is today.

Indeed, the unifying thread in the book is the attachment between Isabella and Jim. Victorian propriety, or perhaps retrospective embarrassment, prompted her to present the affection as a bit one-sided; instead of succumbing to Jim's flatteries, Isabella tries in vain to reform his drunken hedonism. Her excellent biographer Pat Barr (*A Curious Life for a Lady*. Doubleday, 1970) allows us to compare the original letters with the published account. They make it clear that Isabella was more deeply shaken than she lets on by her own attraction to the reckless vagabond, who may have proposed marriage. Even the expurgated romance was spicy enough to help *A Lady's Life* through seven editions in its author's lifetime.

Other nineteenth-century books about the American West are more important historically than *A Lady's Life*, and some recount more monumental voyages, but none is better written or more brilliantly captures frontier life as perceived by an outsider. By the 1890s Isabella Bird had become a public figure. The first woman admitted to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, she was the center of a huge fuss when the even more snobbish Royal Geographical Society tried to extend fellowship to her and fourteen other deserving women. Lord Curzon, supposedly her friend, [illegible] (but) the group professional female globetrotters with which America [illegible] Lucie-Smith and [illegible] the Lioness of the latter [illegible] not have cared. At sev[illegible] in Morocco; [illegible] 1904, her trunks [illegible] last voyage to China.□

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A VISION OF RAKTAYAMARI

Mysteriously, a silk banner of breathtaking beauty appears on the market in New York. Immense (seven by eleven feet), wholly embroidered in silk and gold, it depicts a rarely seen Tibetan Buddhist deity known as Raktayamari in embrace with his consort. The costly materials and exquisite workmanship place the piece in a class by itself. Most scrolls of this kind, called *thangkas,* are painted, but some are appliquéd or embroidered. Museum sources estimate privately that perhaps one antique *thangka* in a hundred is embroidered—and it is a notable occasion when quality antique specimens of any description come up for sale.

Though members of New York's museum community freely acknowledge the banner's great beauty and age ("There's no doubt that it's an early piece of fine quality," says Jean E. Mailey, head curator of the Metropolitan's Textile Study Room), they are unwilling to comment further on the banner's origins, its authenticity, or even how it came to New York. "Let's just say that the Met would be delighted to receive it as a gift," says Martin Lerner, curator of Indian and Southeast Asian art. The cost to the donor might be upwards of $500,000.

Caution, even caginess, in assessing Tibetan Buddhist art is not unusual. Such works, including sculpture and *thangkas,* were icons, used in religious rituals and practice, and never signed or dated. As a consequence they are difficult to appraise—obscure, inscrutable. But the puzzle surrounding the history of the Raktayamari banner is particularly intriguing. No one is sure—or at least, no one is telling—where it was kept in such splendid condition for so many centuries. For another, its major distinguishing mark, the six-character Yung Lo emblem in the upper right, suggests that the banner may have been a link between two of the most extraordinary men of the fifteenth century—the third Ming emperor, Yung Lo, and the fifth karmapa, Dezhin Shegpa, supreme lama of Tibet. Its iconographical style, the quality of the embroidery, and the images and symbols themselves suggest that the banner is indeed a flawlessly preserved fifteenth-century work; further evidence raises the possibility that it was actually commissioned by the emperor as a gift for Dezhin Shegpa, who was his personal guru, or spiritual teacher.

No one is sure—or at least no one is telling—where the mysterious banner was kept in such splendid condition for so many centuries.

It is documented that in 1406 Yung Lo implored the karmapa to bring the Buddhist teachings to the Chinese court from Tibet, and that he greeted the karmapa's arrival in 1409 with offerings, celebrations, and a general atmosphere of joyous devotion. A history of the karmapas has it that as Dezhin Shegpa began to teach, rainbows, sweet, fragrant rain, luminous rays, and dragon-shaped clouds appeared in the sky. After witnessing these displays of his teacher's spiritual power, the emperor, according to another history, "commissioned talented artists to represent them in paintings on large rolls of silk"; he himself wrote an account of the miracles that was transcribed onto the paintings in no fewer than five languages.

At this time Yung Lo received many initiations (teachings to be used in his spiritual practice) from the karmapa. Among these was a vision of Raktayamari, "Blood-red Yama," one of the manifestations of Yama, lord of death, and a rare aspect of Manjusri, the bodhisattva of wisdom in the Buddhism of Tibet.

Given this knowledge, it is not difficult to imagine the genesis of the Raktayamari banner: the guru's vision, brilliant with color and meaning, blazes in the emperor's mind. He decrees that it be made real, in the form of a great silken banner. Many gifted artisans expend months and months of painstaking labor executing the task, for the detail required is formidable: in addition to Raktayamari and his consort, bedecked with the symbols and ornaments of *dharmapalas* (protectors of the faith) and representing the triumph of wisdom over ignorance and delusion, there are eighteen other figures to be embroidered. They include the blue corpse of ego, on which Raktayamari stands; his vehicle, the bull; the five *dhyani,* or meditation buddhas, overhead; the wisdom bodhisattva Manjusri; Green Tara and Avolokitesvara, bodhisattvas of compassion; Yama, lord of death, in a second form; and the seven dancing *dakinis* at the bottom, goddesses bearing fruit, flowers, and conch shells—all auspicious symbols denoting the richness and strength of the Buddhist teachings.

The banner, an iconographical treasure of surpassing power, is at length finished. The emperor, pleased with the excellence of the workmanship and the power of the images, presents it to the karmapa as a symbol of his unshakable devotion.

It is impossible to say, of course, whether all this ever took place. Although various histories describe the magnificent gifts given to the karmapa by the emperor, the Raktayamari banner has never been mentioned. Yet it is doubtful that a *thangka* of such size and splendor could have been created by any less a personage than a great emperor, one whose devotion to his teacher is mirrored in his poignant farewell: "You are very kind to have come here but your stay has not been long. In former times an emperor was more powerful than his guru, but you, my guru, are more powerful than I." —*Stephanie Spinner*

Stephanie Spinner, who has lectured on Tibetan art at the American Museum of Natural History, has been painting thangkas *in the traditional style since 1974.*

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